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THE
HISTORY
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

TRANSLATED BY SEVERAL HANDS:

And PUBLISHED by
THE LATE MR. MOTTEUX.

Revis'd a-new from the best SPANISH Edition,

BY MR. OZELL:

Who has likewise added EXPLANATORY NOTES
from *Jervas, Oudin, Sobrino, Pineda, Gregorio,*
and the *Royal Academy Dictionary of Madrid.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS,
M.DCC.LXXI. † .



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THE
L I F E
AND
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWN'D
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.
PART II. VOL. IV.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Containing ways and means for disenchanted the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, being one of the most famous adventures in the whole book.

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their guests: resolving therefore to improve their sport, by carrying on some pleasant design, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote's account of Montesinos's cave, as a subject from which they might raise an extraordinary entertainment: the rather, since to the duchess's amazement, Sancho's simplicity was so great, as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though

he himself had been the first contriver of the story, and her only inchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants that nothing might be wanting, and propos'd a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or six days they were ready to set out, with a train of huntsmen and other attendants not unbecoming the greatest prince. They presented Don Quixote with a hunting-suit, but he refus'd it, alledging it superfluous, since he was in a short time to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters or wardrobes along with him : but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, with design to sell it the first opportunity.

The day prefix'd being come, Don Quixote arm'd, and Sancho equipp'd himself in his new suit, and mounting his afs, which he would not quit for a good horse that was offer'd him, he crowded in among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also in a dress both odd and gay, made one of the company. The knight, who was courtesy itself, very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke seem'd very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the scene of their sport, which was in a wood between two very high mountains, where alighting, and taking their several stands, the duchess with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took a stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through. The hunters posted themselves in several lanes and paths as they most conveniently could : but as for Sancho, he chose to stay behind

them all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave a moment, for fear the poor creature should meet with some sad accident.

And now the chace began with full cry, the dogs open'd, the horns sounded, and the huntsmen holloo'd in so loud a consort, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a monstrous size, came on, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth; and being baited hard by the dogs, and follow'd close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards the pass which Don Quixote had taken. Whereupon the knight grasping his shield, and drawing his sword, mov'd forward to receive the raging beast. The duke join'd him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, seeing the furious animal, resolv'd to shift for one, and leaving Dapple, away he scudded as fast as his legs would carry him towards an high oak, to the top of which he endeavour'd to clamber: but as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag or stump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopp'd his fall, slinging him in the air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn, and he fancy'd every moment the wild boar was running that way with foaming chaps and dreadful tusks to tear him to pieces; which so disturb'd him, that he roar'd and bellow'd for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusky boar was laid at his length, with

a number of pointed spears fix'd in him; and Don Quixote being alarm'd by Sancho's noise, which he could distinguish easily, look'd about, and discover'd him swinging in the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who like a true friend never forsook him in his adversity; for Cid Hamet observes, that they were such true and inseparable friends that Sancho was seldom seen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down his squire, who, as soon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting suit had receiv'd, which griev'd him to the soul; for he priz'd it as much as if it had made him heir to an estate.

Mean while the boar being laid across a large mule, and cover'd with branches of rosemary and myrtle, was carry'd in triumph by the victorious huntsmen to a large field-tent, pitch'd in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided suitable to the magnificence of the founder.

Sancho drew near the duchess, and shewing her his torn coat, Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of sparrows, quoth he, my coat might have slept in a whole skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast, which if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy tusks in your guts, and be the death of you: I han't forgot an old song to this purpose;

' May fate of Fabila be thine,

' And make thee food for bears or swine.'

That Fabila, said Don Quixote, was a king of the

Goths, who going a-hunting once, was devoured by a bear. That's it, I say, quoth Sancho; and therefore why should kings and other great folks run themselves into harm's way, when they may have sport enough without it: mercy on me! what pleasure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beast that never meant any harm! You are mistaken, Sancho, said the duke, hunting wild beasts is the most proper exercise for knights and princes; for in the chase of a stout noble beast, may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are expos'd to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion: by this we are inur'd to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthen'd, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active: in short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the most enticing property is its rarity, being placed above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diversion of other sorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a sport also reserv'd for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me advise you to alter your opinion, against you become a governor; for then you'll find the great advantage of these sports and diversions. You're out, far wide, Sir, quoth Sancho, 'twere better that a governor had his legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this rate. 'Twould be a pretty business, forsooth, when poor people come

weary and tir'd to wait on the governor about business, that he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure! there would be a sweet government truly! Good faith, Sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do than for governors. No, I intend my recreation shall be a game at whist at Christmas, and nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; but for your hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily against my calling and conscience. I wish with all my heart, said the duke, that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things. Well, well, quoth Sancho, be it how it will, I say that an honest man's word is as good as his bond. Heaven's help is better than early rising. 'Tis the belly makes the feet amble, and not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that with heaven's help and my honest endeavours, I shall govern better than any goshawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I can't bite. A curse on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs, said Don Quixote: shall I never get thee to talk sense without a string of that disagreeable stuff? I beseech your graces, do not countenance this eternal dunce, or he will teaze your very souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old saws, for which I wish his mouth stich'd up, and myself a mischief, if I hear him. Oh, Sir, said the duchess, Sancho's proverbs will always please for their sententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed collection; and I assure you, I relish them more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpose.

After this, and such like diverting talk, they left the tent, and walk'd into the wood to see whether any game had fallen into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their sport, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was about midsummer; but it happen'd very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seem'd all on fire, and blaz'd in every quarter. This was attended by an alarming sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood: then presently was heard a confus'd noise of Moorish cries, such as are us'd in joining battle, which together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets, and other instruments of war, made such a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amaz'd, the duchess astonish'd, Don Quixote was surpriz'd, and Sancho shook like a leaf, and even those that knew the occasion of all this were affrighted.

This consternation caus'd a general silence, and by and by, one riding post, equipp'd like a devil, pass'd by the company, winding a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. Hark you, post, said the duke, whither so fast? What are you? And what parties of Soldiers are these that march across the wood? I am the devil, cry'd the post in a horrible tone, and go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those

that are coming this way, are six bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montefinos, who comes to give information how she may be freed from enchantment. Wert thou as much a devil, said the duke, as thy horrid shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou seekest. Before heaven, and on my conscience, reply'd the devil, I never thought on't; for I have so many things in my head that it almost distracts me; I had quite and clean forgot my errand. Surely, quoth Sancho, this devil must be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; for he swears as devoutly by heaven and his conscience, as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good people even in hell. At the same time the devil, directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting; To thee, O knight of the lions, cry'd he, (and I wish thee fast in their claws) to thee am I sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montefinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee instructions touching her disenchancement. Now I have deliver'd my message, I must fly, and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard the rest. This said, he winded his monstrous horn, and, without staying for an answer, disappear'd.

This increas'd the general consternation, but most of all surpriz'd Don Quixote and Sancho; the latter,

to find that, in spite of truth, they still would have Dulcinea to be enchanted; and the knight to think that the adventures of Montesinos' cave were turn'd to reality. While he stood pondering these things in his thoughts; Well, sir, said the duke to him, what do you intend to do? will you stay? Stay! cry'd Don Quixote, shall I not? I will stay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers inclose me round. So you may if you will, quoth Sancho, but if any more devils or horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here.

Now the night grew darker and darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, like meteors or glaring exhalations from the earth. Then was heard an horrid noise, like the creaking of the ungreas'd wheels of heavy waggons, from which piercing ungrateful sound, bears and wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seem'd to be the dreadful din and shocks of four several engagements in each quarter of the wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many join'd battles. On one side were heard several peals of cannon; on the other the discharging of numerous vollies of small shot; here the shouts of the engaging parties that seem'd to be near at hand; there cries of the Moors that seem'd at a great distance. In short, the strange, confus'd intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thund'ring of the cannon, the rattling of the small shot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the

most dismal noise imaginable, and try'd Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a swoon upon the duchess's coats, who taking care of him, and ordering some water to be sprinkled in his face, at last recover'd him, just as the foremost of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen cover'd with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reach'd down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were also two devils that drove the waggons, both so very monstrous and ugly, that Sancho having seen them once, was forc'd to shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look. The cart, which was stuck full of lights within, being approach'd to the standing, the reverend old man stood up, and cry'd with a loud voice, 'I am the sage Lirgander;' and the cart pass'd on without one word more being spoken. Then follow'd another cart with another grave old man, who making the cart stop at a convenient distance, rose up from his high seat, and in as deep a tone as the first, cry'd, 'I'm the sage 'Alquif, great friend to Urganda the unknown;' and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart, that mov'd in the same solemn pace, and bore a person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, four-look'd, ill-favour'd fellow, who rose up from his throne like the rest, and with a more hollow and devil-like voice, cry'd out, 'I am Archelaus the inchanter,

‘ the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his
 ‘ race.’ Which said, he pass’d by, like the other carts;
 which taking a short turn, made a halt, and the grat-
 ing noise of the wheels ceasing, an excellent consort of
 sweet music was heard, which mightily comforted poor
 Sancho, and passing with him for a good omen, my la-
 dy, (quoth he to the duchess, from whom he would not
 budge an inch) there can be no mischief sure where
 there’s music. Very true, said the duchess, especially
 where there is brightness and light. Ay, but there’s no
 light without fire, reply’d Sancho, and brightness comes
 most from flames; who knows but those about us may
 burn us? but music I take to be always a sign of feast-
 ing and merriment. We shall know presently what this
 will come to, said Don Quixote; and he said right,
 for you will find it in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXXV.

*Wherein is contain’d the information given to Don
 Quixote how to disenchanted Dulcinea, with other won-
 derful passage.*

WHEN the pleasant music drew near, there ap-
 pear’d a stately triumphant chariot, drawn by
 six dun mules cover’d with white, upon each of which
 sat a penitent clad also in white, and holding a great
 lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was twice or
 thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other pe-
 nitents being placed at the top and sides all in white,
 and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made

a dazling and surprising appearance. There was a high throne erected at the further end, on which sat a nymph array'd in cloth of silver, with many golden spangles glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very glorious: her face was cover'd with transparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be descry'd a most beautiful face; and by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy to discern, that as she was not less than seventeen years of age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a figure clad in a long gown, like that of a magistrate, reaching down to its feet, and its head cover'd with a black veil. When they came directly opposite to the company, the shawms or hautboys, that play'd before, immediately ceas'd, and the Spanish harps and lutes, that were in the chariot, did the like; then the figure in the gown stood up, and opening its garments, and throwing away its mourning veil, discover'd a bare and frightful skeleton, that represented the deform'd figure of death; which startled Don Quixote, made Sancho's bones rattle in his skin for fear, and caus'd the duke and the duchess to seem more than commonly disturb'd. This living death being thus got up, in a dull heavy sleeping tone, as if its tongue had not been well awake, began in this manner.

MERLIN'S SPEECH.

BEHOLD old Merlin, in romantic writ,
Miscall'd the spurious progeny of hell;

A falsehood current with the stamp of age :
 I reign the prince of Zoroastlic science,
 That oft evokes and rates the rigid powers
 Archive of fate's dread records in the skies,
 Coëvous with the chivalry of yore ;
 All brave knights-errant still I've deem'd my charge,
 Heirs of my love, and fav'rites of my charms.

While other magic seers averse from good,
 Are dire and baleful like the seat of woe,
 My nobler soul, where power and pity join,
 Diffuses blessings, as they scatter plagues.

Deep in the nether world, the dreary caves
 Where my retreated soul in silent state,
 Forms mystic figures and tremendous spells,
 I heard the peerless Dulcinea's moans.

Appris'd of her distress, her frightful change,
 From princely state, and beauty near divine,
 To the vile semblance of a rustic queen,
 The dire misdeed of necromantic hate :
 I sympathis'd, and awfully revolv'd
 Twice fifty thousand scrolls, occult and loath'd,
 Some of my art, hell's black philosophy ;
 Then clos'd my soul within this bony trunk,
 This ghastly form, the ruins of a man ;
 And rise in pity to reveal a cure
 To woes so great, and break the cursed spell.

O glory thou of all that e'er could grace
 A coat of steel, and fence of adamant !
 Light, lanthorn, path, and polar star and guide
 To all who dare dismiss ignoble sleep

And downy sleep for exercise of arms,
 For toils continual, perils, wounds and blood !
 Knight of unfathom'd worth, abyfs of praise,
 Who blend'ft in one the prudent and the brave :
 To thee great Quixote, I this truth declare ;
 That to restore her to her state and form,
 Toboso's pride, the peerless Dulcinea,
 'Tis fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good squire,
 On his bare brawny buttocks should bestow
 Three thousand lashes, and eke three hundred more,
 Each to afflict, and sting, and gall him fore.
 So shall relent the authors of her woes,
 Whose awful will I for her ease disclose.

Body o'me, quoth Sancho, three thousand lashes ! I won't give myself three ; I'll as soon give myself three stabs in the guts. May you and your disenchanted go to the devil. What a plague have my buttocks to do with the black art ? passion of my heart ! master Merlin, if you have no better way for disenchanted the lady Dulcinea, she may e'en lie bewitch'd to her dying day for me.

How now, opprobrious rascal ! cry'd Don Quixote, stinking garlick-eater ! firrah, I will take you and tye your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you ; and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, ye varlet, and so smartly, that you shall feel them still though you rub your backside three thousand times, scoundrel. Answer me a word, you rogue, and

I'll tear out your soul. Hold, hold, cry'd Merlin, hearing this, this must not be; the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho, must be voluntary, without compulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most convenient. No set time is for the task fixed, and if he has a mind to have abated one half of this atonement, 'tis allow'd; provided the remaining stripes be struck by a strange hand, and heavily laid on.

Hold you there, quoth Sancho, neither a strange hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light shall touch my bum. What a pox, did I bring madam Dulcinea del Toboso into the world, that my hind parts should pay for the harm her eyes have done; let my master Don Quixote whip himself, he's a part of her; he calls her, every foot, my life, my soul, my sustenance, my comfort, and all that. So e'en let him jirk out her enchantment at his own bum's cost, but as for any whipping of me, I deny and pronounce * it flat and plain.

No sooner had Sancho thus spoke his mind, but the nymph that sat by Merlin's ghost in the glittering apparel, rising, and lifting up her thin veil, discover'd a very beautiful face; and with a masculine grace, but no very agreeable voice, addressing Sancho: O thou disastrous squire, said she, thou lump with no more soul than a broken pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flint! hadst thou been commanded, base sheep-stealer, to have thrown thyself headlong from the top of a high

* A blunder of Sancho's for *renounce*.

tower to the ground; hadst thou been desir'd, enemy of mankind, to have swallow'd a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have butcher'd thy wife and children, I should not wonder that it had turn'd thy squeamish stomach: but to make such a hesitation at three thousand three hundred stripes, which every poor puny school-boy makes nothing of receiving every month, 'tis amazing, nay astonishing to the tender and commiserating bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a blot in thy scutcheon to all futurity. Look up, thou wretched and marble-hearted animal; look up, and fix thy huge louring goggle-eyes upon the bright luminaries of my sight; behold these briny torrents, which, streaming down, furrow the flowery meadows of my cheeks: relent, base and inexorable monster, relent; let thy savage breast confess at last a sense of my distress; and, mov'd with the tenderness of my youth, that consumes and withers in this vile transformation, crack this sordid shell of rusticity that envelopes my blooming charms. In vain has the goodness of Merlin permitted me to reassume a while my native shape, since neither that, nor the tears of beauty in affliction, which are said to reduce obdurate rocks to the softness of cotton, and tygers to the tenderness of lambs, are sufficient to melt thy haggard breast. Scourge, scourge that brawny hide of thine, stubborn and unrelenting brute, that coarse inclosure of thy coarser soul, and rouse up thus thyself from that base sloth, that makes thee live only to eat and pamper thy lazy flesh, indulg-

ing still thy voracious appetite. Restore me the delicacy of my skin, the sweetness of my disposition, and the beauty of my face. But if my intreaties and tears cannot work thee into a reasonable compliance, if I am not yet sufficiently wretched to move thy pity, at least let the anguish of that miserable knight, thy tender master, mollify thy heart. Alas ! I see his very soul just at his throat, and sticking not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer, either to fly out of his mouth, or return into his breast.

Don Quixote hearing this, clapp'd his hand upon his gullet, and turning to the duke ; By heavens, my lord, said he, Dulcinea is in the right ; for I find my soul travers'd in my wind-pipe like a bullet in a cross-bow. What's your answer now, Sancho, said the duchess ? I say, as I said before, quoth Sancho ; as for the flogging I pronounce it flat and plain. Renounce, you mean, said the duke. 'Good your worship, quoth Sancho, this is no time for me to mind niceties, and spelling of letters : I have other fish to fry. This plaguy whipping-bout makes me quite distracted. I don't know what I say or do—But I would fain know of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she pick'd up this kind of breeding, to beg thus like a sturdy beggar ? here she comes to desire me to lash my backside, as raw as a piece of beef, and the best word she can give, is, soul of a broken pitcher, monster, brute, sheep-stealer, with a ribble rabble of fancy nicknames, that the devil himself would not bear. Do you think, mistress of mine, that my skin is made of brass ? or shall I get any thing

by your disinchantment? Beshrew her heart, where's the fine present she has brought along with her to soften me: A basket of fine linen, holland shirts, caps and socks (though I wear none) had been somewhat like. But to fall upon me, and bespatter me thus with dirty names, d'ye think that will do? No, i'fackins: remember the old sayings, a golden load makes the burthen light; gifts will enter stone walls; scratch my breech, and I'll claw your elbow; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. Nay, my master too, who, one should think, should tell me a fine story, and coax me up with dainty sugar-plumb words, talks of tying me to a tree, forsooth, and of doubling the whipping. Odsbobs! methinks those troublesome people should know who they prate to. 'Tis not only a squire-errant they would have to whip himself, but a governor; and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride. Let them e'en learn manners, with a pox. There's a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things. Am I now in the humour to hear petitions, d'ye think? just when my heart's ready to burst, for having torn my new coat; they would have me to tear my own flesh too, in the devil's name, when I have no more stomach to it, than 'to be among the men-eaters‡.' Upon my honour, Sancho, said the duke, if you don't relent, and become as soft as a ripe fig, you shall have no govern-

‡ In the original, *to turn Cacique; bolverme Cazique*. *Caciques* are petty kings in the West-Indies.

ment. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed, that I should send among my islanders a merciless hard-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of distress'd damsels, nor the admonitions of wise, ancient, and powerful enchanters, can move to compassion. In short, sir, no stripes, no government. But, quoth Sancho, mayn't I have a day or two to consider on't? Not a minute, cry'd Merlin, you must declare now; and in this very place, what you resolve to do, for Dulcinea must be again transform'd into a country wench, and carried back immediately to Montefino's cave; or else she shall go as she is now to the Elysian fields, there to remain till the number of the stripes be made out. Come, come, honest Sancho, said the duchess, pluck up a good courage, and shew your gratitude to your master, whose bread you have eaten, and to whose generous nature, and high feats of chivalry we are all so much obliged: come, child, give your consent, and make a fool of the devil: hang fear, faint heart ne'er won fair lady; fortune favours the brave, as you know better than I can tell you. Hark you, master Merlin, (quoth Sancho, without giving the duchess an answer) pray will you tell me one thing. How comes it about, that this same post-devil that came before you, brought my master word from signior Montefinos that he would be here; and give him directions about this disenchantment, and yet we hear no news of Montefinos all this while? Pshaw, answer'd Merlin, the devil's an ass, and a lying rascal; he came from me, and not from Montefinos: for he, poor man, is still in his cave, expecting the dissolution

of the spell that confines him there yet, so that he is not quite ready to be free, and the worst is still behind ||. But if he owes you any money, or you have any business with him, he shall be forth-coming, when, and where you please. But now pray make an end, and undergo this small penance, 'twill do you a world of good; for 'twill not only prove beneficial to your soul, as an act of charity, but also to your body, as a healthy exercise; for you are of a very sanguine complexion. Sancho, and losing a little blood will do you no harm. Well, quoth Sancho, there's like to be no want of physicians in this world, I find; the very conjurers set up for doctors too. Well then, since every body says as much, (though I can hardly believe it) I am content to give myself the three thousand three hundred stripes, upon condition that I may be paying them off as long as I please; observe, that though I will be out of debt as soon as I can, that the world mayn't be without the pretty face of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, which, I must own, I could never have believ'd to have been so handsome. Item, I shall not be bound to fetch blood, that's certain; and if any stroke happens to miss me, it shall pass for one however. Item, Mr. Merlin; (because he knows all things) shall be obliged to reckon the lashes, and take care I don't give myself one more than the tale. There's no fear of that, said Merlin; for at the very last lash the lady Dulcinea will

|| *Aun le falta la cola por desolar, i. e.* The tail still remains to be flay'd: which is the most troublesome and hard to be done.

be disenchanted, come straight to you, make you a curtsy, and give you thanks. Heaven forbid, I should wrong any man of the least hair of his head. Well, quoth Sancho, what must be, must be: I yield to my hard luck, and on the aforesaid terms, take up with my penance.

Scarce had Sancho spoke, when the music struck up again, and a congratulatory volley of small shot was immediately discharg'd. Don Quixote fell on Sancho's neck, hugging and kissing him a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and the whole company seem'd mightily pleased. The chariot mov'd on, and, as it pass'd by, the fair Dulcinea made the duke and duchess a bow, and Sancho a low curtsy.

And now the jolly morn began to spread her smiling looks in the eastern quarter of the skies, and the flowers of the field to disclose their bloomy folds, and raise their fragrant heads. The brooks, now cool and clear, in gentle murmurs, play'd with the grey pebbles, and flow'd along to pay their liquid crystal tribute to the expecting rivers. The sky was clear, the air serene, swept clean by brushing winds for the reception of the shining light, and every thing, not only jointly, but in its separate gaiety, welcom'd the fair Aurora, and, like her, foretold a fairer day. The duke and duchess, well pleased with the management and success of the hunting, and the counterfeit adventure, return to the castle; resolving to make a second essay of the same nature, having receiv'd as much pleasure from the first, as any reality could have produced.

C H A P. XXXVII.

The strange and never-thought-of adventure of the disconsolate matron, alias, the countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

THE whole contrivance of the late adventure was plotted by the duke's steward, a man of wit, and a facetious and quick fancy: he made the verses, acted Merlin himself, and instructed a page to personate Dulcinea: and now by his master's appointment, he prepar'd another scene of mirth, as pleasant and as artful, and surprizing as can be imagin'd.

The next day, the duchess ask'd Sancho whether he had begun his penitential task, to disinchant Dulcinea? Ay, marry have I, quoth Sancho, for I have already lent myself five lashes on the buttocks. With what, friend? ask'd the duchess. With the palm of my hand, answer'd Sancho. Your hand, said the duchess, those are rather claps than lashes, Sancho; I doubt father Merlin won't be satisfied at so easy a rate; for the liberty of so great a lady is not to be purchased at so mean a price. No, you should lash yourself with something that may make you smart: a good friar's scourge, a cat of nine-tails, or penitent's whip, would do well; for letters written in blood, stand good; but works of charity faintly and coldly done, lose their merit, and signify nothing. Then, madam, quoth he, will your worship's grace do so much as help me to a convenient rod, such as you shall think best; though

it must not be too smarting neither ; for faith, though I am a clown, my flesh is as soft as any lady's in the land, no disparagement to any body's buttocks. Well, well, Sancho, said she, it shall be my care to provide you a whip, that shall suit your soft constitution, as if they were twins. But now, my dear madam, quoth he, you must know I have written a letter here to my wife Teresa Pança, to give her to understand how things are with me. I have it in my bosom, and 'tis just ready to send away ; it wants nothing but the direction on the outside. Now I would have your wisdom to read it, and see if it be not written like a governor ; I mean, in such a stile as governors should write. And who penn'd it, ask'd the duchess ? What a question there is now, quoth Sancho ? who should pen it but myself, sinner as I am ? And did you write it too, said the duchess ? Not I, quoth Sancho ; for I can neither write, nor read, though I can make my mark. Let's see the letter, said the duchess ; for I dare say, your wit is set out in it to some purpose. Sancho pull'd the letter out of his bosom unseal'd, and the duchess, having taken it, read what follows.

Sancho Pança to his wife Teresa Pança.

IF am well lash'd, yet I am whipp'd into a government : I've got a good government, it cost me many a good lash. Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolv'd thou shalt ride in a coach ; for now any other way of going, is to me, but creeping on all fours,

‘ like a kitten. Thou art now a governor’s wife, guess
‘ whether any one will dare to tread on thy heels. I
‘ have sent thee a green hunting-suit of repanel, which
‘ my lady duchefs gave me. Pray see and get it turn’d
‘ into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. The folks
‘ in this country are very ready to talk little good of
‘ my master, Don Quixote. They say he is a mad wise-
‘ man, and a pleasant mad-man, and that I an’t a jot be-
‘ hind hand with him. We have been in Montesinos’s
‘ cave, and Merlin the wizard has pitch’d on me to dis-
‘ inchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among
‘ you is call’d Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given
‘ myself three thousand three hundred lashes, lacking
‘ five, she will be as disenchanted as the mother that
‘ bore her. But not a word of the pudding; for if you
‘ tell your case among a parcel of tattling gossips, you’ll
‘ ne’er have done; one will cry ’tis white, and others
‘ ’tis black. I am to go to my government very sud-
‘ denly, whither I go with a huge mind to make mo-
‘ ney, as I am told all new governors do. I’ll first see
‘ how matters go, and then send thee word whether
‘ thou hadst best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives
‘ his humble service to you. I won’t part with him,
‘ though I were to be made the Great Turk. My lady
‘ duchefs kisses thy hands a thousand times over; pray
‘ return her two thousand for her one: for there’s no-
‘ thing cheaper than fair words, as my master says.
‘ Heaven has not been pleased to make me light on an-
‘ other cloak-bag, with a hundred pieces of gold in it,
‘ like those you wot of. But all in good time; don’t

' let that vex thee, my jugg, the government will make
 ' it up, I'll warrant thee. Though after all, one thing
 ' sticks plaguily in my gizzard : they tell me, that when
 ' once I've tasted on't, I shall be ready to eat my very
 ' fingers after it, so savoury is the sauce. Should it fall
 ' out so, I should make but an ill hand of it ; and yet
 ' your maim'd and crippl'd alms-folks pick up a pretty
 ' livelihood, and make their begging as good as a pre-
 ' bend. So that one way or other, old girl, matters will
 ' go swimmingly, and thou'lt be rich and happy. Hea-
 ' ven make thee so, as well it may ; and keep me for
 ' thy sake. From this castle, the twentieth of June,
 ' 1614.

' Thy husband the governor,

' Sancho Pança.'

Methinks, master governor, said the duchess (hav-
 ing read the letter) you are out in two particulars ; first,
 when you intimate that this government was bestow'd
 on you for the stripes you are to give yourself ; whereas
 you may remember, it was allotted you before this dis-
 enchantment was dreamt of. The second branch that
 you fail'd in, is the discovery of your avarice, which is
 the most detestable quality in governors ; because their
 self-interest is always indulg'd at the expence of justice.
 You know the saying, covetousness breaks the sack, and
 that vice always prompts a governor to fleece and op-
 press the subject. Truly, my good lady, quoth Sancho,
 I meant no harm, I did not well think of what I wrote,
 and if your grace's worship does not like this letter, I'll

tear it, and have another; but remember the old saying, seldom comes a better. I shall make but sad work on't, if I must pump my brains for't. No, no, said the duchess, this will do well enough, and I must have the duke see it.

They went into the garden, where they were to dine that day, and there she shew'd the duke the learn'd epistle, which he read over with a great deal of pleasure.

After dinner, Sancho was entertaining the company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury discourse, when suddenly they were surpriz'd with the mournful sound of a fife, which play'd in concert with a hoarse unbrac'd drum. All the company seem'd amaz'd and discompos'd at the unpleasing noise; but Don Quixote especially was so alarm'd with this solemn martial harmony, that he could not compose his thoughts. Sancho's fear undoubtedly wrought the usual effects, and carried him to crouch by the duchess.

During this consternation, two men in deep mourning cloaks trailing on the ground enter'd the garden, each of them beating a large drum cover'd also with black, and with these a third playing on a fife, in mourning like the rest. They usher'd in a person of gigantic stature, to which the long black garb in which he was wrapp'd up, was no small addition: it had a train of a prodigious length, and over the cassock was girt a broad black belt, which slung a scymiter of a mighty size. His face was cover'd with a thin black veil, thro' which might be discern'd a beard of a vast length, as

white as snow. The solemnity of his pace kept exact time to the gravity of the music: in short, his stature, his motion, his black hue, and his attendance were every way surprizing and astonishing. With this state and formality he approach'd, and fell on his knees at a convenient distance, before the duke; who not suffering him to speak 'till he arose, the monstrous spectre erected his bulk, and throwing off his veil, discover'd the most terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, bushy beard, that ever mortal eyes were frighted at. Then fixing his eyes on the duke, and with a deep sonorous voice, roaring out from the ample cavern of his spreading lungs, Most high and potent lord, cry'd he, my name is Trifaldin with the white beard, squire to the countess Trifaldi, otherwise yclep'd, the disconsolate matron, from whom I am ambassador to your grace, begging admittance for her ladyship to come and relate, before your magnificence, the unhappy and wonderful circumstances of her misfortune. But first, she desires to be inform'd whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, resides at this time in your castle; for it is in quest of him that my lady has travell'd without coach or palfrey, hungry and thirsty; and, in short, without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya, all the way to these your grace's territories: a thing incredibly miraculous, if not wrought by enchantment. She is now without the gate of this castle, waiting only for your grace's permission to enter. This said, the squire cough'd, and with both his hands stroak'd his unwieldy beard from the top to the bottom, and

with a formal gravity expected the duke's answer.

Worthy squire Trifaldin with the white beard, said the duke, long since have we heard of the misfortunes of the countess Trifaldi, whom inchanters have occasion'd to be call'd the disconsolate matron; and therefore, most stupendous squire, you may tell her that she may make her entry; and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, on whose generous assistance she may safely rely for redress. Inform her also from me, that, if she has occasion for my aid, she may depend on my readiness to do her service, being obliged, as I am a knight, to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of my power, to all persons of her sex, in distress, especially widow'd matrons, like her ladyship.

Trifaldin, hearing this, made his obeisance with the knee, and beckoning to the fife and drums to observe his motion, they all march'd out in the same solemn procession as they enter'd, and left all the beholders in a deep admiration of his proportion and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, Behold, sir knight, said he, how the light and glory of virtue dart their beams through the clouds of malice and ignorance, and shine to the remotest parts of the earth: 'tis hardly six days since you have vouchsafed to honour this castle with your presence, and already the afflicted and distressed flock hitherto from the uttermost regions, not in coaches, or on dromedaries, but on foot, and without eating by the way; such is their confidence in the strength of that arm, the fame of whose great exploits

flies and spreads every where, and makes the whole world acquainted with your valour.

What would I give, my lord, said Don Quixote, that the same holy pedant were here now, who t'other day at your table would have run down knight-errantry at such a rate; that the testimony of his own eyes might convince him of the absurdity of his error, and let him see, that the comfortless, and afflicted, do not in enormous misfortunes, and uncommon adversity, repair for redress to the doors of droning churchmen, or your little sacristans of villages; nor to the fire-side of your country gentleman, who never travels beyond his landmark; nor to the lolling, lazy courtier, who rather hearkens after news, which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such deeds as may deserve to be recorded and related. No, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows, the redress of the injur'd, and the support of the distress'd, are no where so perfectly to be expected as from the generous professors of knight-errantry. Therefore I thank heaven a thousand times, for having qualify'd me to answer the necessities of the miserable by such a function. As for the hardships and accidents that may attend me, I look upon them as no discouragements, since proceeding from so noble a cause. Then let this matron be admitted to make known her request, and I will refer her for redress, to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous soul.

C H A P. XXXVII.

*The famous adventure of the disconsolate * matron continued.*

THE duke and duchefs were mightily pleas'd to find Don Quixote wrought up to a resolution so agreeable to their design. But Sancho, who made his observations, was not so well satisfy'd. I am in a bodily fear, quoth he, that this same mistress waiting woman will be a baulk to my preferment. I remember I once knew a Toledo pothecary that talk'd like a canary bird, and us'd to say, where-ever come old waiting-women, good luck can happen there to no man. Body of me, he knew them too well, and therefore valu'd them accordingly. He could have eaten them all with a grain of salt. Since then the best of them are so plaguy troublesome and impertinent, what will those be that are in doleful dumps, like this same countess three folds, three skirts, or three tails†, what d'ye call her? Hold your tongue Sancho, said Don Quixote: this matron that comes so far in search of me, lives too remote to lie under the lash of the apothecary's satire. Besides, you are to remember she's a countess; and when ladies of that quality become governantes, or waiting-women, 'tis only to queens or empresses; and in their own houses

* The Spanish is *duena*, which signifies an old waiting-woman, or governante, as it is render'd in Quevedo's visions.

† Trifaldi, the name of the countess, signifies three skirts, or three tails.

they are as absolute ladies as any others, and attended by other waiting-women. Ay, ay, (cry'd Donna Rodriguez, who was present) there are some that serve my lady duchess here in that capacity, that might have been countesses too had they had better luck. But we are not all born to be rich, though we are all born to be honest. Let no body then speak ill of waiting-gentlewomen, especially of those that are ancient and maidens; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the advantage that a waiting-gentlewoman, who is a maiden, has over one that is a widow. When all's said, whoever will offer to meddle with waiting-women will get little by't. Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves. For all that, quoth Sancho, your waiting-women, are not so bare, but that they may be shorn, if my barber spoke truth: so that they had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot. These squires, forsooth, answer'd Donna Rodriguez, must be always cocking up their noses against us: as they are always haunting the anti-chambers, like a parcel of evil sprites as they are, they see us whisk in and out at all times; so when they are not at their devotion, which, heav'n knows, is almost all the day long, they can find no other pastime than to abuse us, and tell idle stories of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputation. But their tongues are no slander, and I can tell those silly rakeshames, that, in spite of their flouts, we shall keep the upper hand of them, and live in the world in the better sort of houses, though we starve for't, and cover our flesh, whether delicate or not, with black gowns,

as they cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry when a procession goes by. S'life, Sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you and all the world, that there's no virtue but is inclos'd within the stays of a waiting-woman. I fancy, said the duchess, that honest Rodriguez is much in the right: but we must now choose a fitter time for this dispute, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho Pança has fix'd in his breast. For my part, quoth Sancho, I won't dispute with her; for since the thoughts of being a governor have steam'd up into my brains, all my concern for the squire is vanish'd into smoke; and I care not a wild fig for all the waiting-women in the world.

This subject would have engag'd them longer in discourse, had they not been cut short by the sound of the fife and drums, that gave them notice of the disconsolate matron's approach. Thereupon the duchess ask'd the duke, how it might be proper to receive her? and how far ceremony was due to her quality as a countess? Look you, (quoth Sancho, striking in before the duke could answer) I would advise ye to meet her countessship half way, but for the waiting-womanship don't stir a step. Who bids you trouble yourself? said Don Quixote. Who bid me! answer'd Sancho, why I myself did. Han't I been squire to your worship, and thus serv'd a prenticeship to good manners? and han't I had the flower of courtesy for my master, who has often told me, a man may as well lose at one-and-thirty, with a card too much, as card too little? good wits jump;

a word to the wife is enough. Sancho says well, said the duke: to decide the matter, we will first see what kind of a countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly.

Now the wife and the drums enter'd as before— But here the author ends this short chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The account which the disconsolate matron gives of her misfortune.

THE doleful drums and wife were follow'd by twelve elderly waiting-women that enter'd the garden, rank'd in pairs, all clad in large mourning habits, that seem'd to be of mill'd serge, over which they wore veils of white calicoe, so long, that nothing could be seen of their black dress, but the very bottom. After them came the countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin, with the white beard. The lady was dress'd in a suit of the finest bays; which, had it been napp'd, would have had tufts as big as rouncival pease. Her train, or tail, which ye will, was mathematically divided into three equal skirts or angles, and born up by three pages in mourning; and from this pleasant triangular figure of her train, as every one conjectur'd, was she call'd Trifaldi; as who should say, the countess of Threefolds, or Three Skirts. Benengeli is of the same opinion, though he affirms that her true title

was the countess of Lobuna *, or of Wolf-land, from the abundance of wolves bred in her country ; and had they been foxes, she had, by the same rule, been call'd the countess Zorruna †, or of Fox-Land ; it being a custom in those nations, for great persons to take their denominations from the commodity with which their country most abounds. However, this countess chose to borrow her title from this new fashion of her own invention, and leaving her name of Lobuna, took that of Trifaldi.

Her twelve female attendants approach'd with her in a procession-pace, with black veils over their faces, not transparent, like that of Trifaldin, but thick enough to hinder altogether the sight of their countenances. As soon as the whole train of waiting-women was come in, the duke and the duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, and so did all those who were with them. Then the twelve women ranging themselves in two rows, made a lane for the countess to march up between them, which she did, still led by Trifaldin, her squire. The duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, advancing about a dozen paces to meet her, she fell on her knees, and with a voice, rather hoarse and rough, than clear and delicate, may it please your highnesses, said she, to spare yourselves the trouble of receiving with so much ceremony and compliment a man (woman I would say) who is your devoted servant. Alas ! the sense of my misfor-

* *Lobo* is Spanish for a wolf.

† *Zorro* is Spanish for a he-fox ; whence these two words are deriv'd.

tunes has so troubl'd my intellectuals, that my responses cannot be suppos'd able to answer the critical opinion of your presence. My understanding has forsook me, and is gone a wool gathering, and sure 'tis far remote; for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again. The greatest claim, madam, answer'd the duke, that we can lay to sense, is a due respect, and decent deference to the worthiness of your person, which, without any farther view, sufficiently bespeaks your merit and excellent qualifications. Then begging the honour of her hand, he led her up, and plac'd her in a chair by his duchess, who receiv'd her with all the ceremony suitable to the occasion.

Don Quixote said nothing all this while, and Sancho was sneaking about, and peeping under the veils of the lady's women; but to no purpose; for they kept themselves very close and silent, 'till she at last thus began.

* Confident I am, thrice potent lord, thrice beautiful lady, and thrice intelligent auditors, that my most unfortunate miserableness, shall find in your most generous and compassionate bowels, a most merciful sanctuary; my miserableness, which is such as would liquify marble, malleate steel, and mollify adamantine rocks. But before the rehearsal of my ineffable misfortunes enter, I won't say your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earnestly request, that I may have cognizance, whether the cabal, choir, or con-

* A fustian speech contriv'd on purpose, and imitated by Sancho.

clave of this illustrious appearance be not adorn'd with the presence of the adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimus Pança? Pança is at your elbowissimus (quoth Sancho, before any body else could answer) and Don Quixotissimo likewise: therefore, most dolorous medem, you may tell out your teale; for we are all ready to be your ladyship's servitorissimus to the best of our cepecities, and so forth. Don Quixote then advanced, and, addressing the countess, If your misfortunes, embarrass'd lady, said he, may hope any redress from the power and assistance of knight-erantry, I offer you my force and courage, and, such as they are, I dedicate them to your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose profession is a sufficient obligation to succour the distress'd, without the formality of preambles, or the elegance of oratory to circumvent my favour. Therefore, pray, madam, let us know, by a succinct and plain account of your calamities, what remedies should be apply'd; and, if your griefs are such as do not admit of a cure, assure yourself at least, that we will comfort you in your afflictions, by sympathizing in your sorrow.

The lady, hearing this, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, in spite of his kind endeavours to the contrary; and striving to embrace them, Most invincible knight, said she, I prostrate myself at these feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry-errant, the supporters of my drooping spirits, whose indefatigable steps alone can hasten my relief, and the cure of my afflictions. O valorous knight-errant, whose real atchieve-

ments eclipse and obscure the fabulous legend of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises! then, turning from Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho, and squeezing his hands very hard, And thou, the most loyal squire, that ever attended on the magnanimity of knight-errantry, whose goodness is more extensive than the beard of my usher Trifaldin! how happily have thy stars plac'd thee, under the discipline of the whole martial college of chivalry professors, center'd and epitomiz'd in the single Don Quixote! I conjure thee, by thy love of goodness, and thy unspotted loyalty to so great a master, to employ thy moving and interceding eloquence in my behalf, that erefoons his favour may shine upon this humble, and most disconsolate countess.

Look you, madam countess, quoth Sancho, as for measuring my goodness by your squire's beard, that's neither here nor there; so my soul go to heaven when I depart this life, I don't matter the rest; for, as for the beards of this world, 'tis not what I stand upon; so that without all this pawing and wheedling, I'll put in a word for you to my master. I know he loves me, and besides, at this time, he stands in need of me about a certain business, and he shall do what he can for you. But pray discharge your burthen'd mind; unload, and let us see what griefs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the rest.

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing, to find the adventure run in this pleasant strain; and they admir'd, at the same time, the rare

cunning and management of Trifaldi, who, re-assuming her feat, thus began her story.

The famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Tabrobana and the south-sea, about two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, had, for its queen, the lady Donna Maguntia, whose husband, king Archipielo, dying, left the princess Antonomasia, their only child, heiress to the crown. This princess was educated, and brought up under my care and direction; I being the eldest, and first lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, her mother. In process of time, the young princess arriv'd at the age of fourteen years, and appear'd so perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the power of nature to give any addition to her charms: what's yet more, her mind was no less adorn'd than her body. Wisdom itself was but a fool to her: she was no less discreet than fair, and the fairest creature in the world; and so she is still, unless the fatal knife, or unrelenting sheers of the envious and inflexible sisters have cut her thread of life. But sure the heavens would not permit such an injury to be done to the earth, as the untimely lopping off the loveliest branch that ever adorn'd the garden of the world.

Her beauty, which my unpolish'd tongue can never sufficiently praise, attracting all eyes, soon got her a world of adorers, many of them princes, who were her neighbours, and more distant foreigners. Among the rest, a private knight, who resided at court, was so audacious as to raise his thoughts to that heaven of beauty. This young gentleman was indeed master of all gal-

lantries that the air of his courtly education could inspire; and so confiding on his youth, his handsome mien, his agreeable air and dress, his graceful carriage, and the charms of his easy wit, and other qualifications, he follow'd the impulse of his inordinate and most presumptuous passion. I must needs say, that he was an extraordinary person, he play'd to a miracle on the guitar, and made it speak not only to the ears, but to the very soul. He danc'd to admiration, and had such a rare knack at making of bird-cages, that he might have got an estate by that very art; and, to sum up all his accomplishments, he was a poet. So many parts and endowments were sufficient to have mov'd a mountain, and much more the heart of a young tender virgin. But all his fine arts and soothing behaviour had prov'd ineffectual against the virtue and reservedness of my beautiful charge, if the damn'd cunning rogue had not first conquer'd me. The deceitful villain endeavour'd to seduce the keeper, so to secure the keys of the fortrefs: in short, he so ply'd me with pleasing trifles, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that at last he perfectly bewitch'd me, and made me give way before I was aware, to what I should never have permitted. But that which first wrought me to his purpose, and undermin'd my virtue, was a cursed copy of verses he sung one night under my window, which, if I remember right, began thus.

A S O N G.

‘ **A** Secret fire consumes my heart ;
 ‘ And to augment my raging pain,
 ‘ The charming foe that rais’d the smart,
 ‘ Denies me freedom to complain.
 ‘ But sure ’tis just, we should conceal
 ‘ The bliss and woe in love we feel :
 ‘ For oh ! what human tongue can tell
 ‘ The joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

The words were to me so many pearls of eloquence, and his voice sweeter to my ears than sugar to the taste. The reflection on the misfortune which these verses brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato’s design of banishing all poets from a good and well govern’d common-wealth, especially those who write wantonly or lasciviously. For, instead of composing lamentable verses, like those of the marquiss of Mantua, that make the women and children cry by the fire-side, they try their utmost skill on such soft strokes as enter the soul, and wound it, like that thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the garment sound. Another time he entertain’d me with the following song.

A S O N G.

‘ **D**EATH, put on some kind disguise,
 ‘ And at once my heart surprize ;

- ' For 'tis such a curse to live,
' And so great a bliss to die ;
' Shouldst thou any warning give,
' I'd relapse to live for joy.

Many other verses of this kind he ply'd me with, which charm'd when read, but transported when sung. For you must know, that when our eminent poets debase themselves to the writing a sort of composure call'd Love-Madrigals, and Roundelays, now much in vogue in Candaya, those verses are no sooner heard, but they presently produce a dancing of souls, tickling of fancies, emotion of spirits, and, in short, a pleasing distemper in the whole body, as if quicksilver shook it in every part.

So that once more I pronounce those poets very dangerous, and fit to be banish'd to the isles of lizards. Though truly, I must confess, the fault is rather chargeable on those foolish people that commend, and the silly wenches that believe them. For had I been as cautious as my place requir'd, his amorous serenades could never have mov'd me, nor would I have believed his poetical cant, such as, I dying live, I burn in ice, I shiver in flames, I hope in despair, I go, yet stay ; with a thousand such contradictions, which make up the greatest part of those kind of compositions. As ridiculous are their promises of the phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne's crown, the coursers of the sun, the pearls of the southern ocean, the gold of Tagus, the balsam of Panchaya, and heaven knows what ! by the way, 'tis observable,

that these poets are very liberal of their gifts, which they know they never can make good.

But whither, woe's me, whither do I wander, miserable woman? what madness prompts me to accuse the faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for! alas! not his verses, but my own inclination: not his music, but my own levity; not his wit, but my own folly, open'd a passage, and levell'd the way for Don Clavijo (for that was the name of the knight). In short, I procur'd him admittance, and by my connivance, he very often had natural familiarity with Antonomafia, who, poor lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, wicked as I was, 'twas upon the honourable score of marriage; for had he not been engag'd to be her husband, he should not have touch'd the very shadow of her shoe-string. No: no: matrimony, matrimony, I say, for without that, I'll never meddle in any such concern. The greatest fault in this business, was the disparity of their conditions; he being but a private knight, and she heiress to the crown. Now this intrigue was kept very close for some time by my cautious management; but at last a certain kind of swelling in Antonomafia's belly began to tell tales; so that, consulting upon the matter, we found there was but one way; Don Clavijo should demand the young lady in marriage before the curate*, by virtue of a promise under her hand, which I dictated for the pur-

* In Spain, when a young couple have promis'd each other marriage, and the parents obstruct it, either party may have recourse to the vicar, who, examining the case, has full power to

pose, and so binding, that all the strength of Samson himself could not have broke the tie. The business was put in execution, the note was produc'd before the priest, who examin'd the lady, and, finding her confession to agree with the tenor of the contract, put her in custody of a very honest serjeant. Bless us, quoth Sancho, serjeants too; and poets, and songs, and verses in your country! o' my conscience, I think the world's the same all the world over! but go on, madam Trifaldi, I beseech you, for 'tis late, and I am upon thorns till I know the end of this long-winded story. I will, answer'd the countess.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Where Trifaldi continues her stupendious and memorable story.

IF every word that Sancho spoke gave the duchess new pleasure, every thing he said put Don Quixote to as much pain; so that he commanded him silence, and gave the matron opportunity to go on. In short, said she, the business was debated a good while, and after many questions and answers, the princess firmly persisting in her first declaration, judgment was given in favour of Don Clavijo, which queen Maguntia, her mother, took so to heart, that we bury'd her about three days after. Then without doubt she dy'd, quoth

bring them together; and this it is the countess ridiculously alludes to in her story.

Sancho. That's a clear case, reply'd Trifaldin, for in Candaya they don't use to bury the living, but the dead. But with your good leave, master squire, answer'd Sancho, people that were in a swoon have been bury'd alive before now, and methinks queen Maguntia should only have swoon'd away, and not have been in such haste to have dy'd in good earnest; for while there's life there's hopes, and there's a remedy for all things but death. I don't find the young lady was so much out of the way neither, that the mother should lay it so grievously to heart. Indeed had she marry'd a footman, or some other servant in the family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a very bad business, and past curing; but for the queen to make such a heavy outcry when her daughter marry'd such a fine-bred young knight, faith and troth, I think the business had been better made up. 'Twas a slip, but not such a heinous one, as one would think: for as my master here says, and he won't let me tell a lie, as of scholars they make bishops, so of your knights (chiefly if they be errant) one may easily make kings and emperors.

That's most certain, said Don Quixote, turn a knight-errant loose into the wide world with two pennyworth of good fortune, and he is in *potentia propinqua* (*proxima* I would say) the greatest emperor in the world. But let the lady proceed, for hitherto her story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold. The most bitter truly, sir, answer'd she; and so bitter, that wormwood, and every bitter herb, compared to it, are as sweet as honey.

The queen being really dead, continu'd she, and not in a trance, we bury'd her, and scarce had we done her the last offices, and taken our last leaves, when (*quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis?* who can relate such woes and not be drown'd in tears?) the giant Malumbruno, cousin-german to the deceas'd queen, who, besides his native cruelty, was also a magician, appear'd upon her grave, mounted on a wooden horse, and, by his dreadful angry looks, shew'd he came thither to revenge the death of his relation, by punishing Don Clavijo for his presumption, and Antonomasia for her oversight. Accordingly, he immediately enchanted them both upon the very tomb, transforming her into a brazen female monkey, and the young knight into a hideous crocodile of an unknown metal; and between them both he set an inscription in the Syriac tongue, which we have got since translated into the Candayan, and then into Spanish, to this effect.

“ These two presumptuous lovers shall never recover their natural shapes, till the valorous knight of la Mancha enter into a single combat with me: for, by the irrevocable decrees of fate, this unheard-of adventure is reserv'd for his unheard-of courage.”

This done, he drew a broad scymitar of a monstrous size, and, catching me fast by the hair, made an offer to cut my throat, or to whip off my head. I was frighted almost to death, my hair stood an end and my tongue cleav'd to the roof of my mouth. However, recovering myself as well as I could, trembling and weeping, I begg'd mercy in such a moving accent, and in such

tender melting words, that at last my intreaties prevail'd on him to stop the cruel execution. In short, he order'd all the waiting-women at court to be brought before him, the same that you see here at present; and after he had aggravated our breach of trust, and rail'd against the deceitful practices, mercenary procuring, and what else he could urge in scandal of our profession, and its very being, reviling us for the fact of which I alone stood guilty; I will not punish you with instant death, said he, but inflict a punishment which shall be a lasting and eternal mortification. Now, in the very instant of his denouncing our sentence, we felt the pores of our faces to open, and all about them perceiv'd an itching pain, like the pricking of pins and needles. Thereupon clapping our hands to our faces, we found them as you shall see them immediately; saying this, the disconsolate matron and her attendants, throwing off their veils, expos'd their faces all rough with bristly beards; some red, some black, some white, and others motley. The duke and duchess admir'd, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonish'd, and the standers-by were thunder-struck. Thus, said the countess, proceeding, has that murdering and bloody-minded Malumbruno serv'd us, and planted these rough and horrid bristles on our faces, otherwise most delicately smooth. Oh! that he had chopp'd off our heads with his monstrous scymitar, rather than to have disgraced our faces with these brushes upon them! for, gentlemen, if you rightly consider it, and truly, what I have to say should be attended with a flood of tears; but such rivers and oceans have fallen

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from me already upon this doleful subject, that my eyes are as dry as chaff; and therefore pray let me speak without tears at this time. Where, alas! shall a waiting-woman dare to shew her head with such a furz-bush upon her chin? what charitable person will entertain her? what relations will own her? at the best, we can scarcely make our faces passable, though we torture them with a thousand sops and washes, and ev'n thus we have much ado to get the men to care for us. What will become of her then that wears a thicket upon her face! oh ladies, and companions of my misery! in an ill hour were we begot, and in a worse came we into the world! with these words the disconsolate matron seem'd to faint away.

C H A P. XL.

Of some things that relate to this adventure, and appertain to this memorable history.

ALL persons that love to read histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular distinctly entire, without concealing the least circumstances that might heighten the humour, or, if omitted, have obscur'd the light and the truth of the story. He draws lively pictures of the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, satisfies curiosity in secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, in short, makes manifest the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire! O most famous au-

thor! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renown'd Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and severally may you live and continue to the latest posterity, for the general delight and recreation of mankind——But the story goes on——

Now, on my honest word, quoth Sancho, when he saw the matron in a swoon, and by the blood of all the Pança's, my forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working head-piece of his, such an adventure as this. Now all the devils in hell (and I would not curse any body) run away with thee for an enchanting son of a whore, thou damn'd giant Malambruno! Couldst thou find no other punishment for these poor sinners, but by clapping scrubbing-brushes about their muzzles, with a pox to you? had it not been much better to slit their nostrils half way up their noses, tho' they had snuff'd for it a little, than to have planted these quick set hedges o'er their chaps? I'll lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their shaving.

'Tis but too true, Sir, said one of them, we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our beards off; so that some of us to save charges, are forc'd to lay on plaisters of pitch that pull away roots and all, and leave our chins as smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. There is indeed a sort of women in Candaya, that go about from house to house, to take off the down or hairs that grow about the face*, trim the eye-brows, and do

* There are a sort of women-barbers in Spain, that take the

twenty other little private jobbs for the women; but we here, who are my lady's Duennas, wou'd never have any thing to do with them, for they have got ill names; for though formerly they got free access, and pass'd for relations, now they are look'd upon to be no better than bawds. So if my lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, our beards will stick by us as long as we live. I'll have mine pluck'd off hair by hair among the Moors, answer'd Don Quixote, rather than not free you from yours. Ah, valorous knight! (cry'd the countess Tri-faldi, recovering that moment from her fit) the sweet sound of your promise reach'd my hearing in the very midst of my trance, and has perfectly restor'd my senses. I beseech you therefore, once again, most illustrious Sir, and invincible knight-errant, that your gracious promise may soon have the wish'd-for effect. I'll be guilty of no neglect, madam, answer'd Don Quixote: point out the way, and you shall soon be convinc'd of my readiness to serve you.

You must know then, Sir, said the disconsolate lady, from this place to the kingdom of Candaya, by computation, we reckon about five thousand leagues, two or

down off women's faces, and sell them washes, and these are commonly reputed to be giv'n to bawding. This down the Spaniards call *bello*, from the Latin *vellus* (I suppose) which means a fleece (or fell, from the same *vellus*.) *Bello* is also Spanish for handsome, from *bellus*, Latin. In old Spanish books *bello* is riches; to intimate there's nothing handsome, without being rich. Accordingly Horace says—*Formam regina pecunia donat.*

three more or less: but if you ride through the air in a direct line, 'tis not above three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight, who is to dissolve our enchantment, he would send him a famous steed, much easier and less resty and full of tricks, than those jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the same wooden horse that carry'd the valorous Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, when he stole her away. 'Tis manag'd by a wooden peg in its forehead, instead of a bridle, and flies as swiftly through the air, as if all the devils in hell were switching him, or blowing fire in his tail. This courser, tradition delivers, to have been the handywork of the sage Merlin, who never lent him to any but particular friends, or when he was paid fauce for him. Among others, his friend Peter of Provence borrow'd him, and by the help of his wonderful speed, stole away the fair Magalona, as I said, setting her behind on the crupper; for you must know he carries double, and so tow'ring up in the air, he left the people that stood near the place whence he started, gaping, staring, and amaz'd.

Since that journey, we have heard of no body that has back'd him. But this we know, that Malambruno since that got him by his art; and has us'd him ever since, to post about to all parts of the world. He's here to-day, and to morrow in France, and the next day in America: and one of the best properties of the horse is, that he costs not a farthing in keeping; for he neither

cats nor sleeps, neither needs he any shoeing; besides, without having wings, he ambles, so very easy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup full of water a thousand leagues, and not spill a drop; so that the fair Magalona lov'd mightily to ride him.

Nay, quoth Sancho, as for an easy pacer, commend me to my Dapple. Indeed he's none of your high-flyers, he can't gallop in the air: but on the king's highway, he shall pace ye with the best ambler that ever went on four legs. This set the whole company a laughing. But then the disconsolate lady going on; This horse, said she, will certainly be here within half an hour after 'tis dark, if Malambruno designs to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was the sign by which I should discover my deliverer. And pray, forthwith, quoth Sancho, how many will this same horse carry upon occasion? Two, answer'd she, one in the saddle, and t'other behind on the crupper: and those two are commonly the knight and the squire, if some stolen damsel be not to be one. Good disconsolate madam, quoth Sancho, I'd fain know the name of this same nag. The horse's name, answer'd she, is neither Pegasus, like Bellerophon's; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander's; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando's; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo's; nor Frontin, like Rogero's; nor Bootes, nor Pyrithous, like the horses of the sun; neither is he call'd Orelia, like the horse which Rodrigo, the last king of Spain, of the Gothic race, bestrid that unfortunate day, when he lost the battle, the kingdom, and his life. I'll lay you a wager, quoth Sancho, since

the horse goes by none of those famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante neither, which is my master's horse, and another-guess beast than you've reckon'd up. 'Tis very right, answer'd the bearded lady: however, he has a very proper and significant name; for he is call'd Clavileno, or Wooden Peg the swift, from the wooden peg in his forehead; so that for the significancy of name at least he may be compared with Rosinante. I find no fault with his name, quoth Sancho; but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with? I told you already, reply'd she, that he is guided with the peg, which being turn'd this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almost brushing and sweeping the ground, or else flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all affairs of life. I should be glad to see this notable tit, quoth Sancho, but don't desire to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my holy dame, you may as well expect pears from an elm. 'Twere a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own Dapple, with a pack-saddle as soft as silk, to suffer myself to be hors'd upon a hard wooden thing, without either cushion or pillow under his buttocks. Before George! I won't gall my back-side to take off the best lady's beard in the land. Let them that have beards wear them still, or get them whipp'd off as they think best; I'll not take such a long jaunt with my master, not I. There is no need of me in this shaving of beards, as there was in Dulcinea's business. Upon my word, dear sir, but there is, reply'd Trifal-

di, and so much, that without you nothing can be done. God save the king ! cry'd Sancho, what have we squires to do with our master's adventures ? We must bear the trouble forsooth, and they run away with the credit ! Body o' me, 'twere something, would those that write their stories, but give the squires their due share in their books : as thus, ' Such a knight ended such an adventure ; but it was with the help of such an one his ' squire, without which the devil a bit could he ever ' have done it.' But they shall barely tell you in their histories, ' Sir Paralipomenon, knight of the three stars, ' ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins ;' and not a word all the while of his squire's person, as if there were no such man, though he was by all the while, poor devil. In short, good people, I don't like it ; and once more I say, my master may e'en go by himself for Sancho, and joy betide him. I'll stay and keep madam duchess's company here, and mayhap by that time he comes back, he'll find his lady Dulcinea's business pretty forward ; for I mean to give my bare breech a jirking till I brush off the very hair, at idle times, that is, when I've nothing else to do.

Nevertheless, honest Sancho, said the duchess, if your company be necessary in this adventure, you must go ; for all good people will make it their business to intreat you ; and 'twou'd look very ill, that through your vain fears, these poor gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and bristly faces. God save the king, I cry again, said Sancho, were it a piece of charity for the relief of some good sober gentlewomen, or poor inno-

cent hospital-girls, something might be said: but to gall my back-side, and venture my neck, to unbeard a pack of idling trollopping chamber-jades, with a murrain! not I, let them go elsewhere for a shaver; I wish I might see the whole tribe of them wear beards from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to the primmest, all hairy like so many she-goats. You are very angry with waiting-women, Sancho, said the duchess: that pothecary has inspir'd you with this bitter spirit. But you're to blame, friend, for I'll assure you there are some in my family, that may serve for patterns of discretion to all those of their function; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me say no less. Ay, ay, madam, said Donna Rodriguez, your grace may say what you please: this is a censorious world we live in, but heaven knows all; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting-gentlewomen had mothers as well as the rest of our sex; and since providence has made us as we are, and plac'd us in the world, it knows wherefore, and so we trust in its mercy, and no body's beard? Enough, Donna Rodriguez, said Don Quixote; as for you, lady Trifaldi, and other distressed matrons, I hope that heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye on your sorrows, and that Sancho will do as I shall desire. I only wish Clavileno would once come, that I may encounter Malambruno, for I am sure no razor should be more expeditious in shaving your ladyship's beard, than my sword to shave that giant's head from his shoulders: heaven may a while permit the wicked, but not for ever.

Ah! most valorous champion, said the disconsolate matron, may all the stars in the celestial regions shed their most propitious influence on your generous valour, which thus supports the cause of our unfortunate office, so expos'd to the poisonous rancour of apothecaries, and so revil'd by saucy grooms and squires. Now all ill luck attend the low-spirited queen, who, in the flower of her youth, will not rather choose to turn nun, than waiting-woman! poor forlorn contemn'd creatures as we are! though descended in a direct line from father to son, from Hector of Troy himself, yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to speak to us, than thee and thou, though it were to gain them a kingdom. O giant Malambruno! thou, though an inchanter, art always most faithful to thy word, send us the peerless Clavileno, that our misfortunes may have an end. For if the weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy beards still sprout about our faces, what a sad pickle will they be in!

The disconsolate lady utter'd these lamentations in so pathetic a manner, that the tears of all the spectators waited on her complaints; and even Sancho himself began to water his plants, and condescended at least to share in the adventure, and attend his master to the very rag-end of the world, so he might contribute to the clearing away the weeds that overspread those venerable faces.

C H A P. XLI.

*Of Clavileno's * (alias Wooden-Peg's) arrival, with the conclusion of this tedious adventure.*

THESE discourses brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileno's arrival. Don Quixote, very impatient at his delay, began to fear, that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or else that the giant Malambruno had not courage to enter into a single combat with him. But, unexpectedly, who should enter the garden, but four savages covered with green ivy, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set upon his legs before the company; and then one of them cry'd out, Now let him that has the courage, mount this engine—I am not he, quoth Sancho, for I have no courage, nor am I a knight—And let him take his squire behind him, if he has one (continu'd the savage) with this assurance from the valorous Malambruno, that no foul play shall be offer'd, nor will he use any thing but his sword to offend him. 'Tis but only turning the peg before him, and the horse will transport him through the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them blindfold their eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendious height of their career should make them giddy; and let the neigh-

* A name compounded of the two Spanish words, *clavo*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.

ing of the horse inform them that they are arrived at their journey's end. Thus having made his speech, the savage turn'd about with his companions, and, leaving Clavileno, march'd out handsomely the same way they came in.

The disconsolate matron seeing the horse, almost with tears, address'd Don Quixote; Valorous knight, cry'd she, Malambruno is a man of his word, the horse is here, our beards bud on; therefore I and every one of us conjure you by all the hairs on our chins, to hasten our deliverance; since there needs no more, but that you and your squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey. Madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I'll do't with all my heart, I will not so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs, but mount instantly; such is my impatience to disbeard your ladyship's face, and restore ye all to your former gracefulness. That's more than I should do, quoth Sancho, I an't in such plaguy haste, not I; and if the quickset hedges on their snouts can't be lopp'd off without my riding on that hard crupper, let my master furnish himself with another squire, and these gentlewomen get some other barber. I'm no witch sure, to ride thro' the air at this rate on a broomstick! what will my islanders say, think ye, when they hear their governor is flying like a paper-kite? besides, 'tis three or four thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, and what if the horse should tire upon the road? or the giant grow humourfome? what would become of us then? we may be seven years a getting home again; and heaven

knows by that time, what would become of my government: neither island nor dryland would know poor Sancho again. No, no, I know better things; what says the old proverb? Delays breed danger; and when a cow's given thee, run and halter her! I am the gentlewoman's humble servant, but they and their beards must excuse me, faith! St. Peter is well at Rome, that is to say, here I'm much made of, and by the master of the house's good-will, I hope to see myself a governor. Friend Sancho, said the duke, as for your island, it neither floats nor stirs, so there's no fear it should run away before you come back; the foundations of it are fix'd and rooted in the profound abyss of the earth. Now, because you must needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of office of any value that is not purchased with some sort of bribe or gratification, of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this government, is only that you wait on your master in this expedition, that there may be an end of this memorable adventure: and I here engage my honour, that whether you return on Clavileno with all the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill fortune to be oblig'd to foot it back like a pilgrim, begging from inn to inn, and door to door, still whenever you come, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And for my own part, Signor Sancho, I'll assure you, you'd very much wrong my friendship, should you in the least doubt my readiness to serve you. Good your worship say no more, cry'd Sancho, I am

but a poor squire, and your goodness is too great a load for my shoulders. But hang baseness; mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody; with me a good voyage, and pray for me—But hark ye, good folks, when I am got up, and fly in the skies, mayn't I say my prayers, and call on the angels myself to help me, trow? Yes, yes, answer'd Trifaldi; for Malambruno, though an inchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with. Come on then, quoth Sancho, God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta* help me! Thy fear, Sancho, said Don Quixote, might by a superstitious mind be thought ominous: since the adventure of the fulling-mills, I have not seen thee possess'd with such a panic terror. But, hark ye, begging this noble company's leave, I must have a word with you in private. Then withdrawing into a distant part of the garden among some trees; my dear Sancho, said he, thou seest we are going to take a long journey; thou art no less sensible of the uncertainty of our return, and heaven alone can tell what leisure or conveniency we may have in all that time: let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy chamber, as if it were to get thyself ready for our journey; and there presently dispatch me only some 500 lashes, on the account of the 3300 thou standest engaged for; it will soon be done, and a business well begun, you know, is half ended. Stark mad, before

* A church in Italy, of special devotion to the blessed Trinity.

George, cry'd Sancho. I wonder you are not asham'd, sir. This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask me for a maidenhead? I am just going to ride the wooden horse, and you would have me flay my back-side. Truly, truly, you're plaguily out this time. Come, come, sir, let's do one thing after another; let us get off these women's whiskers, and then I'll feague it away for Dulcinea: I have no more to say on the matter at present. Well, honest Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, I'll take thy word for once, and I hope thou'lt make it good; for I believe thou art more fool than knave. I am what I am, quoth Sancho; but whatever I be, I'll keep my word, ne'er fear it.

Upon this they return'd to the company; and just as they were going to mount, blind thy eyes, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us, can have no design to deceive us! since 'twould never be to his credit, to delude those that rely on his word of honour; and though the success should not be answerable to our desires, still the glory of so brave an attempt will be ours, and it is not in the power of malice to eclipse it. To horse then, sir, cry'd Sancho, to horse: the tears of those poor bearded gentlewomen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the bristles sticking in it. I shan't eat a bit to do me good, til I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth chins and soft lips as they had before. Mount then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for if I must ride behind, 'tis a plain case you must get up before me. That's right, said Don Quixote; and with that pulling a handkercheif out of

his pocket, he gave it to the disconsolate matron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but presently after, uncovering himself, If I remember right, said he, we read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse which the Greeks offered Pallas, full of arm'd knights, who afterwards prov'd the total ruin of that famous city. 'Twere prudent therefore, before we got up, to probe this steed, and see what he has in his guts. You need not, said the countess Trifaldi, I dare engage there's no ground for any such surmise; for Malambruno is a man of honour, and would not so much as countenance any base or treacherous practice; and what-ever accident befalls ye, I dare answer for. Upon this Don Quixote mounted without any reply, imagining that what he might farther urge concerning his security, would be a reflection on his valour. He then began to try the pin, which was easily turn'd; and as he sat with his long legs stretch'd at length for want of stirrups, he look'd like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, woven in some old piece of arras.

Sancho very leisurely and unwillingly was made to climb up behind him; and fixing himself as well as he could on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, good my lord, quoth he, will you lend me something to clap under me; some pillow from the page's bed, or the duchess's cushion of state, or any thing; for this horse's crupper is so confounded hard, I fancy 'tis rather marble than wood. It is needless, said the countess, for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him; so that for.

your greater ease, you had best sit sideways like a woman. Sancho took her advice; and then, after he had taken his leave of the company, they bound a cloth over his eyes. But presently after uncovering his face, with a pitiful look on all the spectators, good tender-hearted Christians, (cry'd he with tears in his eyes) bestow a few Pater-Nosters and Ave-Mary's on a poor departing brother, and pray for my soul, as you expect the like charity yourselves in such a condition. What! you rascal, said Don Quixote, do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable strain? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, thou chicken-hearted varlet, but into the throne of France, if there is any truth in history? and do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter of Provence, and press the seat that was once press'd by him? Come, blindfold thy eyes, poor spiritless animal, and let me not know thee betray the least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence. Well, quoth Sancho, hoodwink me then among ye: but 'tis no mar'l one should be afraid, when you won't let one say his prayers, nor be pray'd for, though for ought I know, we may have a legion of imps about our ears, to clap us up in the devil's pound ‡ presently.

‡ In the original it is, to carry us to *Peralvillo*, i. e. To hang us first, and try us afterwards, as Jervas translates it. Steven's dictionary says, *Peralvillo* is a village near Ciudad-Real in Cas-

Now both being hoodwink'd, and Don Quixote perceiving every thing ready for their setting out, began to turn the pin; and no sooner had he set his hand to it, but the waiting-women and all the company set up their throats, crying out, speed you, speed you well, valorous knight, heaven be your guide, undaunted squire! now, now, you fly aloft. See how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow! now they mount, and tower, and soar, while the gazing world wonders at their course. Sit fast, sit fast, courageous Sancho; you don't sit steady; have a care of falling; for should you now drop from that amazing height, your fall would be greater than the aspiring youth's, that misguided the chariot of the sun his father. All this Sancho heard; and girding his arms fast about his master's waist, Sir, quoth he, why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices? Troth I hear 'em so plainly, that one would think they were close by us. Ne'er mind that, answer'd Don Quixote; for in these extraordinary kind of flights, we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. But don't hold me so hard, for you'll make me tumble off. What makes thee tremble so? I'm sure I never rid easier in all my life; our horse goes as if he did not move at all. Come then, take courage; we make swinging way, and have a fair and merry gale. I think so too, quoth San-

tile, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending highwaymen, dispatch those they take in the fact, without bringing them to trial; like what we call, hanging a man first, and trying him afterwards.

cho, for I feel the wind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I don't know how many pair of bellows were blowing wind in my tail. Sancho was not altogether in the wrong; for two or three pair of bellows were indeed levell'd at him then, which gave air very plentifully; so well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchefs, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to further the diversion.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, sure, said he, we must be risen to the middle region of the air, where the winds, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and other meteors are produc'd; so that if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently, and what is worst, I don't know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorch'd and roasted alive. At the same time some flax, with other combustible matter, which had been got ready, was clap'd at the end of a long stick, and set on fire at a small distance from their noses, and the heat and smoak affecting the knight and the squire; May I be hang'd, quoth Sancho, if we ben't come to this fire-place you talk of, or very near it; for the half of my beard is sing'd already. I have a huge mind to peep out, and see whereabouts we are. By no means, answer'd Don Quixote; I remember the strange but true story of doctor Toralva, whom the devils carry'd to Rome hoodwink'd, and bestriding a reed, in twelve hours time, setting him down on the tower of Nona, in one of the streets of that city. There he saw the dreadful tumult, assault, and death of the constable of Bourbon; and the next morning he found himself at Ma-

drid, where he related the whole story. Among other things, he said, as he went through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and then he found himself so near the moon, that he could touch it with his finger; but durst not look towards the earth, lest the distance should make his brains turn round. So Sancho, we must not unveil our eyes, but rather wholly trust to the care and providence of him that has charge of us; and fear nothing, for we only mount high, to come fouse down like a hawk, upon the kingdom of Candaya, which we shall reach presently: for though it appears not half an hour to us since we left the garden, we have, nevertheless, travel'd over a vast tract of air. I know nothing of the matter, reply'd Sancho, but this I am very certain, that if your madam Magulane, or Magalona (what d'ye call her) cou'd sit this damn'd wooden crupper without a good cushion under her tail, she must have a harder pair of buttocks than mine.

This dialogue was certainly very pleasant all this while to the duke and duchefs, and the rest of the company; and now at last resolving to put an end to this extraordinary adventure, which had so long entertain'd them successfully, they order'd one of their servants to give fire to Clavileno's tail; and the horse being stuff full of squibs, crackers, and other fire-works, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise, throwing the knight one way, and the squire another, both sufficiently sing'd. By this time, the disconsolate maron, and bearded regiment, were vanish'd out of the garden, and

all the rest counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground; Don Quixote and Sancho sorely bruised, made shift to get up, and looking about, were amaz'd to find themselves in the same garden whence they took horse, and see such a number of people lie dead, as they thought, on the ground. But their wonder was diverted by the appearance of a large lance stuck in the ground, and a scroll of white parchment fasten'd to it by two green silken strings, with the following inscription upon it in golden characters.

' The renown'd knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, atchiev'd the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, otherwise call'd the Disconsolate Matron, and her companions in distress, by barely attempting it. Malabruno is fully satisfy'd. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards: king Clavijo and queen Antonasia have resum'd their pristine shapes; and when the squire's penance shall be finish'd, the white dove shall 'scape the pounces of the pernicious hawks that pursue her, and her pining lover shall lull her in his arms. This is pre-ordain'd by the sage Merlin, prophet to-inchanter of inchanters.'

Don Quixote having read this oracle, and construing it to refer to Dulcinea's disinchantment, render'd thanks to heaven for so great a deliverance; and approaching the duke and duchess, who seem'd as yet in a swoon, he took the duke by the hand: Courage, courage, noble sir, cry'd he, there is no danger; the adventure is finish'd without blood-shed, as you may read it register'd in that record.

The duke, yawning and stretching, as if he had been wak'd out of a sound sleep, recover'd himself by degrees, as did the duchess, and the rest of the company; all of them acting the surprize so naturally, that the jest could not be discover'd. The duke, rubbing his eyes, made a shift to read the scroll; then embracing Don Quixote, he extoll'd his valour to the skies, assuring him, he was the bravest knight the earth had ever possess'd. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down the garden for the disconsolate matron, to see what sort of a face she had got, now her furz-bush was off. But he was inform'd, that as Clavileno came down flaming in the air, the countess, with her women, vanish'd immediately, but not one of them chinbristled, nor so much as a hair upon their faces.

Then the duchess ask'd Sancho, how he had far'd in his long voyage; Why truly, madam, answer'd he, I have seen wonders; for you must know, that though my master would not suffer me to pull the cloth from my eyes, yet as I have a kind of itch to know every thing, and a spice of the spirit of contradiction, still hankering after what's forbidden me; so when, as my master told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I shov'd my handkercheif a little above my nose, and look'd down; and what d'you think I saw? I spy'd the earth a hugeous way afar off below me (heaven bless us!) no bigger than a mustard seed; and the men walking to and fro upon't, not much larger than hazle-nuts. Judge now if we were not got up woundy high! Have a care what you say, my friend, said the duchess; for

if the men were bigger than hazle-nuts, and the earth no bigger than a mustard-seed, one man must be bigger than the whole earth, and cover it so that you could not see it. Like enough, answer'd Sancho; but for all that, d'you see, I saw it with a kind of a side-look upon one part of it, or so. Look you, Sancho, reply'd the duchess, that won't bear; for nothing can be wholly seen by any part of it. Well, well, madam, quoth Sancho, I don't understand your parts and wholes! I saw it, and there's an end of the story. Only you must think, that as we flew by enchantment, so we saw by enchantment; and thus I might see the earth, and all the men, which way soever I look'd. I'll warrant, you won't believe me neither when I tell you, that when I thrust up the kerchief above my brows, I saw myself so near heav'n, that between the top of my cap and the main sky, there was not a span and a half. And, heaven blefs us! forsooth, what a hugeous great place it is! and we happen'd to travel that road where the seven * She-Goatstars were: and faith and troth, I had such a mind to play with 'em (having been once a goat-herd myself) that I fancy I'd have cry'd myself to death, had I not done it. So soon as I spy'd 'em, what does I, but sneaks down very soberly from behind my master, without telling any living soul, and play'd and leap'd about for three quarters of an hour by the clock, with the pretty nanny-goats, who are as sweet and fine as so

* The *pleiades*, vulgarly call'd in Spanish, the Seven Young She-Goats.

many marigolds or gilly-flowers; and honest Wooden-Peg stirr'd not one step all the while. And while Sancho employ'd himself with the goats, ask'd the duke, how was Don Quixote employ'd? Truly, answer'd the knight, I am sensible all things were alter'd from their natural course; therefore what Sancho says, seems the less strange to me. But for my own part, I neither saw heaven nor hell, sea nor shore. I perceiv'd indeed we pass'd through the middle region of the air, and were pretty near that of fire, but that we came so near heaven, as Sancho says, is altogether incredible; because we then must have pass'd quite thro' the fiery region, which lies between the sphere of the moon, and the upper region of the air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that part, where are the Pleiades, or the Seven Goats, as Sancho calls them, without being consum'd in the elemental fire; and therefore since we escap'd those flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and Sancho either lies or dreams. I neither lie nor dream, reply'd Sancho. Uds precious! I can tell you the marks and colour of every goat among 'em. If you don't believe me, do but ask and try me. You'll easily see whether I speak truth or no. Well, said the duchess, prithee tell them me, Sancho. Look ye, answer'd Sancho, there were two of 'em green, two carnation, two blue, and one party-colour'd. Truly, said the duke, that is a new kind of goats you have found out, Sancho, we have none of those colours upon earth. Sure, sir, reply'd Sancho, you'll make some sort of difference between heavenly she-goats, and the goats of

this world? But, Sancho, said the duke among these she-goats, did you never see a he*? not one horned beast of the masculine gender? Not one, sir, I saw no other horn'd thing but the moon; and I have been told, that neither he-goats, nor any other cornuted tups are suffer'd to lift their horns beyond those of the moon.

They did not think fit to ask Sancho any more questions about his airy voyage, for, in the humour he was in, they judg'd he would not stick to ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirr'd out of the garden all the while.

Thus ended, in short, the adventure of the disconsolate matron, which afforded sufficient sport to the duke and duchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their lives; and might have supply'd Sancho with matter of talk from generation to generation, for many ages, could he have liv'd so long. Sancho (said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear) since thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montefinos's cave. Not a word more.

* *Cabron*: A jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both a He-Goat and a Cuckold. Sancho, by his answer, seems to take, or hit by chance on the jest.

C H A P. XLII.

The instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Pança, before he went to the government of his island, with other matters of moment.

THE satisfaction which the duke and duchess received by the happy success of the adventure of the disconsolate matron, encourag'd them to carry on some other pleasant project, since they could with so much ease impose on the credulity of Don Quixote, and his squire. Having therefore given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave themselves towards Sancho in his government; the day after the scene of the wooden-horse, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government; for now his islanders wish'd as heartily for him, as they did for rain in a dry summer. Sancho made an humble bow, and looking demurely on the duke, Sir, quoth he, since I came down from heaven, whence I saw the earth so very small, I an't half so hot as I was for being a governor. For what greatness can there be in being at the head of a puny dominion, that's but a little nook of a tiny mustard-seed? and what dignity and power can a man be reckon'd to have, in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazle-nuts? for I could not think there were any more in the whole world. No, if your grace would throw away upon me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, or so, I would take it with better will than I would the largest

island on earth. Friend Sancho, answer'd the duke, I can't dispose of an inch of heaven; for that's the province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow, I give you; that is, an island tight and clever, round and well proportion'd, fertile and plentiful to such a degree, that if you have but the art and understanding to manage things right, you may hoard there both of the treasure of this world and the next.

Well then, quoth Sancho, let me have this island, and I'll do my best to be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shan't want a small nook in heaven one day or other. 'Tis not out of covetousness neither, that I'd leave my little cot, and set up for somebody, but merely to know what kind of thing it is to be a governor. Oh! Sancho, said the duke, when once you've had a taste of it, you'll never leave licking your fingers, it is so sweet and bewitching a thing to command and be obey'd. I am confident, when your master comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his affairs) he will never by any consideration be persuaded to abdicate; his only grief will be, that he was one no sooner.

Troth, Sir, reply'd Sancho, I am of your mind; 'tis a dainty thing to command, though 'twere but a flock of sheep. Oh! Sancho, cry'd the duke, let me live and die with thee: for thou hast an insight into every thing. I hope thou'lt prove as good a governor as thy wisdom bespeaks thee. But no more at this time, — to-morrow, without further delay, you set forward to your island, and shall be furnish'd this afternoon with equi-

page and drefs answerable to your post, and all other necessaries for your journey.

Let 'em drefs me as they will, quoth Sancho, I shall be the same Sancho Pança still. That's true, said the duke, yet every man ought to wear clothes suitable to his place and dignity; for a lawyer should not go drefs'd like a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a captain and a civil magistrate; so your drefs shall be a compound of those two; for on the government that I bestow on you, arms are as necessary as learning, and a man of letters as requisite as a swordsman.——
Nay, as for letters, quoth Sancho, I can't say much for myself: for as yet I scarce know my A, B, C; but yet, if I can but remember my Christ's cross*, 'tis enough to make me a good governor: as for my arms, I'll not quit my weapon as long as I can stand, and so heaven be our guard. Sancho can't do amiss, said the duke, while he remembers these things:

By this time Don Quixote arriv'd, and hearing how suddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the duke's permission, he took him aside to give him some good instructions for his conduct in the discharge of his office.

Being enter'd Don Quixote's chamber, and the door shut, he almost forcibly obliged Sancho to sit by him; and then with a grave deliberate voice he thus began.

* He means the Christ's-cross row; so call'd from the cross being put at the beginning of the A, B, C.

I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that before I have the happiness of being put in possession of my hopes, I can see thee already crown'd: fortune hastening to meet thee with thy wishes. I, who had assign'd the reward of thy services upon my happy success, am yet but on the way to preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable expectation, art arriv'd at the aim and end of thy desires. Some are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, intreat, press, will take no denial, obstinately persist in their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the prize, and jumps into the preferment which so many had pursu'd in vain; which verifies the saying,

' The happy have their days, and those they choose;

' The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose. Thou, who seems to me a very blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of fatigue or trouble, only the air of knight-errantry being breathed on thee, art advanc'd to the government of an island in a trice, as if it were a thing of no moment, a very trifle. I speak this, my dear Sancho, not to upbraid thee, nor out of envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this success to thy own merit, while it is entirely owing to the kind heavenly disposer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be return'd. But, next to heaven, thou art to ascribe thy happiness to the greatness of the profession of knight-errantry, which includes within itself such stores of honour and preferment.

Being convinced of what I have already said, be yet attentive, O my son, to what I, thy Cato, have further to say: listen, I say, to my admonitions, and I will be thy north-star, and pilot to steer and bring thee safe into the port of honour, out of the tempestuous ocean, into which thou art just going to launch; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulphs of confusion.

First of all, O my son, fear God; for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and wisdom will never let thee go astray.

Secondly, consider what thou wert, and make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world. Yet from this lesson thou wilt learn to avoid the frog's foolish ambition of swelling to rival the bigness of the ox; else the consideration of your having been a hog driver, will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet*.

True, quoth Sancho, but I was then but a little boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove geese, and not hogs. But methinks that's nothing to the purpose; for all governors can't come from kings and princes.

Very true, pursu'd Don Quixote; therefore those who want a noble descent, must allay the severity of their office with mildness and civility, which, directed by wisdom, may secure them from the murmurs and malice, from which no state nor condition is exempt.

* The peacock, in the fable, prided herself in her beauty, till she was put in mind of her ugly feet.

Be well pleased with the meanness of thy family, Sancho; nor think it a disgrace to own thyself deriv'd from labouring men; for, if thou art not ashamed of it thyself, no body else will strive to make thee so. Endeavour rather to be esteem'd humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almost infinite, of those who, from low and vulgar births, have been rais'd to the highest dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne; and this I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

Make virtue the medium of all thy actions, and thou wilt have no cause to envy those whose birth gives them the titles of great men, and princes; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquir'd: and virtue is worth more in itself, than nobleness of birth.

If any of thy poor relations come to see thee, never reject nor affront them; but, on the contrary, receive and entertain them with marks of favour; in this thou wilt display a generosity of nature, and please heaven that would have no body to despise what it has made.

If thou send'st for thy wife, as it is not fit a man in thy station should be long without his wife, and she ought to partake of her husband's good fortune, teach her, instruct her, polish her the best thou canst, till her native rusticity is refin'd to a handsomer behaviour; for often an ill-bred wife throws down all that a good and discreet husband can build up.

Shouldst thou come to be a widower (which is not impossible) and thy post recommend thee to a bride of a higher degree, take not one that shall, like a fishing-

rod, only serve to catch bribes. For, take it from me, the judge must, at the general and last court of judicature, give a strict account of the discharge of his duty, and must pay severely at his dying day for what he has suffered his wife to take.

Let never obstinate self-conceit be thy guide; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their understanding.

Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, tho' not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

Be equally sollicitous to find out the truth, where the offers and presents of the rich, and the sobs and importunities of the poor, are in the way.

Wherever equity should, or may take place, let not the extent or rigour of the law bear too much on the delinquent; for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

When the severity of the law is to be softened, let pity, not bribes be the motive.

If thy enemy has a cause before thee, turn away thy eyes from thy prejudice, and fix them on the matter of fact.

In another man's cause, be not blinded by thy own passions, for those errors are almost without remedy; or their cure will prove expensive to thy wealth and reputation.

When a beautiful woman comes before thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations; and take time to consider sedately her

petition, if thou wouldst not have thy reason and honesty lost in her sighs and tears.

Revile not with words those whom their crimes oblige thee to punish in deed; for the punishment is enough to the wretches, without the addition of ill language.

In the trial of criminals, consider as much as thou canst without prejudice to the plaintiff, how defenceless and open the miserable are to the temptations of our corrupt and deprav'd nature, and so far shew thyself full of pity and clemency; for though God's attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more attractive and pleasing in our eyes, than his justice.

If thou observ'st these rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompence full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children and grand-children to thy heart's desire; they shall want no titles: belov'd of all men, thy life shall be peaceable, thy death in a good and venerable old age, and the offspring of thy grand-children, with their soft youthful hands, shall close thy eyes.

The precepts I have hitherto given thee, regard the good and ornament of thy mind. Now give attention to those directions that relate to the adorning of thy body.

C H A P. XLIII.

The second part of Don Quixote's advice to Sancho Pança.

WHO would not have taken Don Quixote for a man of extraordinary wisdom, and as excellent morals, having heard him documentize his squire in this manner; only, as we have often observ'd in this history, the least talk of knight-errantry spoil'd all, and made his understanding muddy; but in every thing else, his judgment was very clear, and his apprehension very nice, so that every moment his actions us'd to discredit his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But in these oeconomical precepts which he gave Sancho, he shew'd himself master of a pleasant fancy, and mingled his judgment and extravagance in equal proportions. Sancho lent him a great deal of attention, in hopes to register all those good counsels in his mind, and put them in practice; not doubting but by their means he should acquit himself of his duty like a man of honour.

As to the government of thy person and family (pursu'd Don Quixote) my first injunction is cleanliness. Pair thy nails, nor let them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them, that long nails add to the beauty of the hand; till they look more like castril's claws, than a man's nails. 'Tis foul and unsightly.

Keep thy clothes tight about thee; for a slovenly looseness is an argument of a careless mind; unless

such a negligence, like that of Julius Caesar, be affected for some cunning design.

Prudently examine what thy income may amount to in a year: and if sufficient to afford thy servants liveries, let them be decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and for show; and for the overplus of thy good husbandry, bestow it on the poor. That is, if thou canst keep six footmen, have but three; and let what would maintain three more, be laid out in charitable uses. By that means thou wilt have attendants in heaven as well as on earth, which our vain-glorious great ones, who are strangers to this practice, are not like to have.

Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry, defile it not with onions and garlick.

Walk with gravity, and speak with deliberation, and yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own words; for all affectation is a fault.

Eat little at dinner, and less at supper; for the stomach is the storehouse, whence health is to be imparted to the whole body.

Drink moderately; for drunkenness neither keeps a secret, nor observes a promise.

Be careful not to chew on both sides, that is, fill not thy mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct before company.

Eruet, quoth Sancho, I don't understand that cramp word. To eruct, answer'd Don Quixote, is as much as to say, to belch; but this being one of the most dis-

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agreeable and beastly words in our language, tho' very expressive and significant, the more polite, instead of belching, say eructing, which is borrow'd from the Latin. Now though the vulgar may not understand this, it matters not much; for use and custom will make it familiar and understood. By such innovations are languages enrich'd, when the words are adopted by the multitude, and naturaliz'd by custom.

Faith and troth, quoth Sancho, of all your counsels, I'll be sure not to forget this, for I've been mightily given to belching. Say eructing, reply'd Don Quixote, and leave off belching. Well, quoth Sancho, be it as you say, eruct, I'll be sure to remember.

In the next place, Sancho, said the knight, do not overlard your common discourse with that glut of proverbs, which you mix in it continually; for though proverbs are properly concise and pithy sentences, yet as thou bring'st them in, in such a huddle, by the head and shoulders, thou makest them look like so many absurdities. Alas! Sir, quoth Sancho, this is a disease that heaven alone can cure; for I've more proverbs than will fill a book; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my tongue is forc'd to let them out as fast, first come, first serv'd, though nothing to my purpose. But henceforwards I'll set a watch on my mouth, and let none fly out, but such as shall besit the gravity of my place. For in a rich man's house the cloth is soon laid: where there's plenty the guests can't be empty. A blot's no blot till 'tis hit. He's safe who stands

under the bells ; you can't eat your cake and have your cake : and store's no fore.

Go on, go on, friend, said Don Quixote, thread, tack, stitch on, heap proverb upon proverb, out with them, man, spew them out ! there's no body coming. My mother whips me, and I whip the gegg. I warn thee to forbear foisting in a rope of proverbs every where, and thou blunder'st out a whole litany of old saws, as much to the purpose as the last year's snow. Observe me, Sancho, I condemn not the use of proverbs ; but 'tis most certain, that such a confusion and hodge-podge of them, as thou throw'st out and dragg'st in by the hair together, make conversation fulsome and poor.

When thou do'st ride, cast not thy body all on the crupper, nor hold thy legs stiff down, and straddling from the horse's belly ; nor yet so loose, as if thou wert still on Dapple ; for the air and gracefulness of sitting a horse, distinguishes sometimes a gentleman from a groom. Sleep with moderation ; for he that rises not with the sun, loses so much day And remember this, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune : sloth, on the contrary, never effected any thing that sprung from a good and reasonable desire.

The advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee to be sure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning thy person ; for I am persuaded, it will redound as much to thy advantage, as any I have yet given thee : and this it is :

Never undertake to dispute, or decide any contro-

verses, concerning the pre-eminence of families; since in the comparison, one must be better than the other; for he that is lessen'd by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest will not think himself obliged to thee.

As for thy dress wear close breeches and-hose, a long coat, and a cloak a little longer. I don't advise thee to wear wide-knee'd breeches, or trunk-hose, for they become neither swordsmen, nor men of business.

This is all the advice, friend Sancho, I have to give thee at present. If thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as the occasions and emergencies require.

Sir, said Sancho, I see very well that all you have told me is mighty good, wholesome, and to the purpose: but what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my head? I grant you, I shan't easily forget that about pating my nails, and marrying again, if I should have the luck to bury my wife. But for all that other gallimaufry, and heap of stuff, I can no more remember one syllable of it, than the shapes of last year's clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beseech you. 'Tis true, I can neither write nor read, but I'll give it to my father confessor, that he may beat and hammer it into my noddle, as occasion serves. O heaven, cry'd Don Quixote, how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to write or read! I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be so illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse a nature, he

could not receive the impressions of learning, or any thing that is good. Poor soul, I pity thee ! this is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy name. Oh ! as for that, quoth Sancho, I can do well enough : I can set my name ; for when I serv'd offices in our parish, I learn't to scrawl a sort of letters, such as they mark bundles of stuff with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me ; for there's a remedy for all things but death. And since I've the power, I'll do what I list ; for as the saying is, he whose father is judge, goes safe to his trial *. And as I am a governor, I hope I am somewhat higher than a judge. New lords, new laws. Ay, ay, any, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let 'em back-bite me to my face, I'll bite back the biters, Let 'em come for wool, and I'll send 'em home shorn. Whom God loves, his house happy proves. The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, d'you see, and a governor, and free-hearted too into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all. 'Tis so, daub yourself with honey, and you'll never want flies. What a man has, so much he's

* The new translation has it, ' He whose father is mayor' — with a break, and this note at bottom, viz.

' Sancho hints at some well known proverb.'

The proverb may be found in Steven's dictionary : *Quien padre tiene Alcalde seguro va al juicio*. The original indeed does break off in the middle, as being a well known proverb, applicable to all that have powerful friends.

sure of, said my old grannam; and who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck?

Confound thee, cry'd Don Quixote, for an eternal proverb-voiding swag-belly. Threescore thousand Belzebubs take thee, and thy damn'd nauseous rubbish. Thou hast been this hour stringing them together, like so many ropes of onions, and poisoning and racking † me with them. I dare say, these wicked proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they'll provoke thy islanders to pull thee down, or at least make them shun thee like a common nuisance. Tell me, thou essence of ignorance, where dost thou rake them up? and who taught thy cods-head to apply them? for it makes me sweat, as if I were delving and threshing, to speak but one, and apply it properly.

Udsprecious! my good master, quoth Sancho, what a small matter puts you in a pelting chafe! why the devil should you grudge me the use of my own goods and chattels? I have no other estate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpose as pears to a panier ‡. But mum for that. Now silence is my name *. No,

† The original is, 'draughts of the rack.' It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain; namely, a thin piece of gauze, moisten'd, and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and then it is pull'd up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.

‡ Pears sent to Madrid, from Daroca, in March, when they are scarce, and made up nicely, to prevent bruising.

* In the original, 'To keep silence well is called Sancho.' The proverb is, 'To keep silence well is called (*santo*) holy:

reply'd Don Quixote, rather prate-roast and sauce-box I should call thee; for thou art all tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet methinks I'd fain hear these four notable proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I thank heaven I have a pretty good memory, and yet I can't for my soul call one to mind. Why, Sir, quoth Sancho, what proverbs would you have better than these? Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs. And when a man says, get out of my house; what would you with my wife? there's no answer to be made. And again, whether the pitcher hit the stone, or the stone the pitcher, 'tis bad for the pitcher. All these fit to a hair, sir; that is, let no body meddle with his governor, or his betters, or he'll rue for it, as sure as a gun; as he must expect who runs his finger between two cheek-teeth (and though they were not cheek-teeth, if they be but teeth, that's enough). In the next place, let the governor say what he will there's no gain-saying him; 'tis as much as when one says, get out of my house; what would you with my wife? and as for the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see through it. And so he that sees a mote in another man's eye, should do well to take the beam out of his own; that people mayn't say, the pot calls the kettle black-arse, and the dead woman's afraid of her that's fled. Besides, your worship knows, that a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise body in another man's. That's a mistake, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for but Sancho, out of archness or ignorance, changes *santo* to his own name Sancho.

the fool knows nothing, neither in his own house, nor in another man's ; for no substantial knowledge can be erected on so bad a foundation as folly. But let's break off this discourse : if thou dost not discharge the part of a good governor, thine will be the fault, though the shame and discredit will be mine. However, this is my comfort, I've done my duty in giving thee the best and most wholesome advice I could : and so heaven prosper and direct thee in thy government, and disappointing my fears of thy turning all things upside down in that poor island ; which I might indeed prevent, by giving the duke a more perfect insight into thee, and discovering to him, that all that gorbelly'd paunch-gutted little corps of thine, is nothing but a bundle of proverbs, and sack-full of knavery.

Look you, sir, quoth Sancho, if you think me not fit for this government, I'll think no more on't. Alas ! the least snip of my soul's nails (as a body may say) is dearer to me than my whole body : and I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon a luncheon of bread and a clove of garlic, as contented as governor Sancho upon capons and partridges. Death and sleep makes us all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind what first put this whim of government into my noddle, you'll find 'twas your ownself ; for as for me, I know no more what belongs to islands and governors than a blind buzzard.

So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho still, and go to heaven, rather than my lord governor, and go to hell.

These last words of thine, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in my opinion, prove thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast naturally a good disposition, without which all knowledge is insufficient. Recommend thyself to the divine providence, and be sure never to depart from uprightness of intention; I mean, have still a firm purpose and design to be thoroughly inform'd in all the business that shall come before thee, and act upon just grounds, for heaven always favours good desires: and so let's go to dinner, for I believe now the duke and duchess expect us.

C H A P. XLIV.

How Sancho Pança was carried to his government, and of the strange adventure that beset Don Quixote in the castle.

WE have it from the traditional account of this history, that there is a manifest difference between the translation and the Arabic in the beginning of this chapter; Cid Hamet having in the original taken an occasion of criticizing on himself, for undertaking so dry and limited a subject, which must confine him to the bare history of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the liberty of launching into episodes and digressions that might be of more weight and entertainment. To have his fancy, his hand and pen bound up to a single design, and his sentiments confin'd to the mouths of so few persons, he urg'd as an insupportable toil, and of small credit to the undertaker; so that, to

avoid this inconveniency, he has introduc'd into the first part, some novels, as, *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of the *Captive*, which were in a manner distinct from the design, though the rest of the stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's affairs, and seem of necessity to claim a place in the work. It was his opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the adventures of Don Quixote, requiring so great a share of the reader's attention, his novels, must expect but an indifferent reception, or, at most, but a cursory view, not sufficient to discover their artificial contexture, which must have been very obvious had they been publish'd by themselves, without the interludes of Don Quixote's madness, or Sancho's impertinence. He has therefore in this second part avoided all distinct and independent stories, introducing only such as have the appearance of episodes, yet flow naturally from the design of the story, and these but seldom, and with as much brevity as they can be express'd. Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow bounds, and confin'd his understanding and parts, otherwise capable of the most copious subjects, to the pure matter of this present undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his work; and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborn to write. And then he proceeds in his history as follows.

After dinner Don Quixote gave Sancho in writing the copy of his verbal instructions, ordering him to get somebody to read them to him. But the squire had no

sooner got them, but he dropt the paper, which fell into the duke's hands; who communicating the same to the duchess, they found a fresh occasion of admiring the mixture of Don Quixote's good sense and extravagance: and so carrying on the humour, they sent Sancho that afternoon with a suitable equipage to the place he was to govern, which, wherever it lay, was to be an island to him.

It happen'd that the management of this affair was committed to a steward of the duke's, a man of a facetious humour, and who had not only wit to start a pleasant design, but discretion to carry it on; two qualifications which make an agreeable consort when they meet, nothing being truly agreeable without good sense. He had already personated the countess Trifaldi very successfully, and with his master's instructions, in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, could not but discharge his trust to a wonder. Now it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on the steward, but he fancy'd he saw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, The devil fetch me, Sir, quoth he, if you don't own that this same steward of the duke's here has the very phiz of my lady Trifaldi. Don Quixote look'd very earnestly on the steward; and having perus'd him from top to toe, Sancho, said he, thou need'st not give thyself to the devil to confirm this matter: I see their faces are the very same; yet for all that the steward and the disconsolate lady cannot be the same person; for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abstruse and

difficult doubts, than we have conveniency now to discuss or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be deliver'd from the power of these cursed enchantments. Adad, sir, quoth Sancho, you may think I'm in jest; but I heard him open just now, and I thought the very voice of madam Trifaldi sounded in my ears: but mum's the word: I say nothing, though I shall watch his waters to find out whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion. Well, do so, said Don Quixote; and fail not to acquaint me with all the discoveries thou can'st make in this affair, and other occurrences in thy government.

At last Sancho set out, with a numerous train. He was dress'd like a man of the long robe, and wore over his other clothes a white sad-colour'd coat or gown of water'd camblet, and a cap of the same stuff. He was mounted on a he-mule, and rid short after the gannet fashion. Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, bridled and saddled like a horse of state, in gaudy trappings of silk; which so delighted Sancho, that every now and then he turn'd his head about to look upon him, and thought himself so happy, that now he would not have chang'd fortunes with the emperor of Germany. He kiss'd the duke and duchess's hand at parting, and receiv'd his master's benediction, while the Don wept, and Sancho blubber'd abundantly.

Now, reader, let the noble governor depart in peace, and speed him well. His administration in his government may perhaps make you laugh to some purpose, when it comes in play. But in the mean time let us ob-

serve the fortune of his master the same night; for though it don't make you laugh outright, it may chance to make you draw in your lips, and shew your teeth like a monkey; for 'tis the property of his adventures, to create always either surprize or merriment.

'Tis reported then, that immediately upon Sancho's departure, Don Quixote found the want of his presence; and had it been in his power, he would have revok'd his authority, and depriv'd him of his commission. The duchess perceiving his disquiet, and desiring to understand the cause of his melancholy, told him, that if it was Sancho's absence made him uneasy, she had squires enough and damsels in her house, that should supply his place in any service he would be pleas'd to command them. 'Tis true, madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I am somewhat concern'd for the absence of Sancho; but there is a more material cause of my present uneasiness; and I must beg to be excus'd, if among the many obligations your grace is pleas'd to confer on me, I decline all but the good intention that has offer'd them. All I have further to crave, is your grace's permission to be alone in my apartment, and to be my own servant. Your pardon, sir, reply'd the duchess; I can't consent you should be alone: I have four damsels, blooming as so many roses, that shall attend you. They will be no roses to me, return'd Don Quixote, but so many prickles to my conscience; and if they come into my chamber, they must fly in at the window. If your grace would crown the many favours you have heap'd on this worthless person, I beseech

you to leave him to himself, and the service of his own hands. No desires, madam, must enter my doors; for the walls of my chamber have always been a bulwark to my chastity, and I shall not infringe my rule, for all the bounty you can lavish on me. In fine, rather than think of being undress'd by any mortal, I would lie rough the whole night. Enough, enough, noble sir, said the duchess; I desist, and will give orders that not so much as the buzzing of a fly, much less the impertinence of a damsel, shall disturb your privacy. I am far from imposing any thing, sir, that should urge Don Quixote to a transgression in point of decency; for if I conjecture right, among the many virtues that adorn him, his modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress therefore and undress by yourself, how you please, when you will, and no body shall molest you: nay, that you may not be obliged to open your doors upon the account of any natural necessity, care shall be taken that you may find in your room whatever you may have occasion for in the night. And may the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand ages, and her fame be diffus'd all over the habitable globe, since she has merited the love of so valorous, so chaste, and loyal a knight; and may the indulgent heavens incline the heart of our governor Sancho Pança, to put a speedy end to his discipline, that the beauties of so great a lady may be restor'd to the view of the admiring world! Madam, return'd Don Quixote, your grace has spoken like yourself; so excellent a lady could utter nothing but what denotes the goodness and generosity of her mind: and

certainly it will be Dulcinea's peculiar happiness to have been prais'd by you; for it will raise her character more to have had your grace for her panegyrist, than if the best orators in the world had labour'd to set it forth. Sir, said the duchess, waving this discourse, it is supper-time, and my lord expects us: come then, let's to supper, that you may go to bed betimes; for you must needs be weary still with the long journey you took to Candaya yesterday. Indeed, madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I feel no manner of weariness, for I can safely swear to your grace, that I never rid an easier beast, nor a better goer than Clavileno. For my part, I can't imagine what could induce Malambruno to part with so swift and gentle a horse, nay, and to burn him too in such a manner. It is to be suppos'd, said the duchess, that being sorry for the harm he had done, not only to the countess Trifaldi and her attendants, but to many others, and repenting of the bad deeds which, as a wizard and a necromancer, he doubtless had committed, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his wicked profession, and accordingly he burn'd Clavileno as the chief of them, that engine having serv'd him to rove all over the world: or perhaps he did not think any man worthy of bestriding him after the great Don Quixote, and so with his destruction, and the inscription which he has caus'd to be set up, he has eterniz'd your valour.

Don Quixote return'd his thanks to the duchess, and after supper retir'd to his chamber, not suffering any body to attend him; so much he fear'd to meet some

temptation that might endanger the fidelity which he had consecrated to his Dulcinea, keeping always the eyes of his mind fix'd on the constancy of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry. He therefore shut the door of his chamber after him, and undress'd himself by the light of two wax-candles. But oh! the misfortune that befel him, unworthy such a person. As he was straining to pull off his hose, there fell not sighs, nor any thing that might disgrace his decent cleanliness, but about four and twenty stiches of one of his stockings, which made it look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given then an ounce of silver for a dram of green silk; green silk, I say, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli could not forbear exclaiming: O poverty! poverty! what could induce that great Cordova poet to call thee a holy thankless gift! even I that am a Moor, have learn'd by the converse I have had with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, in humility, in faith, in obedience, and in poverty: but sure he who can be contented when poor, had need to be strengthen'd by God's peculiar grace; unless the poverty which is included among these virtues, be only that poorness in spirit, which teaches us to use the things of this world, as if we had them not. But thou, second poverty, fatal indigence, of which I now am speaking, why dost thou intrude upon gentlemen, and affect well-born souls more than other people? why dost thou reduce them to cobble their shoes, and wear some silk, some hair, and some glass buttons on the same tatter'd

waistcoat, as if it were only to betray variety of wretchedness? why must their ruffs be of such a dismal hue, in rags, dirty, rumpl'd, and ill starch'd? (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of starch and ruffs). How miserable is a poor gentleman, who to keep up his honour, starves his person, fares sorrily, or fasts unseen within his solitary narrow apartment; then putting the best face he can upon the matter, comes out picking his teeth, though it is but an honourable hypocrisy, and though he has eaten nothing that requires that nice exercise! unhappy he, whose honour is in continual alarms, who thinks that at a mile's distance every one discovers the patch in his shoe, the sweat of his forehead soak'd through his old rusty hat, the bareness of his clothes, and the very hunger of his famish'd stomach.

All these melancholy reflections are renew'd on Don Quixote's mind, by the rent in his stocking. However, for his consolation, he bethought himself that Sancho had left him a pair of light boots, which he design'd to put on the next day.

In short, to bed he went, with a pensive heavy mind, the thoughts of Sancho's absence, and the irreparable damage that his stocking had receiv'd, made him uneasy: he would have darn'd it, though it had been with silk of another colour, one of the greatest tokens of want a poor gentleman can shew, during the course of his tedious misery.

At last he put out the lights, but it was sultry hot, and he could not compose himself to rest. Getting up

therefore, he open'd a little shutter of a barr'd window that look'd into a fine garden, and was presently sensible that some people were walking and talking there: he listen'd, and as they rais'd their voices, he easily overheard their discourse.

No more, dear Emerenia, said one to the other: do not press me to sing; you know that from the first moment this stranger came to the castle, and my unhappy eyes gaz'd on him, I have been too conversant with tears and sorrow, to sing or relish songs. Alas! all music jars when the soul's out of tune. Besides, you know the least thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But grant she might not wake, what will my singing signify, if this new Aeneas, who is come to our habitation to make me wretched, should be asleep, and not hear the sound of my complaints? Pray, my dear Altisidora, said the other, do not make yourself uneasy with those thoughts; for without doubt the duchess is fast asleep, and every body in the house but we, and the lord of thy desires; he is certainly awake, I heard him open his window just now; then sing, my poor grieving creature, sing and join the melting music of thy lute, to the soft accents of thy voice. If my lady happens to hear us, we'll pretend we came out for a little air. The heat within doors will be our excuse. Alas! my dear, reply'd Altisidora, it is not that frights me most: I would not have my song betray my thoughts; for those that do not know the mighty force of love, will be apt to take me for a light and indiscreet creature—But yet since it must be so,

I'll venture: better shame on the face, than sorrow in the heart! This said, she began to touch her lute so sweetly, that Don Quixote was ravish'd. At the same time an infinite number of adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in his idle books of knight-errantry, windows, grates, gardens, serenades, amorous meetings, parleys, and fopperies, all crowded into his imagination, and he presently fancied, that one of the duchess's damsels was fallen in love with him, and struggl'd with her modesty to conceal her passion. He began to be apprehensive of the danger to which his fidelity was expos'd, but yet firmly determin'd to withstand the powerful allurements; and so recommending himself with a great deal of fervency to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he resolv'd to hear the music; and, to let the serenading ladies know he was awake, he feign'd a kind of a sneeze, which did not a little please them; for it was the only thing they wanted, to be assured their jest was not lost. With that, Altisidora having tun'd her lute afresh, after a flourish, began the following song.

THE MOCK SERENADE.

‘ **W**AKE, fir knight, now love's invading,
 ‘ Sleep in Holland sheets no more;
 ‘ When a nymph is serenading,
 ‘ 'Tis an errant shame to snore.

- ‘ Hear a damsel, tall and tender,
‘ Honing in most rueful guise,
‘ With heart almost burn’d to cinder,
‘ By the sun-beams of thy eyes.
- ‘ To free damsels from disaster,
‘ Is, they say, your daily care :
‘ Can you then deny a plaister,
‘ To a wounded virgin here ?
- ‘ Tell me, doughty youth, who curs’d thee
‘ With such humours and ill luck ?
‘ Was’t some fullen bear dry-nurs’d thee,
‘ Or she-dragon gave thee suck ?
- ‘ Dulcinea, that virago,
‘ Well may brag of such a kid :
‘ Now her name is up, and may go
‘ From Toledo to Madrid.
- ‘ Would she but her prize surrender,
‘ (Judge how on thy face I doat !)
‘ In exchange I’d gladly send her
‘ My best gown and petticoat.
- ‘ Happy I, would fortune doom thee
‘ But to have me near thy bed,
‘ Stroak thee, pat thee, curry-comb thee,
‘ And hunt o’er thy solid head.

- ‘ But I ask too much sincerely,
 ‘ And I doubt I ne’er must do’t,
‘ I’d but kiss thy toe, and fairly
 ‘ Get the length thus of thy foot.
- ‘ How I’d rig thee, and what riches
 ‘ Should be heap’d upon thy bones ;
‘ Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,
 ‘ Matchless pearls, and precious stones.
- ‘ Do not from above, like Nero,
 ‘ See me burn, and slight my woe !
‘ But to quench my fires, my hero,
 ‘ Cast a pitying eye below.
- ‘ I’m a virgin-pullet truly ;
 ‘ One more tender ne’er was seen,
‘ A meer chicken, fledg’d but newly ;
 ‘ Hang me if I’m yet fifteen.
- ‘ Wind and limb, all’s tight about me,
 ‘ My hair dangles to my feet,
‘ I am streight too, if you doubt me,
 ‘ Trust your eyes, come down and see’t.
- ‘ I’ve a bob nose has no fellow,
 ‘ And a sparrow’s mouth as rare,
‘ Teeth like topazes all yellow ;
 ‘ Yet I’m deem’d a beauty here.

- ' You know what a rare musician,
' (If you hearken) courts your choice :
' I can say my disposition
' Is as taking as my voice.
- ' These and such like charms I've plenty,
' I'm a damsel of this place :
' Let Altisidora tempt ye ;
' Or she's in a woeful case.

Here the courting damsel ended her song, and the courted knight began his expostulation. Why, (said he, with a sigh heav'd from the bottom of his heart) why must I be so unhappy a knight, that no damsel can gaze on me without falling in love? why must the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be so unfortunate, as not to be permitted the single enjoyment of my transcendent fidelity? Queens, why do you envy her? Empreſſes, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her right? leave! oh, leave the unfortunate fair! let her triumph, glory, and rejoice in the quiet possession of the hearts which love has allotted her, and the absolute sway which she bears over my yielding soul. Away, unwelcome crowd of loving impertinents; Dulcinea alone can soften my manly temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all sweetness, for you I am bitterness itself. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modesty, no gaiety, no nobility among your sex, but in Dulcinea alone. All other women seem to be deform'd, silly, wanton,

and base-born, when compar'd with her. Nature brought me forth only that I might be devoted to her service. Let Altifidora weep or sing: let the lady despair on whose account I have received so many blows in the disastrous castle of the enchanted Moor*; still I am Dulcinea's, and her's alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchang'd, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world. This said, he hastily clapp'd to the window, and flung himself into his bed, with as high an indignation, as if he had receiv'd some great affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great Sancho Pança calls upon us to see him commence his famous government.

C H A P. XLV.

How the great Sancho Pança took possession of his island, and in what manner he began to govern.

O Thou perpetual surveyor of the Antipodes, bright luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet fermenter of liquids†, here Timbrius call'd, there Phoebus, in one place an archer, in another a physi-

* Alluding to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the history.

† 'Sweet motive of wine-cooling bottles,' so Jervas has it, with the following note, viz. *cantimplora* is a sort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a very long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, and a broad cork fitted to the pail, with a hole in the middle to let the neck of the bottle through.

cian! parent of poesy, and inventer of music, perpetual mover of the universe, who, though thou seem'st sometimes to set, art always rising! O sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call for help! inspire me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Pança's actions throughout his government; for without thy powerful influence, I feel myself benumb'd, dispirited, and confus'd—Now I proceed.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power: they gave him to understand, that the name of the place was the island of Baratania, either because the town was called Baratario, or because the government cost him so * cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was wall'd) the chief officers and inhabitants in their formalities came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks; and after some ridiculous ceremonies, they deliver'd him the keys of the gates, and receiv'd him as a perpetual governor of the island of Baratania. In the mean time, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder, and even those who were privy

* *Barato* signifies cheap.

to the plot, who were many, were not a little surpriz'd.

In short, from the church they carry'd him to the court of justice; where, when they had plac'd him in his seat, My lord governor, said the duke's steward to him, it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island, must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice, or to be sorry for his coming.

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over-against his seat, and as he could not read, he ask'd, what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall? Sir, said they, it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island: and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Pança took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.' And who is he, ask'd Sancho, whom they call Don Sancho Pança? Your lordship, answer'd the steward; for we know of no other Pança in this island but yourself, who now sits in this chair. Well, friend, said Sancho, pray take notice, that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Pança is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho; and all of us have been Pança's, with-

out any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But 'tis enough that heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens but to last four days to an end, it shall go hard but I'll clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies*. Come, now for your question, good master steward, and I'll answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased.

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dress'd like a country-fellow, the other look'd like a taylor, with a pair of sheers in his hand. An't please you, my lord, cry'd the taylor, I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday; for, saving your presence, I am a taylor, and heaven be prais'd, free of my company: so my lord, he shew'd me a piece of cloth: Sir, quoth he, is there enough of this to make me a cap†? whereupon I measur'd the stuff, and answer'd him, yes, an't like your worship. Now as I imagin'd, d'ye see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagin'd right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth; judging hard of us honest taylors. Prithee,

* A severe satire on the Spanish pride and affectation of gentility. Don is a title properly belonging to only families of note, but of late it is grown very common, which is the abuse which Sancho would here redress.

† *Caperuza* in the original, which means a country-man's cap though Stevens translates it in this place, a cloak; but he's mistaken, as the reader will soon see.

quoth he, look whether there ben't enough for two caps? now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave (an't like your worship) going on to the same tune, bid me look again and see whether it would not make three? and at last if it would not make five? I was resolv'd to humour my customer, and said it might. So we struck a bargain; just now the man has come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I ask'd him for my money, he'll have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for't. Is this true, honest man, said Sancho to the farmer? Yes, an't please you, answer'd the fellow; but pray let him shew the five caps he has made me. With all my heart, cry'd the taylor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. There, quoth he, you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more, if I have wrong'd him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge. The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause set the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering a while, and then, Methinks, said he, this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore the judgment of the court is, that the taylor shall lose his making, and the country-man his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business.

If this sentence provok'd the laughter of the whole

court, the next no less rais'd their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appear'd before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he us'd as a staff. My lord, said the other, who had none, some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness; which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he labour'd under when he borrow'd it: however, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have ask'd him for my due; nay, I have been forc'd to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but deny'd he ow'd me any thing, and said, that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it. Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath; and if he will swear he has paid me, I'll freely forgive him before God and the world. What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff, ask'd Sancho? Sir, answer'd the old man, I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you'll be pleas'd to hold down your rod of justice *, that I may swear upon't, how I have honestly and truly return'd him his money. Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hinder'd him, while he was to make a cross, and

* The way of swearing in Spain in some cases, is to hold down the rod of justice, and making a cross on it, swear by that.

swear over the judge's rod: this done, he declar'd, that it was true the other had lent him the ten crowns: but that he had really return'd him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgot it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor hearing this, ask'd the creditor what he had to reply? he made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfy'd; for he believ'd him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgot he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court. Which when Sancho perceiv'd, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had study'd a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his fore-finger on his nose, on a sudden he order'd the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was return'd, honest man, said Sancho, let me see that cane a little; I have a use for't. With all my heart, answer'd the other; sir, here it is; and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it; and giving it the other old man, there, said he, go your ways, and heaven be with you; for now you're paid. How so, my lord, cry'd the old man? Do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns? Certainly, said the governor, or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift. This said, he order'd the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, but out dropt the ten crowns. All

the spectators were amaz'd, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They ask'd him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane? he told them, that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly return'd him the money in his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff; this consider'd, it came into his head, that the money was lodg'd within the reed. From whence may be learn'd, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business; and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonish'd, insomuch that the person, who was commission'd to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine, whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

No sooner was this trial over, but in came a woman, haling along a man that look'd like a good substantial grasier. Justice, my lord governor, justice! cry'd she aloud; and if I cannot have it on earth, I'll have it from heaven! sweet lord governor, this wicked fellow met me in the middle of a field, and has had the full use of

my body; he has handled me like a dishclout. Woe's me, he has robbed me of that which I had kept these three and twenty years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it safe from natives and foreigners, Christians and infidels! I have been always as tough as cork; no salamander ever kept itself more entire in fire, nor no wool among the briers, than did poor I, till this lewd man, with nasty fists, handled me at this rate. Woman, woman, quoth Sancho, no reflections yet; whether your gallant's hands were nasty or clean, that's not to the purpose. Then turning to the grasse, well, friend, said he, what have you to say to this woman's complaint? My lord, (answer'd the man, looking as if he had been frighted out of his wits) I am a poor drover, and deal in swine; so this morning I was going out of this town, after I had sold* (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and what with the duties and the sharpening tricks of the officers, I hardly clear'd any thing by the beasts. Now as I was trudging home, whom should I pick up by the way, but this hedge-madam here; and the devil, who has a finger in every pye, being powerful, forc'd us to yoke together. I gave her that which would have contented any reasonable woman; but she was not satisfy'd, and wanted more money; and would

* In the original, *Esta manana salia deste lugar de vender &c.* which the new translation turns thus; *This morning I was going out of this town to sell, &c.* not *after I had sold, &c.* The critics must judge which is right. I don't mention this to depreciate that performance, which I must own I admire for its accuracy, no less than the prints for their beauty.

never leave me, 'till she had dragg'd me hither. She'll tell ye I ravish'd her; but by the oath I have taken, or mean to take, she lies like a drab as she is, and this is every tittle true. Fellow, quoth Sancho, hast thou any silver about thee? Yes, an't like your worship, answer'd the drover, I have some twenty ducats in silver in a leathern purse here in my bosom. Give it the plain-tiff, money and all, quoth Sancho. The man, with a trembling hand, did as he was commanded: the woman took it, and dropp'd a thousand courtesies to the company, wishing on her knees as many blessings to the good governor, who took such special care of poor fatherless and motherless children, and abus'd virgins; and then she nimbly tripp'd out of court, holding the purse fast in both her hands; though first she took care to peep into it, to see whether the silver were there. Scarce was she gone, when Sancho turning to the fellow, who stood with the tears in his eyes, and look'd as if he had parted with his blood as well as his money; friend, said he, run and overtake the woman, and take the purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither. The drover was neither so deaf nor so mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like lightening after his money. The whole court was in mighty expectation, and could not tell what could be the end of the matter. But a while after, the man and the woman came back, he pulling, and she tugging; she with her petticoat tuck'd up, and the purse in her bosom, and he using all the strength he had to get it from her. But it was to no purpose; for the woman defended her prize so well, that

all his manhood little avail'd. Justice, cry'd she, for heaven's sake, justice, gentlemen! look you, my lord, see this impudent ruffian, that on the king's high-way, nay, in the face of the court, would rob me of my purse, the very purse you condemn'd him to give me. And has he got it from you? ask'd the governor. Got it! quoth the woman, I'll lose my life before I lose my purse. I were a pretty baby then, to let him wipe my nose thus? No, you must set other dogs upon me than this sorry sneaking mangy whelp; pincers, hammers, mallets, and chissels shan't wrench it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion; they shall sooner have my soul than my money. She says the truth, my lord, said the fellow, for I am quite spent: the jade is too strong for me; I cannot grapple with her. Sancho then call'd to the female. Here, quoth he, honestly! you she-dragon, let me see the purse. The woman deliver'd it to him; and then he return'd it to the man; hark you, mistress, said he to her, had you shew'd yourself as stout and valiant to defend your body, (nay, but half so much) as you've done to defend your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Hence, impudence, get out of my sight. Away, with a pox to you; and do not offer to stay in this island, nor within six leagues of it, on pain of two hundred lashes. Out, as fast as you can, you tricking, brazen faced brimstone, hedge-drab, away. The wench was in a terrible fright, and sneak'd away, hanging down her head as shamefully as if she had been catch'd in the deed of darkness. Now friend, said the governor to the man, get you home with your

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money, and heaven be with you: but another time, if you han't a mind to come off worse, be sure you don't yoke with such cattle. The drover thank'd him as well as he could, and away he went; and all the people admir'd afresh their new governor's judgment and sentences. An account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience. Now let us leave honest Sancho here; for his master, with great earnestness, requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade, having strangely discompos'd his mind.

C H A P. XLVI.

Of the dreadful alarms given to Don Quixote by the bells and cats, during the course of Altisidora's amours.

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which the enamour'd Altisidora's serenade had plung'd him. He threw himself into his bed; but the cares and anxieties which he brought thither with him, like so many fleas, allow'd him no repose, and the misfortune of his torn stocking, added to his affliction. But as time is swift, and no bolts nor chains can bar his rapid progress, posting away on the wings of the hours, the morning came on apace. At the return of light, Don Quixote, more early than the sun, forsook his downy bed put on his shamoy apparel, and drawing on his walking boots, con-

ceal'd in one of them the disaster of his hose : he threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, and clapp'd on his valiant head his cap of green velvet edg'd with silver lace. Over his right shoulder he hung his belt *, the sustainer of his trusty executing sword. About his wrist he wore the rosary, which he always carry'd about him. And thus accoutered, with a great deal of state and majesty, he moved towards the anti-chamber, where the duke and duchess were ready dress'd, and, in a manner, expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery he met Altisidora and her companion, who waited for him in the passage ; and no sooner did Altisidora espy him, but she dissembled a swooning fit, and immediately dropp'd into the arms of her friend, who presently began to unlace her stays. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he approach'd, and turning to the damsel, I know the meaning of all this, said he, and whence these accidents proceed. You know more than I do, answer'd the assisting damsel : but this I am sure of, that hitherto there's not a damsel in this house, that has enjoy'd her health better than Altisidora ; I never knew her make the least complaint before. A vengeance seize all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray, my lord Don Quixote, retire, for this poor young creature will not come to herself as long as you are by. Madam, answer'd the

* Here his belt, according to the true signification of Tahali, is one hung on his shoulders: at Diego de Miranda's it seem'd to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a skin proper for the weakness he was suppos'd to have in them.

At night, I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this evening, that I may assuage this lady's grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an amour, a speedy and free discovery of our aversion or pre-engagement, is the most effectual cure. This said, he left them, that he might not be found alone with them by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone, but Altisidora's counterfeited fit was over, and turning to her companion, By all means, said she, let him have a lute; for without doubt the knight has a mind to give us some music, and we shall have sport enough. Then they went and acquainted the duchess with their proceeding, and Don Quixote's desiring a lute. Whereupon, being overjoy'd at the occasion, she plotted with the duke and her women a new contrivance to have a little harmless sport with the Don. After this, they expected with a pleasing impatience, the return of night, which stole upon them as fast as had done the day, which the duke and duchess pass'd in agreeable converse with Don Quixote. The same day she dispatch'd a trusty page of her's, who had personated Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Pança, with her husband's letter, and the bundle of clothes which she had left behind, charging him to bring her back a faithful account of every particular between them.

At last, it being eleven o'clock at night, Don Quixote retir'd to his apartment, and finding a lute there, he tun'd it, open'd the window, and perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument, and having tun'd it again as

nicely as he could, he cough'd and clear'd his throat, and then with a voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sung the following song, which he had compos'd himself that very day.

THE ADVICE.

- ‘ **L**OVE, a strong designing foe,
 ‘ Careless hearts with ease deceives;
 ‘ Can that breast resist his blow,
 ‘ Which your sloth unguarded leaves?
- ‘ If you’re idle, you’re destroy’d,
 ‘ All his art on you he tries;
 ‘ But be watchful and employ’d,
 ‘ Straight the baffled tempter flies.
- ‘ Maids, for modest grace admir’d,
 ‘ If they would their fortunes raise,
 ‘ Must in silence live retir’d,
 ‘ ’Tis their virtue speaks their praise.
- ‘ Prudent men in this agree,
 ‘ Whether arms or courts they use;
 ‘ They may trifle with the free,
 ‘ But for wives the virtuous chuse.
- ‘ Wanton loves, which in their way
 ‘ Roving travellers put on,
 ‘ In the morn are fresh and gay,
 ‘ In the evening cold and gone.

Loves that come with eager haste,
‘ Still with equal haste depart;
For an image ill imprest,
‘ Soon is vanish’d from the heart.

On a picture fair and true,
‘ Who wou’d paint another face?
Sure no beauty can subdue,
‘ While a greater holds the place.

The divine Tobosan, fair
‘ Dulcinea, claims me whole;
Nothing can her image tear;
‘ ’Tis one substance with my soul.

Then let fortune smile or frown,
‘ Nothing shall my faith remove;
Constant truth, the lover’s crown,
‘ Can work miracles in love.

No sooner had Don Quixote made an end of his song, to which the duke, duchess, Altifidora, and almost all the people in the castle listen’d all the while; but on a sudden, from an open gallery, that was directly over the knight’s window, they let down a rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, pour’d out of a huge sack, all of them with smaller bells ty’d to their tails. The jangling of the bells, and the squawling of the cats made such a dismal noise,

that the very contrivers of the jest themselves were scar'd for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely surpriz'd and quite dismay'd. At the same time, as ill luck would have it, two or three frightened cats leap'd in through the bars of his chamber window, and running up and down the room like so many evil spirits, one would have thought a whole legion of devils had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Mean while the rope, with the bigger bells about it, was pull'd up and down, and those who knew nothing of the contrivance were greatly surpriz'd. At last, Don Quixote, recovering from his astonishment, drew his sword, and fenc'd and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, Avaunt ye wicked inchanters! hence infernal scoundrels! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your damn'd devices cannot work their ends against me. And then running after the cats that frisk'd about the room, he began to thrust and cut at them furiously, while they strove to get out. At last they made their escape at the window, all but one of them, who finding himself hard put to it, flew in his face; and laying hold on his nose with his claws and teeth, put him to such pain, that the Don began to roar out as loud as he could. Thereupon the duke and the duchess, imagining the cause of his outcry, ran to his assistance immediately; and having open'd the door of his chamber with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling hard with the cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the candles which they had with

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them, they saw the unequal combat : the duke offer'd to interpose, and take off the animal ; but Don Quixote would not permit him. Let no body take him off, cry'd he ; let me alone hand to hand with this devil, this forcerer, this necromancer ! I'll make him know what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha. But the cat, not minding his threats, growl'd on, and still held fast ; till at length the duke got its claws unhook'd from the knight's flesh, and flung the beast out at the window. Don Quixote's face was hideously scratch'd, and his nose in no very good condition : yet nothing vex'd him so much as that they had rescu'd out of his hands that villainous necromancer. Immediately some ointment was sent for, and Altisidora herself, with her own lilly-white hands, apply'd some plaisters to his sores, and whispering him in the ear, as she was dressing him, Cruel hard-hearted knight, said she, all these disasters are befallen thee, as a just punishment for thy obdurate stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be deliver'd from her enchantment, nor thou be ever bless'd with her embraces, at least so long as I thy neglected adorer live. Don Quixote made no answer at all to this, only he heav'd up a profound sigh, and then went to take his repose, after he had return'd the duke and duchess thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of caterwauling and jangling inchanters, for he defy'd them all, but for their kindness and good intent. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their

jest, which they did not think would have prov'd so fatal to the knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber five days. During which time, there happen'd to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last; which, however, cannot be now related; for the historian must return to Sancho Pança, who was very busy, and no less pleasant in his government.

C H A P. XLVII.

A further account of Sancho Pança's behaviour in his government.

THe history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace; where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepar'd. As soon as he enter'd, the wind-music play'd, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing his hands; which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table; for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appear'd to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discover'd great variety of fruit, and other eatables. One that look'd like a student, said grace; a page put a lac'd bib under Sancho's chin; and another, who did the office of sewer, set

a dish of fruit before him *. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the physician touch'd the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another with meat was clapp'd in the place; but Sancho no sooner offer'd to taste it, but the doctor with the wand, conjur'd it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amaz'd at this sudden removal, and looking about him on the company, ask'd them whether they us'd to tantalize people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and starving their bellies? My lord governor, answer'd the physician, you are to eat here, no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physick, my lord, and have a salary allow'd me in this island, for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own; studying night and day his constitution, that I may the better know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now the chief thing I do, is to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health, and offensive to his stomach. Therefore I now order'd the fruit to be taken away, because it is too cold and moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and over-season'd with spices, which are apt to increase thirst; and he that drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life. So then, quoth Sancho,

* The Spaniards and Italians begin dinner with fruit, as we end it.

this dish of roasted partridges here, can do me no manner of harm. Hold, said the physician, the lord governor shall not eat of them, while I live to prevent it. Why so? cry'd Sancho: Because, answer'd the doctor, our great master Hippocrates, the north-star, and luminary of physic, says in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*: that is, all repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all. If it be so, said Sancho, let master doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me most good and least harm, and let me eat my belly-full of that, without having it whisk'd away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleasures of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger; and not to allow me to eat any victuals (let master doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it. Very true, my lord, reply'd the physician, however, I am of opinion, you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry sort of food; nor would I have you taste of that veal: indeed if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said; but as it is, it must not be. Well then, said Sancho, what think you of that huge dish yonder that smoaks so? I take it to be an * olla podrida; and that being an hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I can't but light upon something there that will nick me, and be both wholesome and toothsome. *Absit*, cry'd the doctor, far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields

* It is what we corruptly call an olio, all sorts of meet stew'd together.

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worse nutriment than those mish-mashes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and lusty feeders at country-weddings: but let them not incumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate unmix'd viands in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are generally allow'd to be better than compounds; for in a composition there may happen a mistake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients; but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor, for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small waters, and a few thin slices of marmalade, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion. Sancho hearing this, lean'd back upon his chair, and looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously ask'd him what his name was, and where he had studied? My lord, answer'd he, I am call'd doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero. The name of the place where I was born, is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the university of Osuna *. Hark you, said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, master doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degrees of doctor at the university of Osuna, and

* The doctor's name and birth-place are fictitious; *rezio de aguero* signifies, positive of the omen; and *tirteafuera*, take yourself away.

so forth, take yourself away ! avoid the room this moment, or by the sun's light, I'll get me a good cudgel, and beginning with your carcase, will so belabour and rib-roast all the physick-mongers in the island, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe of those, I mean that are ignorant quacks ; for as for learned and wise physicians, I'll make much of them, and honour them like so many angels. Once more Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence. Avaunt ! or I'll take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose ; and let me be call'd to an account about it when I give up my office ; I don't care, I'll clear myself by saying, I did the world good service, in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of a commonwealth. Body of me ! let me eat, or let them take their government again ; for an office that won't afford a man his victuals, is not worth two horse-beans. The physician was terrify'd, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would that moment have slunk out of the room, had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment ; whereupon the steward immediately looking out of the window, turn'd back, and said, there was an express come from the duke, doubtless with some dispatch of importance.

Presently the messengers enter'd sweating, with haste and concern in his looks, and pulling a packet out of his bosom, deliver'd it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and order'd him to read the direction, which was this : ' To Don Sancho Pança, governor of the island of Barataria, to be deliver'd into his own

'hands, or those of his secretary.' Who is my secretary? cry'd Sancho. 'Tis I, my lord, (answer'd one that was by) for I can write and read, and am a Biscayner. That last qualification is enough to make thee set up for secretary to the emperor himself, said Sancho. Open the letter then, and see what it says. The new secretary did so, and having perus'd the dispatch by himself, told the governor, that it was a business that was to be told only in private: Sancho order'd every one to leave the room, except the steward and the carver, and then the secretary read what follows.

I Have received information, my lord Don Sancho Pança, that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury, one of these nights: you ought therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had intelligence from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise, to murder you; your abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the enemy's designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing that is laid before you, I will take care to send you assistance, if you stand in need of it: and in every thing I rely on your prudence. From our castle, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

The Duke.

Sancho was astonish'd at the news, and those that were with him, seem'd no less concern'd. But at last turning to the steward, I'll tell you, said he, what is first to be done in this case, and that with all speed; clap me that same doctor Rezio in a dungeon; for if any body has a mind to kill me, it must be he, and that with a lingering death, the worst of deaths, hunger-starving. However, said the carver, I am of opinion, your honour ought not to eat any of the things that stand here before ye; for they were sent in by some of the convents; and 'tis a common saying, The devil lurks behind the cross: Which no body can deny, quoth Sancho; and therefore let me have for the present but a luncheon of bread, and some four pound of raisins; there can be no poison in that: for, in short, I cannot live without eating; and if we must be in readiness against these battles, we had need be well victuall'd; for 'tis the belly keeps up the heart, and not the heart the belly. Mean while, secretary, do you send my lord duke an answer, and tell him, his order shall be fulfill'd in every part without fail. Remember me kindly to my lady duchess, and beg of her not to forget to send one on purpose, with my letter and bundle, to Teresa Pança my wife; which I shall take as a special favour; and I will be mindful to serve her to the best of my power: and when your hand's in, you may crowd in my service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; the rest I leave to you; put in what you will, and do your part like a good secretary, and a

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Sancho Biscayner. Now take away here, and bring me something to eat; and then you shall see I am able to deal with all the spies, wizards and cut-throat dogs that dare to meddle with me and my island.

At that time a page entering the room; My lord, said he, there's a countryman without desires to speak with your lordship about business of great consequence. 'Tis a strange thing, cry'd Sancho, that one must still be plagu'd with these men of business! is it possible, they should be such fots, as not to understand this is not a time for business? do they fancy, that we governors and distributors of justice are made of iron and marble, and have no need of rest and refreshment like other creatures of flesh and blood. Well, before heaven, and o'my conscience, if my government does but last, as I shrewdly guess it will not, I'll get some of these men of business laid by the heels. Well, for once let the fellow come in—but first take heed he ben't one of the spies or ruffian-rogues that would murder me. As for that, said the page, I dare say he had no hand in the plot; poor soul, he looks as if he could not help it; there's no more harm in him to see to, than in a piece of good bread*. There's no need to fear, said the steward, since we are all here by you. But hark you, quoth Sancho, now Dr. Rezio is gone, might not I eat something that has some substance in it, though it were but a crust and an onion? At night, answer'd the car-

* *Bueno como el pan.* When the country people would define an honest good-natur'd man, they say, He is as good as bread itself.

ver, your honour shall have no cause to complain: supper shall make amends for the want of your dinner, Heaven grant it may, said Sancho.

Now the countryman came in, and by his looks seem'd to be a good harmless silly soul. As soon as he enter'd the room, Which is my lord governor, quoth he? Who but he that sits in the chair, answer'd the secretary! I humble myself to his worship's presence, quoth the fellow; and with that, falling on his knees, begg'd to kiss his hand; which Sancho refus'd, but bid him rise and tell him what he had to say. The countryman then got up; My lord, quoth he, I am a husbandman of Miguel Turra, a town some two leagues from Ciudadreal. Here's another Tirte a fuera, quoth Sancho; Well, go on friend; I know the place full well; 'tis not far from our town. An't please you, said the countryman, my business is this: I was married by heaven's mercy in the face of our holy mother, the Roman catholic church; and I have two boys that take their learning at the college; the youngest studies to become a batchelor, and the eldest to be a master of arts. I am a widower, because my wife is dead; she dy'd, an't please you, or to speak more truly, she was kill'd as a body may say, by a damn'd doctor, that gave her a purge when she was with child. Had it been heaven's blessed will that she had been brought to bed of a boy, I would have sent him to study, to have been a doctor, that he might have had no cause to envy his brothers. So then, quoth Sancho, had not your wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not been a widower.

Very true, answer'd the man. We are much the nearer, cry'd Sancho; go on, honest friend, and prithee dispatch; for 'tis rather time to take an afternoon's nap, than to talk of business. Now, sir, I must tell you, continu'd the farmer, that that son of mine the bachelor of art that is to be, fell in love with a maiden of our town, Clara Perlerina by name, the daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a mighty rich farmer; and Perlerino is not the right name neither; but because the whole generation of them is troubled with the palsy *, they us'd to be call'd from the name of that ailing, Perlaticos; but now they go by that of Perlerino; and truly it fits the young woman rarely, for she is a precious pearl for beauty, especially if you stand on her right side, and view her, she looks like a flower in the fields. On the left indeed she does not look altogether so well; for there she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox, that has digg'd many pits somewhat deep all over her face; but those that wish her well, say, that's nothing; and that those pits are but so many graves to bury lover's hearts in. She is so cleanly, that because she will not have her nose drop upon her lips, she carries it cock'd up, and her nostrils are turn'd up on each side, as if they shun'd her mouth, that is somewhat of the widest; and for all that she looks exceeding well; and were it not for some ten or dozen of her butter teeth and grinders, which she wants, she might set up for one of the cleverest lasses in the coun-

* *Perlesia*, in Spanish, is the palsy; and those who have it, the Spaniards call *perlaticos*; whence this name.

try. As for her lips, I don't know what to say of them, for they are so thin and so slender, that were it the fashion to wind lips as they do silk, one might make a skin of her's; besides, they are not of the ordinary hue of common lips; no, they are of the most wonderful colour that ever was seen, as being speckled with blue, green, and orange-tawny. I hope my lord governor will pardon me, for dwelling thus on the picture, and several rare features of her that is one day to be my daughter, seeing 'tis merely out of my hearty love and affection for the girl. Prithee paint on as long as thou wilt, said Sancho; I am mightily taken with this kind of painting, and if I had but dined, I would not desire a better desert than thy original. Both myself and that are at your service, quoth the fellow; or at least we may be in time, if we are not now. But, alas! sir, that is nothing; could I set before your eyes her pretty carriage, and her shape, you would admire. But that's not to be done; for she is so crooked and crumpled up together, that her knees and her chin meet, and yet any one may perceive that if she could but stand upright, her head would touch the very cieling; and she would have given her hand to my son, the batchelor, in the way of matrimony before now, but that she's not able to stretch it forth, the sinews being quite shrunk up; however, the broad long-gutter'd nails add no small grace to it, and may let you know what a well-made hand she has.

So far so good, said Sancho; but let us suppose you have drawn her from head to foot: what is it you'd be

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at now? come to the point, friend, without so many windings and turnings, and going round about the bush. Sir, said the farmer, I would desire your honour to do me the kindness to give me a letter of accommodation to the father of my daughter-in-law, beseeching him to be pleas'd to let the marriage be fulfill'd; seeing we are not unlike, neither in estate, nor in bodily concerns. For, to tell you the truth, my lord governor, my son is bewitch'd, and there is not a day passes over his head; but the foul fiends torment him three or four times; and having once had the ill luck to fall into the fire, the skin of his face is shrivell'd up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat sore and full of rheum. But when all is said, he has the temper of an angel; and were he not apt to thump and belabour himself now and then in his fits, you would take him to be a saint.

Have you any thing else to ask, honest man, said Sancho? Only one thing more, quoth the farmer; but I am somewhat afraid to speak it: yet I cannot find in my heart to let it rot within me; and therefore, fall back fall edge, I must out with it. I would desire your worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred ducats towards my batchelor's portion, only to help him to begin the world, and furnish him a house; for, in short, they would live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinencies of a father-in-law. Well, said Sancho, see if you would have any thing else; if you would, don't let fear or bashfulness be your hindrance: out with it man. truly, quoth the farmer; and he had hardly spoke the words, when

the governor starting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on: You brazen-fac'd silly impudent country booby, cry'd he, get out of my presence this moment, or, by the blood of the Panga's, I'll crack your jolter-head with this chair, you whorison raggamuffin, painter for the devil; dost thou come at this time of day to ask me for six hundred ducats? where should I have them, mangy clod-pate? and if I had them, why should I give them thee, thou old doating scoundrel? what a pox care I for Miguel Turra, or all the generation of the Perlerinos? avoid the room, I say, or by the life of the duke, I'll be as good as my word, and ding out thy cuckoo-brains. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some imp of the devil, sent on his master's errand to tempt my patience. 'Tis not a day and half that I have been governor, and thou would'st have me have six hundred ducats already, dunderheaded sot.

The steward made signs to the farmer to withdraw, and he went out accordingly, hanging down his head, and to all appearance very much afraid, lest the governor should make good his angry threats; for the cunning knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave Sancho in his angry mood, and let there be peace and quietness, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face cover'd over with plaisters; the scratches which he had got when the cat so clapper-claw'd him, having obliged him to no less than eight day's retirement; during which time there happen'd that to him, which Cid Hamet promises to relate with the same punctuality and veracity with which he de-

livers the particulars of this history, how trivial soever they may be.

C H A P. XLVIII.

What happen'd to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez the duchess's woman; as also other passages worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance.

DON Quixote, thus unhappily hurt, was extremely fullen, and melancholy, his face wrapp'd up and mark'd, not by the hand of a superior being, but the paws of a cat, a misfortune incident to knight-errantry. He was six days without appearing in public; and one night when he was thus confin'd to his apartment, as he lay awake, reflecting on his misfortunes, and Altifidora's importunities, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagin'd that the amorous damsel was coming to make an attempt on his chastity, and expose him to the danger of forfeiting that loyalty which he had vow'd to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Prepossess'd with that conceit, No, (said he loud enough to be heard) the greatest beauty in the universe shall never remove the dear idea of the charming fair, that is engrav'd and stamp'd in the very center of my heart, and the most secret recesses of my breast. No, thou only mistress of my soul, whether transform'd into a rank country wench, or into one of the nymphs of the golden Tagus, that weave silk and gold in the loom: whether Merlin or Montesi-

nos detain thee where they please, be where thou wilt, thou still art mine; and wherever I shall be, I must and will be thine. Just as he ended his speech, the door opened. Up he got in the bed, wrapp'd from head to foot in a yellow satin quilt, with a woollen cap on his head, his face and his mustachio's bound up; his face to heal his scratches, and his mustachio's to keep them from hanging down: in which posture, he look'd like the strangest apparition that can be imagin'd. He fix'd his eyes towards the door, and when he expected to have seen the yielding and doleful Altisidora, he beheld a most reverend matron approaching in a white veil, so long that it cover'd her from head to foot. Betwixt her left-hand fingers she carried half a candle lighted, and held her right hand before her face to keep the blaze of the taper from her eyes, which were hidden by a huge pair of spectacles. All the way she trod very softly, and mov'd a very slow pace. Don Quixote watch'd her motions, and observing her garb and her silence, took her for some witch or enchantress, that came in that dress to practise her wicked forceries upon him; and began to make the sign of the cross as fast as he could. The vision advanc'd all the while, and being got to the middle of the chamber, lifted up its eyes, and saw Don Quixote thus making a thousand crosses on his breast. But if he was astonish'd at sight of such a figure, she was no less affrighted at his; so that as soon as she spy'd him thus wrapp'd up in yellow, so lank, be-patch'd and muffled up; Bless me, cry'd she, what's this! with the sudden-fright, she dropp'd the candle,

and now being in the dark, as she was running out, the length of her coats made her stumble, and down she fell in the middle of the chamber: Don Quixote at the same time was in great anxiety: Phantom, cry'd he, or whatever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me who thou art, and what thou requirest of me? If thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will endeavour thy ease to the utmost of my power; for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all mankind; for which reason I took upon me the order of knight-errantry, whose extensive duties engage me to relieve the souls in purgatory. The poor old woman hearing herself thus conjur'd, judg'd Don Quixote's fears by her own; and therefore with a low and doleful voice, My lord Don Quixote, said she, (if you are he) I am neither a phantom nor a ghost, nor a soul in purgatory, as I suppose you fancy; but Donna Rodriguez, my lady duchefs's matron of honour, who come to you about a certain grievance, of the nature of those which you use to redress. Tell me, Donna Rodriguez, said Don Quixote, are not you come to manage some love intrigue? if you are, take it from me, you'll lose your labour: 'tis all in vain, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In a word, madam, provided you come not on some such embassy you may go light your candle and return, and we will talk of any thing you please; but remember I bar all dangerous insinuations, all amorous enticements: What! I procure for others, cry'd the matron! I find you don't know me, sir. I am not so stale yet, to be reduc'd to

such poor employments. I have good flesh still about me, heaven be praised, and all my teeth in my head, except some few, which the rheums, so rise in this country of Arragon, have robb'd me of. But stay a little, I'll go light my candle, and then I'll tell you my misfortunes, for 'tis you that set to rights every thing in the world. This said, away she went, without staying for an answer.

Don Quixote expected her a while quietly, but his working brain soon started a thousand chimeras concerning this new adventure; and he fancied he did ill in giving way, though but to a thought of endangering his faith to his mistress. Who knows, said he to himself, but that the devil is now endeavouring to circumvent me with an old governante, though it has not been in his power to do it with countesses, marchionesses, dachesses, queens, nor empresses. I have often heard say, and that by persons of great judgment, that if he can, he will rather tempt a man with an ugly object, than with one that's beautiful *. Who knows but this solitude, this occasion, the stillness of the night, may rouse my sleeping desires, and cause me in my latter age to fall, where I never stumbled before? in such cases 'tis better to fly than to stay to face the danger. But why do I argue so foolishly? sure 'tis impossible that an antiquated waiting-matron, in a long white veil, like a winding-sheet, with a pair of spectacles over her nose, should create, or waken, an unchaste thought

* In the original with a flat-nosed rather than a hawk-nosed woman.

in the most abandon'd libertine in the world. Is there any of these duenas, or governantes, that has good flesh? is there one of those implements of antichambers that is not impertinent, affected, and intolerable? avaunt then, all ye idle crowd of wrinkled female waiters, unfit for any human recreation! How is that lady to be commended, who, they tell us, set up only a couple of mawkins in her chamber, exactly representing two waiting matrons, with their work before them! the state and decorum of her room was as well kept with those statues, as it would have been with real duenas. So saying, he started from the bed, to lock the door, and shut out Donna Rodriguez; but in that very moment she happen'd to come in with a wax candle lighted; at what time spying the knight near her, wrapp'd in his quilt, his face bound up and a woollen cap on his head; she was frightened again, and started two or three steps back. Sir knight, said she, is my honour safe? for I don't think it looks handsomely in you to come out of your bed? I ought to ask you the same question, madam, said Don Quixote; and therefore tell me whether I shall be safe from being assaulted and ravish'd. Whom are you afraid of, sir knight, cry'd she? Of you, reply'd Don Quixote: for, in short, I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; neither is it now the noon of day, but that of night, and a little later too, if I am not mistaken; beside, we are in a place more close and private than the cave must have been, where the false and presumptuous Aeneas enjoy'd the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. How-

ever, give me your hand, madam; for I desire no greater security than that of my own continence and circumspection. This said, he kiss'd his own right-hand, and with it took hold of her's, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet (making a parenthesis) swears by Mahomet, he would have given the best coat of two that he had, only to have seen the knight and the matron walk thus hand in hand from the chamber-door to bed-side. To make short, Don Quixote went to bed again, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some distance, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down the candle. Don Quixote crowded up together, and cover'd himself close, all but his face, and after they had both remain'd a while in silence, the first that broke it was the knight. Now, madam, said he, you may freely unburden your heart, sure of attention to your complaints, from chaste ears, and assistance in your distress, from a compassionate heart. I believe as much, said the matron, and promised myself no less charitable an answer from a person of so graceful and pleasing a presence. The case then is, noble sir, that though you see me sitting in this chair, in the middle of Arragon, in the habit of an insignificant unhappy duena, I am of Asturias de Oviedo, and one of the best families in that province. But my hard fortune, and the neglect of my parents, who fell to decay, too soon, I can't tell how, brought me to Madrid; where, because they could do no better, for fear of the worst, they plac'd me with a court lady, to be her chamber-maid. And though I say

it, for all manner of plain-work, I was never outdone by any one in all my life. My father and mother left me at service, and return'd home; and some few years after, they both dy'd, and went to heaven, I hope; for they were very good and religious Catholics. Then was I left an orphan, and wholly reduc'd to the sorrowful condition of such court-servants, wretched wages, and a slender allowance. About the same time the gentleman-usher fell in love with me, before I dreamt of any such thing, heaven knows. He was somewhat stricken in years, had a fine beard, was a personable man, and what's more, as good a gentleman as the king; for he was of the mountains. We did not carry matters so close in our love, but it came to my lady's ears; and so to hinder people's tongues, without any more ado, she caus'd us to be marry'd in the face of our holy mother the catholic church; which matrimony produc'd a daughter, that made an end of my good fortune, if I had any. Not that I died in child-bed; for I went my full time, and was safely deliver'd; but because my husband (rest his soul) dy'd a while after of a fright; and had I but time to tell you how it happen'd, I dare say you would wonder. Here she began to weep piteously; Good sir, cry'd she, I must beg your pardon, for I can't contain myself. As often as I think of my poor husband, I can't forbear shedding of tears. Bless me, how he look'd! and with what stateliness he would ride; with my lady behind him, on a stout mule as black as jet (for coaches and chairs were not us'd then as they are now-a-days, but the ladies rode be-

hind the gentlemen-ushers.) And now my tongue's in, I can't help telling you the whole story, that you may see what a fine well-bred man my dear husband was, and how nice in every punctilio.

One day, at Madrid, as he came into St. James's-street, which is somewhat narrow, with my lady behind him, he met a judge of the court, with two officers before him: whereupon, as soon as he saw him, to shew his respect, my husband turn'd about his mule, as if he design'd to have waited on him. But my lady whisper'd him in the ear, what d'ye mean, said she, blockhead! don't you know I am here? The judge on his side was no less civil, and stopping his horse, Sir, said he, pray keep your way; you must not wait on me, it becomes me rather to wait on my lady Gasilda (for that was my lady's name.) However my husband with his hat in his hand, persisted in his civil intentions. But at last, the lady being very angry with him for it, took a great pin, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a bodkin out of her case, and run it into his back; upon which my husband suddenly starting, and crying out, fell out of the saddle, and pull'd down my lady after him. Immediately two of her footmen ran to help her, and the judge and his officers did the like. The gate of Guadalupe was presently in a hubbub (the idle people about the gate I mean.) In short, my lady return'd home a-foot, and my husband went to a surgeon, complaining that he was prick'd through the lungs. And now this civility of his was talk'd of every-where, insomuch that the very boys in the streets would flock about him and jeer him: for

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which reason, and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my lady dismiss'd him her service; which he took so to heart, poor man, that it cost him his life soon after. Now was I left a poor helpless widow, and with a daughter to keep, who still increas'd in beauty as she grew up, like the foam of the sea. At length, having the name of an excellent work-woman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was newly married to his grace, took me to live with her here in Arragon, and my daughter as well as myself. In time the girl grew up, and became the most accomplish'd creature in the world, she sings like a lark, dances like a fairy, trips like a wild buck, writes and reads like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like an usurer. I say nothing of her neatness; but certainly the purest spring-water that runs is not more cleanly; and then for her age, she is now, if I mistake not, just sixteen years, five months, and three days old. Now who should happen to fall in love with this daughter of mine, but a mighty rich farmer's son, that lives in one of my lord duke's villages not far off; and indeed, I can't tell how he manag'd matters, but he ply'd her so close, that upon a promise of marriage he wheedled her into a consent, and in short, got his will of her, and now refuses to make his word good. The duke is no stranger to the business; for I have made my complaint to him about it many and many times, and begg'd of him to enjoin the young man to wed my daughter; but he turns his deaf ear to me, and can't endure I shou'd speak to him of it, because the young knave's father is rich, and lends the duke mo-

ney, and is bound for him upon all occasions, so that he would by no means disoblige him.

Therefore, sir, I apply myself to your worship, and beseech you to see my daughter righted, either by intreaties, or by force, seeing every body says you were sent into this world to redress grievances, and assist those in adversity. Be pleas'd to cast an eye of pity on my daughter's orphan state, her beauty, her youth, and all her other good parts; for, o'my conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one can come up to her by a mile; no, not she that's cry'd up as the airiest and finest of them all, whom they call Altisidora: I am sure she is not to be nam'd the same day: for, let me tell you, sir, all is not gold that glisters. This same Altisidora after all, is a hoity-toity, has more vanity than beauty, and less modesty than confidence: besides, she is none of the soundest neither, for her breath is so strong, that nobody can endure to stand near her for a moment. Nay, my lady duchess too—but I must say no more, for, as they say, walls have ears. What of my lady duchess? said Don Quixote. By all that's dear to you, Donna Rodriguez, tell me, I conjure you. Your intreaties, said the matron, are too strong a charm to be resisted, dear sir, and I must tell you the truth. Do you observe, sir, that beauty of my lady's, that softness, that clearness of complexion, smooth and shining like a polish'd sword; those cheeks, all milk and vermillion, fair like the moon, and glorious like the sun; that air when she treads, as if she disdain'd to touch the ground; and, in short, that look of health that enli-

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vens all her charms; let me tell you, sir, she may thank heaven for't in the first place, and next to that, two issues in both her legs, which she keeps open to carry off the ill humours, with which the physicians say her body abounds. Bless'd virgin, cry'd Don Quixote! is it possible the duchefs should have such drains! I should not have believ'd it from any body but you, though a bare-foot friar had sworn it. But yet certainly from so much perfection, no ill humours can flow, but rather liquid amber. Well, I am now persuaded such sluices may be of importance to health.

Scarce had Don Quixote said those words, when at one bounce the chamber-door flew open; whereupon Donna Rodriguez was seiz'd with such a terrible fright, that she let fall her candle, and the room remain'd as dark as a wolf's mouth*, as the saying is; and presently the poor duena felt somebody hold her by the throat, and squeeze her weasand so hard, that it was not in her power to cry out. And another having pull'd up her coats, laid her on so unmercifully upon her bare buttocks with a slipper or some such thing, that it would have mov'd any one but those that did it, to pity. Don Quixote was not without compassion, yet he did not think fit to stir from the bed, but lay snug and silent all the while, not knowing what the meaning of this bustle might be, fearing least the tempest that pour'd on the matron's posteriors, might also light upon his own; and not without reason; for indeed, after the mute exe-

* Because a wolf's mouth is black, say the dictionaries.

cutioners had well curried the old gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and turning up the bed-clothes, pinch'd him so hard, and so long, that in his own defence, he could not forbear laying about him with his fists as well as he could; till at last, after the scuffle had lasted about half an hour, the invisible phantoms vanish'd. Donna Rodriguez set her coats to-rights, and lamenting her hard fortune, left the room, without speaking a word to the knight. As for him, he remain'd where he was, sadly pinch'd and tir'd, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked inchanter should be, that had us'd him in that manner: but we shall know that in its proper time. Now let us leave him, and return to Sancho Pança, who calls upon us, as the order of our history requires.

C H A P. XLIX.

What happen'd to Sancho Pança, as he went the rounds in his island.

WE left our mighty governor much out of humour, and in a pelting chafe with that saucy knave of a countryman, who, according to the instructions he had receiv'd from the steward, and the steward from the duke, had banter'd his worship with his impertinent description. Yet as much a dunce and a fool as he was, he made his party good against them all. At last, addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Dr. Pedro Rezio, who had ventur'd into the room

again, after the consult about the duke's letter was over; Now, said he, do I find in good earnest that judges and governors must be made of brass, or ought to be made of brass, that they may be proof against the importunities of those that pretend business, who at all hours, and at all seasons, would be heard and dispatch'd, without any regard to any body but themselves, let what will come of the rest, so their turn is serv'd. Now if a poor judge does not hear and dispatch them presently, either because he is otherwise busy and cannot, or because they don't come at a proper season, then do they grumble, and give him their blessing backwards, rake up the ashes of his forefathers, and would gnaw his very bones. But with your leave, good master busy-body, with all your business you are too hasty, pray have a little patience, and wait a fit time to make your application. Don't come at dinner-time, or when a man is going to sleep, for we judges are flesh and blood, and must allow nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food, thanks to my friend, master doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, who is for starving me to death, and then swears 'tis for the preservation of my life. Heaven grant him such a life, I pray, and all the gang of such physic-mongers as he is; for the good physicians deserve palms and laurels.

All that knew Sancho wonder'd to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspir'd some men with understanding, as they stupify'd and confounded others. However, doctor Pedro

Rezio Auguero de Tirteafuera. promis'd him he should sup that night, though he trespass'd against all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. This pacify'd the governor for the present, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the evening, and supper. To his thinking the hour was so long a coming, that he fancy'd time stood still, but yet at last the wish'd-for moment came, and they serv'd him up some minc'd beef with onions and some calves feet somewhat stale. The hungry governor presently fell to with more eagerness and appetite than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrentum veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos green geese. And after he had pretty well taken off the sharp edge of his stomach, turning to the physician, Look you, quoth he, master doctor, hereafter never trouble yourself to get me dainties or tit-bits to humour my stomach; that would but take it quite off the hinges; by reason it has been us'd to nothing but good beef, bacon, pork, goats-flesh, turnips, and onions; and if you ply me with your kick-shaws, your nice courtiers fare, 'twill but make my stomach squeamish and untoward, and I should perfectly loath them one time or other. However, I shall not take it amiss, if master sewer will now and then get me one of those ollas podrida's, and the stronger they are the better*; where all sorts of

* A dish consisting of a great number of ingredients, as flesh, fowl, &c. all stew'd together. *Olla* signifies a pot, and *podrida*, putrify'd, rotten; as if the stewing them together was suppos'd to have the same effect, as to making them tender, as rotneness would have. But Covarruvius, in his etymologies,

good things are rotten stew'd, and as if it were lost in one another: and the more they are thus rotten, and like their name, the better the smack; and there you may make a jumble of what you will, so it be eatable, and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let no body put tricks upon travellers, and make a fool of me; for either we are or we are not. Let's be merry and wise; when God sends his light he sends it to all; I'll govern this island fair and square, without underhand dealings, or taking of bribes; but take notice, I won't bate an inch of my right; and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or else I'd have them to know there's rods in pifs for them. They that urge me too far shall rue for it; make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you. Indeed, my lord governor, said the steward, your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this island, that they will obey and observe your commands, with diligence, love, and punctuality; for your gentle way of governing in the beginning of your administration, does not give them the least opportunity to act, or but to design, any thing to your lordship's disadvantage. I believe as much, answer'd Sancho, and they would be silly wretches, should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, 'tis my pleasure you take care of me, and my Dapple, that we may both have our food

derives it from *poderoso*, powerful; because all the ingredients are substantial and nourishing; and this is confirm'd by Sancho's adding, 'the stronger they are the better.'

as we ought, which is the most material business. Next, let us think of going the rounds, when 'tis time for me to do it; for I intend to clear this island of all filth and rubbish, of all rogues and vagrants, idle lunks and sturdy beggars. For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your slothful, lazy, lewd people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a bee-hive, that waste and devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I design to encourage husbandmen, preserve the privileges of the gentry, reward virtuous persons, and, above all things, reverence religion, and have regard to the honour of religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? do I talk to the purpose, or do I talk idly? You speak so well, my lord governor, answer'd the steward. that I stand in admiration to hear a man so unletter'd as you are (for I believe your lordship can't read at all) utter so many notable things, and in every word a sentence; far from what they who sent you hither, and they who are here present, ever expected from your understanding. But every day produces some new wonder, jests are turn'd into earnest, and those who design'd to laugh at others, happen'd to be laugh'd at themselves.

It being now night, and the governor having sup'd, with doctor Rezio's leave, he prepar'd to walk the rounds, and set forward, attended by the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, the historiographer who was to register his acts, several serjeants and other limbs of the law, so many in number, that they made a little battalion, in the middle of which the great San-

who march'd with his rod of justice in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walk'd far in the town, before they heard the clashing of swords, which made them hasten to the place whence the noise came. Being come thither, thy found only two men fighting, who gave over, perceiving the officers. What (cry'd one of them at the same time) do they suffer folks to be robb'd in this town in defiance of heaven and the king? do they let men be stripp'd in the middle of the street? Hold, honest man, said Sancho, have a little patience. and let me know the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor. My lord, said the other party, I'll tell you in few words: your lordship must know, that this gentleman just now, at a gaming ordinary over the way, won above a thousand reals, heaven knows how: I stood by all the while, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful cast, though I could not well tell how to do it in conscience. He carried off his winnings, and when I expected he would have given me a crown gratuity *, as it is a claim among gentlemen of my fashion, who frequent gaming ordinaries, from those that play high and win, for preventing quarrels, being at their backs, and giving judgment right or wrong, ne-

* *Barato*; it originally signifies cheap: but, among gamblers, *dar barato* is, when a winning gamester, by way of courtesy, or for some other reason, gives something to a stander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many live upon it; for it is expected as due, and sometimes, to make the reward the greater, these rascals give judgment wrongfully for the winner.

vertheless he went away without giving me any thing: I ran after him, not very well pleased with his proceeding, yet very civilly desir'd him to consider I was his friend, that he knew me to be a gentleman, though fallen to decay, that had nothing to live upon, my friends having brought me up to no employment; and therefore I intreated him to be so kind as to give me eight reals; but the stingy soul, a greater thief than Cacus, and a worse sharper than Andradilla, would give me but sneaking four reals. And now, my lord, you may see how little shame and conscience there's in him. But i'faith, had not your lordship come just in the nick, I would have made him bring up his winnings, and taught him the difference between a rook and a jack-daw. What say you to this, cry'd Sancho to the other? the other made answer, that he could not deny what his antagonist had said, that he would give him but four reals, because he had given him money several times before; and they who expect the benevolence, should be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know them to be common cheats, and the money not won fairly; and that to shew he was a fair gamester, and no sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his refusal to give him any thing, since the sharpers are always in fee with these bully-rocks who know them, and wink at their cheats. That's true, said the steward: now what would your lordship have us to do with these men? I'll tell you, said Sancho, first, you that are the winner, whether by

fair play or by foul, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no employment, and go sharpening up and down from place to place, pray take your hundred reals, and be sure by to-morrow to go out of this island, and not to set foot in it again these ten years and a day, unless you have a mind to make an end of your banishment in another world; for if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet, with the help of the hangman; away, and let no-body offer to reply, or I'll lay him by the heels. Thereupon the one disburs'd, and the other receiv'd; the first went home, and the last went out of the island; and then the governor going on, *Either I shall want of my will, said he, or I'll put down these disorderly gaming-houses; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial. As for this house in question, said one of the officers, I suppose it will be a hard matter to put it down, for it belongs to a person of quality, who loses a great deal more by play at the year's end, than he gets by his cards. You may shew your authority against other gaming-houses of less note, that do more mischief, and harbour more dangerous people than the houses of gentlemen and persons of quality, where your notorious sharpers dare not use their flights of hand. And since gaming is a vice that is become a common practice, 'tis better to play in good gentlemen's houses, than in those of under-officers, where they shall draw you in a poor bubble, and after they have kept him playing all the night long, send*

him away stripp'd naked to the skin. Well, all in good time, said Sancho: I know there's a great deal to be said in this matter. At the same time one of the officers came holding a youth, and having brought him before the governor; An't please your worship, said he, this young man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceiv'd it was the rounds, he sheer'd off, and set a running as fast as his legs would carry him; a sign he's no better than he should be. I ran after him, but had not he happen'd to fall, I had never come up with him. What made you run away, friend? said Sancho. Sir, answer'd the young man, it was only to avoid the questions one is commonly teiz'd with by the watch. What business do you follow? ask'd Sancho. I am a weaver by trade, answer'd the other. A weaver of what? ask'd the governor. Of steel heads for lances, with your worship's good leave, said t'other. Oh hob, cry'd Sancho, you are a wag I find, and pretend to pass your jests upon us: very well. And pray whither are you going at this time of night? To take the air, an't like your worship, answer'd the other. Good, said Sancho, and where do they take the air in this island? Where it blows, said the youth. A very proper answer, cry'd Sancho. You are a very pretty impudent fellow, that's the truth on't. But pray make account that I am the air, or the wind, which you please, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to the round-house.—Here—take him and carry him away thither to rights: I'll take care the youngster shall sleep out of the air to night; he might catch cold else by lying

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abroad. Before George, said the young man, you shall as soon make me a king as make me sleep out of the air to-night. Why, you young slip-string, said Sancho, is it not in my power to commit thee to prison, and fetch thee out again, as often as 'tis my will and pleasure? For all your power, answer'd the fellow, you shan't make me sleep in prison. Say you so, cry'd Sancho, here, away with him to prison, and let him see to his cost who is mistaken, he or I; and lest the jaylor should be greas'd in the fist to let him out, I'll fine him two thousand ducats if he let thee stir a foot out of prison. All that's a jest, said the other; for I defy all mankind to make me sleep this night in a prison. Tell me, devil incarnate, said Sancho, hast thou some angel to take off the irons which I'll have thee clapp'd in, and get thee out? Well, now, my good lord governor, (said the young man very pleasantly) let us talk reason, and come to the point. Suppose your lordship should send me to jail, and get me laid by the heels in the dungeon, shackled and manacled, and lay a heavy penalty on the jaylor in case he let me out; and suppose your orders be strictly obey'd; yet for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but will keep awake all night without so much as shutting my eyes, pray can you, with all the power you have, make me sleep whether I will or no? No certainly, said the secretary, and the young man has made out his meaning. Well, said Sancho, but I hope you mean to keep yourself awake, and only forbear sleeping to please your own fancy, and not to thwart my will. I mean nothing else

indeed, my lord, said the lad. Why then go home and sleep, quoth Sancho, and heaven send thee good rest. I'll not be thy hindrance. But have a care another time of sporting with justice; for you may meet with some men in an office, that may chance to break your head, while you are breaking your jest. The youth went his way, and the governor continued his rounds.

A while after came two of the officers, bringing a person along with them. My lord governor, said one of them, we have brought here one that's dress'd like a man, yet is no man, but a female, and no ugly one neither. Thereupon they lifted up to her eyes, two or three lanterns, and by their light discovered the face of a woman about sixteen years of age, beautiful to admiration, with her hair put up in a net-work caul of gold and green silk. They examin'd her dress from head to foot, and found that her stockings were of carnation silk, and her garters of white taffeta, fring'd with gold and pearls. Her breeches were of gold tissue, upon a green ground, and her coat of the same stuff; under which she wore a doublet of very fine stuff gold and white. Her shoes were white, and made like mens. She had no sword, but only a very rich dagger, and several costly rings on her fingers. In a word, the young creature seem'd very lovely to them all, but not one of them knew her. Those of the company who liv'd in the town, could not imagine who she was; and those who were privy to all the tricks that were to be put upon Sancho, were more at a loss than the rest, well knowing that this adventure was not of their own con-

triving; which put them in great expectation of the event. Sancho was surpriz'd at her beauty, and ask'd her who she was, whether she was going, and upon what account she had put on such a dress? Sir, said she (casting her eyes on the ground with a decent bashfulness) I can't tell you before so many people, what I have so much reason to wish may be kept a secret. Only this one thing I do assure you, I am no thief, nor evil-minded person; but an unhappy maid, whom the force of jealousy has constrain'd to transgress the laws of maiden decency. The steward hearing this, My lord governor, said he, be pleas'd to order your attendants to retire, that the gentlewoman may more freely tell her mind. The governor did accordingly, and all the company remov'd at a distance, except the steward, the gentleman-waiter, and the secretary; and then the young lady thus proceeded.

I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazonca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes very often to my father's house. This will hardly pass, madam, said the steward, for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I am sure he has neither son nor daughter: besides, you tell us he's your father, and at the same time that he comes very often to your father's house. I observ'd as much, said Sancho. Indeed, gentlemen, said she, I am now so troubled in mind, that I know not what I say, but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom I suppose you all know. Now this may pass, said the steward, for I know Diego de la Llana, who is a very considerable gentleman, has a good estate, and a

son and a daughter. But since his wife dy'd, no body in this town can say he ever saw that daughter, for he keeps her so close, that he hardly suffers the sun to look on her; though indeed the common report is, that she is an extraordinary beauty. You say very true, sir, reply'd the young lady; and I am that very daughter; as for my beauty, if fame has given you a wrong character of it, you will now be undeceiv'd, since you have seen my face; and with this she burst out into tears. The secretary perceiving this, whisper'd the gentleman-waiter in the ear: Sure, said he, some extraordinary matter must have happen'd to this poor young lady, since it could oblige one of her quality to come out of doors in this disguise, and at this unseasonable hour. That's without question, answer'd the other; for her tears too confirm the suspicion. Sancho comforted her with the best reasons he could think on; and bid her not be afraid, but tell them what had befallen her, for they would all really do whatever lay in their power to make her easy.

You must know, gentlemen, said she, that it is now ten years that my father has kept me close, ever since my mother dy'd. We have a small chapel richly adorn'd in the house, where we hear mass; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night; neither do I know what streets, squares, market-places, and churches are, no nor men, except my father, my brother, and that Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom I at first would have pass'd upon you for my father, that I might conceal the right.

This confinement (not being allow'd to stir abroad, though but to go to church) has made me uneasy this great while, and made me long to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, which I thought was no unlawful or unseemly desire. When I heard them talk of bull-feasts, prizes, acting of plays, and other public sports, I ask'd my brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by those things, and a world of others, which I have not seen; and he inform'd me as well as he could: but that made me but the more eager to be satisfy'd by my own eyes. In short, I begg'd of my brother—I wish I never had done it—And here she relaps'd into tears. The steward perceiving it; Come, madam, said he, pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happen'd to you; for your words and your tears keep us all in suspence. I have but few words more to add, answer'd she, but many more tears to shed; for they are commonly the fruit of such imprudent desires.

That gentleman of the duke's, who acted the part of Sancho's sewer, or gentleman-waiter, and was smitten with the young lady's charms, could not forbear lifting up his lanthorn to get another look; and as he view'd her with a lover's eye, the tears that trickled down her cheeks, seem'd to him so many pearls, or some of the heavenly dew on a fair drooping flower, precious as oriental gems. This made him wish that the misfortune might not be so great as her sighs and tears bespoke it. As for the governor, he stood fretting to hear her hang so long upon her story; and therefore

bid her make an end, and keep them no longer thus, for it was late, and they had a great deal of ground to walk over yet. Thereupon, with broken sobs, and half-fetch'd sighs, Sir, said she, all my misfortune is, that I desir'd my brother to lend me some of his clothes, and that he would take me out some night or other to see all the town, while our father was asleep. Importun'd by my intreaties, he consented, and having lent me his clothes, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him; for he has no beard at all, and makes a mighty handsome woman. So this very night, about an hour ago, we got out, and being guided by my father's foot-boy, and our own unruly desires, we took a ramble over the whole town; and as we were going home, we perceived a great number of people coming our way; whereupon, said my brother, Sister, this is certainly the watch; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as fast as we can, for if we should be known, it would be the worse for us. With that he fell a running as fast as if he had wings to his feet. I fell a running too, but was so frightened, that I fell down before I had gone half a dozen of steps; and then a man overtook me, and brought me before you, and this crowd of people, by whom, to my shame, I am taken for an ill creature; a bold indiscreet night-walker. And has nothing befallen you but this, cry'd Sancho? you talk'd at first of some jealousy, that had set you a gadding. Nothing else indeed, answer'd the damsel; tho' I pretended jealousy; I ventur'd out on no other account but a little to see the world, and that too no

further than the streets of this town. All this was afterwards confirm'd by her brother, who now was brought by some of the watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his sister. He had nothing on but a very rich petticoat, and a blue damask manteau, with a gold galloon; his head without any ornament but his own hair, that hung down in natural curls like so many rings of gold. The governor, the steward, and the gentleman-waiter took him aside, and after they had examin'd him apart, why he had put on that dress, he gave the same answer his sister had done, and with no less bashfulness and concern, much to the satisfaction of the gentleman-waiter, who was much smitten with the young lady's charms.

As for the governor, after he had heard the whole matter, Truly, gentlefolks, said he, here's a little piece of childish folly: and to give an account of this wild frolic, and slip of youth, there needed not all these sighs and tears, nor these hems and haughs, and long excuses. Could not you, without any more ado, have said, our names are so and so, and we stole out of our father's house for an hour or two, only to ramble about the town, and satisfy a little curiosity, and there had been an end of the story, without all this weeping and wailing? You say very well, said the young damsel, but you may imagine that in the trouble and fright I was in, I could not behave myself as I should have done. Well, said Sancho, there's no harm done; go along with us, and we'll see you home to your father's, perhaps you mayn't yet be mis'd. But have a care how

you gad abroad to see fashions another time. Don't be too venturesome. An honest maid should be still at home, as if she had one leg broken. A hen and a woman are lost by rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I need say no more.

The young gentleman thank'd the governor for his civility, and then went home under his conduct. Being come to the house, the young spark threw a little stone against one of the iron-barr'd windows; and presently a maid-servant, who sat up for them, came down, open'd the door, and let him and his sister in.

The governor with his company then continu'd his rounds, talking all the way they went, of the genteel carriage and beauty of the brother and sister, and the great desire these poor children had to see the world by night.

As for the gentleman-waiter, he was so passionately in love, that he resolv'd to go the next day, and demand her of her father in marriage, not doubting but the old gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the duke's principal servants. On the other side, Sancho had a great mind to strike a match between the young man and his daughter Sanchica; and he resolv'd to bring it about as soon as possible; believing no man's son could think himself too good for a governor's daughter. At last his round ended for that night, and his government two or three days after; which also put an end to all his great designs and expectations, as shall be seen hereafter.

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C H A P. L.

Who the enchanters and executioners were that whipp'd the duena, and pinch'd and scratch'd Don Quixote; with the success of the page that carried Sancho's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

CID Hamet, the most punctual enquirer into the minutest particles of this authentic history, relates, that when Donna Rodriguez was going out of her chamber to Don Quixote's apartment, another old waiting-woman that lay with her perceiv'd it: and as one of the chief pleasures of all those female implements consists in inquiry, prying, and running their noses into every thing, she presently watch'd her fellow-servant's motions, and follow'd her so cautiously, that the good woman did not discover it. Now Donna Rodriguez was no sooner got into the knight's chamber, but the other, lest she should forfeit her character of a true tattling waiting-woman, flew to tell the duchess in her ear, that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess told the duke, and having got his leave to take Altisidora with her, and go to satisfy her curiosity about this night-visit, they very silently crept along in the dark, till they came to Don Quixote's door, and as they stood list'ning there, overheard very easily every word they said within. So that when the duchess heard her leaky woman expose the fountains * of her issues,

* *El aranjuez*, in the original. It is a royal garden, near

she was not able to contain, nor was Altifidora less provok'd. Full of rage and greedy revenge, they rush'd into the chamber, and beat the duena, and claw'd the knight, as has been related. For those affronting expressions that are levell'd against the beauty of women, or the good opinion of themselves, raise their anger and indignation to the highest degree, and incense them to a desire of revenge.

The duchess diverted the duke with an account of what had pass'd; and having a mighty mind to continue the merriment which Don Quixote's extravagancies afforded them, the page that acted the part of Dulcinea, when it was propos'd to end her enchantment, was dispatch'd away to Teresa Pança, with a letter from her husband, (for Sancho having his head full of his government, had quite forgot to do it) and at the same time the duchess sent another from herself, with a large costly string of coral, as a present.

Now the story tells us, that the page was a sharp and ingenious lad, and being very desirous to please his lord and lady, made the best of his way to Sancho's village. When he came near the place, he saw a company of females washing at a brook, and ask'd them, whether they could inform him, if there liv'd not in that town a woman whose name was Teresa Pança, wife to one Sancho Pança, squire to a knight call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha? He had no sooner ask'd the question, but a young wench, that was washing among Madrid, famous for its fountains and water-works. The metaphor is too far fetch'd for an English translation.

she rest, stood up: That Teresa Pança is my mother, quoth she; that gaffer Sancho is my own father, and that same knight our master. Well then, damsel, said the page, pray go along with me, and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a token here for her from your father. That I will with all my heart, sir, said the girl, who seem'd to be about fourteen years of age, little more or less; and with that, leaving the clothes she was washing, to one of her companions, without staying to dress her head, or put on her shoes, away she sprung before the page's horse, bare legg'd, and with her hair about her ears. Come along, an't, please you, quoth she, our house is hard by; 'tis but just as you come into the town, and my mother's at home, but brimfull of sorrow, poor soul, for she has not heard from my father I don't know how long. Well, said the page, I bring those tidings that will cheer her heart, I warrant her. At last, what with leaping, running, and jumping, the girl being come to the house, Mother, mother, (cry'd she as loud as she could, before she went in) come out, mother, come out! here's a gentleman has brought letters and tokens from my father. At that summons, out came the mother, spinning a lock of coarse flax, with a russet petticoat about her, so short, that it look'd as if it had been cut off at the placket; a waistcoat of the same, and her smock hanging loose about it. Take her otherwise, she was none of the oldest, but look'd somewhat turn'd of forty, strong built, sinewy, hale, vigorous, and in good case. What's the matter, girl? (quoth she, seeing her

daughter with the page) what gentleman is that? A servant of your ladyship's, my lady Teresa Pança, answer'd the page; and at the same time alighting, and throwing himself at her feet with the most humble submission, My noble lady Donna Teresa, said he, permit me the honour to kiss your ladyship's hand, as you are the only legitimate wife of my lord Don Sancho Pança, proper governor of the island of Barataria. Alack-a-day, good sir, quoth Teresa, what d'you do? by no means: I am none of your court-dames, but a poor silly country body, a ploughman's daughter, the wife indeed of a squire-errant, but no governor. Your ladyship, reply'd the page, is the most worthy wife of a thrice-worthy governor; and for proof of what I say, be pleas'd to receive this letter, and this present: with that he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads set in gold, and putting it about her neck: This letter, said he, is from his honour the governor, and another that I have for you, together with these beads, are from her grace the lady duchess, who sends me now to your ladyship.

Teresa stood amaz'd, and her daughter was transported. Now I'll be hang'd, quoth the young baggage, if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this. Ay, this is his doing, he has given my father that same government or earldom he has promis'd him so many times. You say right, answer'd the page: 'tis for the lord Don Quixote's sake that the lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as the letter will inform you. Good sir, quoth Teresa, read it me, and

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Like your worship; for though I can spin, I can't read a jot: Nor I neither, e'fackins, cry'd Sanchica; but do but stay a little, and I'll go fetch one that shall, either the batchelor Samson Carrasco, or our parson himself, who'll come with all their hearts, to hear news of my father. You may spare yourself the trouble, said the page; for though I cannot spin, yet I can read; and I'll read it to ye: with that he read the letter which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pull'd out another from the duchess, which runs as follows.

Friend Teresa,

YOUR husband Sancho's good parts, his wit, and honesty, oblig'd me to desire the duke my husband, to bestow on him the government of one of his islands. I am inform'd he is as sharp as a hawk in his office; for which I am very glad, as well as my lord duke, and return heaven many thanks, that I have not been deceiv'd in making choice of him for that preferment. For you must know, Signiora Teresa, it is a difficult thing to meet with a good governor in this world; and may heaven make me as good as Sancho proves in his government.

I have sent you, my dear friend, a string of coral beads, set in gold; I could wish they were oriental pearls for your sake; but a small token may not hinder a great one. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted; and when we have convers'd together, who knows what may come to pass? com-

' mend me to your daughter Sanchica, and bid her from
' me to be in a readiness; for I design to marry her
' greatly when she least thinks of it.

' I understand you have fine large acorns in your
' town; pray send me a dozen or two of them; I shall
' set a greater value upon them, as coming from your
' hands. And pray let me have a good long letter, to
' let me know how you do; and if you have occasion
' for any thing, 'tis but ask and have; I shall even
' know your meaning by your gaping. So heaven pre-
' serve you.

From this
Castle.

' Your loving friend,

' The DUCHESS.

Bless me, quoth Teresa, when she had heard the letter, what a good lady's this! not a bit of pride in her! heaven grant me to be buried with such ladies, and not with such proud madams as we have in our town, who because they are gentlefolks forsooth, think the wind must not blow upon them, but come flaunting to church, as stately as if they were queens. It seems they think it scorn to look on a poor country woman: but la you here's a good lady, who, though she be a duchess, calls me her friend, and uses me as if I were as high as herself. Well, may I see her as high as the highest steeple in the whole country! as for the acorns she writes for, master o'mine, I'll send her good ladyship a whole peck, and such swinging acorns, that

every body shall come to admire them far and near. And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman be made welcome, and want for nothing. Take care of his horse. Run to the stable, get some eggs, cut some bacon; he shall fare like a prince: the rare news he has brought us, and his good looks deserve no less. Meanwhile I'll among my neighbours; I can't hold, I must run and tell them the news; our good curate too shall know it, and master Nicholas the barber; for they have all along been thy father's friends. Ay, do, mother, said the daughter; but heark you, you must give me half the beads; for I dare say, the great lady knows better things than to give them all to you. 'Tis all thy own, child, cry'd the mother; but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for thou can'st not think how it rejoices the very heart of me. You will rejoice more presently, said the page, when you see what I have got in my portmante; a fine suit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a hunting, and has here sent to my lady Sanchica. Oh the Lord love him, cry'd Sanchica, and the fine gentleman that brings it me!

Presently, away ran Teresa with the beads about her neck, and the letters in her hand, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers, (as if they had been a timbrel) and meeting by chance the curate and the batchelor Carrasco, she fell a dancing and frisking about; Faith and troth, cry'd she, we are all made now. Not one small body in all our kindred. We have got a poor thing call'd a government. And now let the

proudest of them all tofs up her nose at me, and I'll give her as good as she brings, I'll make her know her distance. How now, Teresa; said the curate? what mad fit is this? what papers are those in your hand? No mad fit at all, answer'd Teresa; but these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these beads about my neck are right coral, the Ave-Maries I mean; and the Pater-Nosters are of beaten gold, and I'm a madam governess I'll assure ye. Verily, said the curate, there's no understanding you, Teresa, we don't know what you mean. There's what will clear the riddle, quoth Teresa, and with that she gave them the letters. Thereupon the curate having read them aloud, that Samson Carrasco might also be inform'd, they both stood and look'd on one another, and were more at a loss than before. The batchelor ask'd her who brought the letter? Teresa told them they might go home with her and see: 'twas a sweet handsome young man, as fine as any thing; and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The curate took the string of beads from her neck, and view'd it several times over, and finding that it was a thing of value, he could not conceive the meaning of all this. By the habit that I wear, cry'd he, I cannot tell what to think of this business. In the first place, I am convinc'd these beads are right coral and gold; and in the next, here's a duchess sends to beg a dozen or two of acorns. Crack that nut if you can, said Samson Carrasco. But come, let's go to see the messenger, and probably he'll clear our doubts.

Thereupon going with Teresa, they found the page lifting a little corn for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher* of bacon to be fry'd with eggs for his dinner. They both lik'd the page's mien and his garb, and after the usual compliments, Sampson desir'd him to tell them some news of Don Quixote and Sancho Pança; for tho' they had read a letter from the latter to his wife, and another from the duchess, they were no better than riddles to them, nor could they imagine how Sancho should come by a government, especially of an island, well knowing that all the islands in the Mediterranean, or the greatest part of them, were the kings.

Gentlemen, answer'd the page, it is a certain truth, that Signior Sancho Pança is a governor, but whether it be of an island or not, I do not pretend to determine: but this I can assure you, that he commands in a town that has above a thousand inhabitants. And as for my lady duchess's sending to a country-woman for a few acorns, that's no such wonder; for she's so free from pride, that I have known her send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You must know, our ladies of Arragon, though they are as noble as those of Castile, do not stand so much upon formalities and punctilio's; neither do they take so much state upon them, but treat people with more familiarity.

While they were thus discoursing, in came Sanchica skipping, with her lap full of eggs; and turning to the

* In the original it is, 'cutting a rasher to fry, and to pave it with eggs,' i. e. eggs laid as close together in the frying-pan, as pebbles in a pavement.

page, Pray sir, said she, tell me, does my father wear trunk-breeches † now he's a governor? Truly, said the page, I never minded it, but without doubt he does. Oh gemini! cry'd the young wench, what would not I give to see my father in his trunk-breeches! is it not a strange thing, that ever since I can remember myself, I have wish'd to see my father in trunk-breeches. You'll see him as you'd have him, said the page, if your ladyship does but live. Odsfish, if his government holds but two months, you'll see him go with an umbrella over his head.

The curate and the batchelor plainly perceiv'd that the page did but laugh at the mother and daughter; but yet the costly string of beads, and the hunting suit, which by this time Teresa had let them see, confounded them again. In the mean time while they could not forbear frailling at Sanchica's odd fancy, and much less at what her mother said. Good master curate, quoth she, do so much as enquire whether any of our neighbours are going to Madrid or Toledo. I'd have them buy me a hugeous farthingale, of the newest and most courtly fashion, and the very finest that can be got for money; for by my holy dame, I mean to credit my husband's government as much as I can; and if they vex me, I'll hie me to that same court, and ride in my coach too as well as the best of them; for she that is a governor's lady, may very well afford to have one. O rare mother, cry'd Sanchica, would 'twere to-night before

† In the original *Calças atacadas*. They are breeches and stockings all in one, and laced, or clasp'd, or tied to the girdle.

to-morrow. May hap, when they saw me sitting in our coach by my lady mother, they would jeer and flout; look, look, would they say, yonder's goody trollop, the plough-jobber's bearn! how she flaunts it, and goes ye lolling in her coach like a little Pope Joan*: but what would I care? let them trudge on in the dirt, while I ride by in my coach. Shame and ill-luck go along with all your little backbiting scrubs. Let them laugh that win; the curs'd fox thrives the better. Am I not in the right, mother? Ay, marry art thou, child, quoth Teresa; and indeed my good honey Sancho has often told me, all these good things, and many more would come to pass; and thou shalt see, daughter, I'll never rest till I get to be a countess. There must be a beginning in all things, as I have heard it said by thy father, who is also the father of proverbs, when a cow is giv'n thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whistle ‡ to thee with a good gift, snap at it. That which is good to give, is good to take, girl. It were a pretty fancy, trow, to lie snoring a bed, and when good luck knocks, not to rise and open the door. Ay, quoth Sanchica, what is't to me, tho' they should

* *Papeſa*. A she Pope. Our translators, says Jervas, have render'd this Pope Joan. But adds he, there is more humour in making the country people so ignorant, as to believe the Pope had, if not a wife, a concubine, as many of the great clergy had, than in supposing they had ever heard of Pope Joan.

‡ In the original, 'when thy cry, tus, tus,' i. e. as people call dogs to their porridge.

say all they've a mind to say. When they see me so tearing fine, and so woundy great, let them spit their venom, and say, set a beggar on horseback, and so forth. Who would not think, said the curate, hearing this, but that the whole race of the Pança's came into the world with their paunches stuff'd with proverbs. I never knew one of the name but threw them out at all times, let the discourse be what it would. I think so too, said the page; for his honour the governor blunders them out at every turn, many times indeed wide from the purpose; however, always to the satisfaction of the company, and with high applause from my lord and my lady. Then, sir, you assure us still, said Carrasco, that Sancho is really a governor; and that a duchess sends these presents and letters upon his account; for though we see the things, and read the letters, we can scarce prevail with ourselves to believe it; but are apt to run into our friend Don Quixote's opinion, and look on all this as the effect of some enchantment: so that I could find in my heart to feel and try whether you are a visionary messenger, or a creature of flesh and blood. For my part, gentlemen, answer'd the page, all I can tell ye, is, that I am really the messenger I appear to be, and that the lord Sancho Pança is actually a governor, and that the duke and the duchess, to whom I belong, are able to give, and have giv'n him that government, where I am credibly inform'd he behaves himself most worthily. Now if there be any inchantment in the matter, I leave you to examine that; for by the life of my parents, one of the greatest oaths I can utter, for

they are both alive, and I love them dearly, I know no more of the business. That may be, said the batchelor, but yet *dubitat Augustinus*. You may doubt if you please, reply'd the page; but I have told you the truth; which will always prevail over falsehood, and rise uppermost, as oil does above water. But if you will *operibus credere, et non verbis*, let one of you go along with me, and you shall see with your eyes, what you will not believe by the help of your ears. I'll go with all my heart, quoth Sanchica; take me up behind ye, Sir; I've a huge mind to see my father. The daughters of governors, said the page, must not travel thus unattended, but in coaches or litters, and with a handsome train of servants, Cud's my life, quoth Sanchica, I can go a journey as well on an afs, as in one of your coaches. I am none of your tender squeamish things, not I. Peace, chicken, quoth the mother, thou dost not know what thou say'st, the gentleman is in the right: times are alter'd. When 'twas plain Sancho, 'twas plain Sanchica; but now he's a governor, thou'rt a lady. I can't well tell whether I am right or no. My lady Teresa says more than she is aware of, said the page. But now, continu'd he, give me a mouthful to eat as soon as you can, for I must go back this afternoon. Be pleas'd then, sir, said the curate, to go with me, and partake of a slender meal at my house; for my neighbour Teresa is more willing than able to entertain so good a guest. The page excus'd himself a while, but at last comply'd, being persuaded it would be much for the better; and the curate on his side was

glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The batchelor proffer'd Teresa to write her answers to her letters; but as she look'd upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her counsel; so she gave a rowl, and a couple of eggs, to a young acolyte of the church, who could write, and he wrote two letters for her; one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worst in this famous history, as hereafter may be seen.

C H A P. LI.

A continuation of Sancho Panças government, with other passages, such as they are.

THE morning of that day arose, which succeeded the governor's rounding night, the remainder of which the gentleman-waiter spent not in sleep, but in the pleasing thoughts of the lovely face, and charming grace of the disguis'd virgin; on the other side, the steward bestow'd that time in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho did and said; wondering no less at his actions than at his expressions, both which display'd a strange intermixture of discretion and simplicity.

At last the lord governor was pleas'd to rise; and, by doctor Pedro Rezio's order, they brought him for his breakfast a little conserve, and a draught of fair water, which he would have exchang'd with all his heart for a good luncheon of bread, and a bunch of grapes;

but seeing he could not help himself, he was forc'd to make the best of a bad market, and seem to be content, though full sore against his will and appetite; for the doctor made him believe, that to eat but little, and that which was dainty, enliven'd the spirits, and sharpen'd the wit, and consequently such a sort of diet was most proper for persons in authority and weighty employments, wherein there is less need of the strength of the body than of that of the mind. This sophistry serv'd to famish Sancho, who, half dead with hunger, curs'd in his heart both the government and him that had given it him. However, hungry as he was, by the strength of his slender breakfast, he fail'd not to give audience that day; and the first that came before him was a stranger, who put the following case to him, the steward and the rest of the attendants being present.

My lord, said he, a large river divides in two parts one and the same lordship. I beg your honour to lend me your attention, for 'tis a case of great importance, and some difficulty—Upon this river there is a bridge; at one end of which there stands a gallows, and a kind of court of justice, where four judges use to sit, for the execution of a certain law made by the lord of the land and river, which runs thus.

'Whoever intends to pass from one end of this bridge to the other, must first upon his oath declare whither he goes, and what his business is. If he swear truth, he may go on; but if he swear false, he shall be hang'd, and die without remission upon the gibbet at the end of the bridge.'

After due promulgation of this law, many people, notwithstanding its severity, adventur'd to go over this bridge, and as it appear'd they swore true, the judges permitted them to pass unmolested. It happen'd one day that a certain passenger being sworn, declar'd, that by the oath he had taken, he was come to die upon that gallows, and that was all his business.

This put the judges to a nonplus; for, said they, if we let this man pass freely, he is forsworn, and according to the letter of the law he ought to die; if we hang him he has sworn truth, seeing he swore he was to die on that gibbet; and then by the same law we should let him pass.

Now your lordship's judgment is desir'd what the judges ought to do with this man? for they are still at a stand, not knowing what to determine in this case; and having been inform'd of your sharp wit, and great capacity in resolving difficult questions, they sent me to beseech your lordship in their names, to give your opinion in so intricate and knotty a case.

To deal plainly with you, answer'd Sancho, those worshipful judges that sent you hither, might as well have spar'd themselves the labour; for I am more inclin'd to dulness I assure you than sharpness: however, let me hear your question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and perhaps I may at last hit the nail o'the head. The man repeated the question again and again; and when he had done, To my thinking, said Sancho, this question may be presently answer'd, as thus; the man swore he came to die on the gibbet,

and if he dies there, he swore true, and according to the law he ought to be free, and go over the bridge. On the other side, if you don't hang him, he swore false, and by the same law he ought to be hang'd. 'Tis as your lordship says, reply'd the stranger, you have stated the case right. Why then, said Sancho, ev'n let that part of the man that swore true, freely pass; and hang the other part of the man that swore false, and so the law will be fulfill'd. But then, my lord, reply'd the stranger, the man must be divided into two parts, which if we do, he certainly dies, and the law, which must every title of it be observ'd, is not put in execution.

Well, hark you me, honest man, said Sancho, either I am a codshead, or there is as much reason to put this same person you talk of to death as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lye condemns him. Now the case stands thus, I would have you tell those gentlemen that sent you to me, since there's as much reason to bring him off, as to condemn him, that they e'en let him go free; for 'tis always more commendable to do good than hurt. And this I would give you under my own hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak this of my own head; but I remember one precept, among many others, that my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I went to govern this island, which was that when the scale of justice is even, or a case is doubtful, we should prefer mercy before rigour; and it has pleased God I should call it to mind so luckily at this juncture. For my part, said the steward, this judgment seems to me so equi-

table, that I do not believe Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could ever have decided the matter better than the great Sancho has done.

And now, sir, sure there's enough done for this morning; be pleas'd to adjourn the court, and I'll give order that your excellency may dine to your heart's content. Well said, cry'd Sancho, that's all I want, and then a clear stage, and no favour. Feed me well, and then ply me with cases and questions thick and three-fold; you shall see me untwist 'em, and lay 'em open as clear as the sun.

The steward was as good as his word, believing it would be a burthen to his conscience to famish so wise a governor; besides, he intended the next night to put in practice the last trick which he had commission to pass upon him.

Now Sancho having plentifully din'd that day, in spite of all the aphorisms of doctor Tirte a fuera, when the cloth was remov'd, in came an express with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho order'd the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it for secret perusal, then to read it aloud. The secretary having first run it over accordingly, My lord, said he, the letter may not only be publicly read, but deserves to be engraved in characters of gold; and thus it is.

Don Quixote de la Mancha, to Sancho Pança, governor of the island of Barataria.

‘ **W**HEN I expected to have had an account of thy
 ‘ carelessness and imperinencies, friend San-
 ‘ cho, I was agreeably disappointed with news of thy
 ‘ wife behaviour ; for which I return particular thanks
 ‘ to heaven, that can raise the lowest from their po-
 ‘ verty, and turn the fool into a man of sense. I hear
 ‘ thou governest with all the discretion of a man ; and
 ‘ that, while thou approv’st thyself one, thou retainest
 ‘ the humility of the meanest creature. But I desire
 ‘ thee to observe, Sancho, that ’tis many times very
 ‘ necessary and convenient to thwart the humility of
 ‘ the heart, for the better support of the authority of
 ‘ a place. For the ornament of a person that is advanc’d
 ‘ to an eminent post, must be answerable to its great-
 ‘ ness, and not debas’d to the inclination of his former
 ‘ meanness. Let thy apparel be neat and handsome ;
 ‘ even a stake well dress’d, does not look like a stake.
 ‘ I would not have thee wear foppish, gaudy things ; nor
 ‘ affect the garb of a soldier, in the circumstances of a
 ‘ magistrate ; but let thy dress be suitable to thy de-
 ‘ gree, and always clean and decent.

‘ To gain the hearts of thy people, among other
 ‘ things, I have two chiefly to recommend : one is, to
 ‘ be affable, courteous, and fair to all the world ; I
 ‘ have already told thee of that : and the other, to
 ‘ take care that plenty of provisions be never wanting,

‘ for nothing afflicts or urges more the spirits of the
‘ poor, than scarcity and hunger.

‘ Do not put out many new orders, and if thou dost
‘ put out any, see that they be wholesome and good,
‘ and especially that they be strictly observ’d; for laws
‘ not well obey’d, are no better than if they were not
‘ made, and only shew that the prince who had the
‘ wisdom and authority to make them, had not the re-
‘ solution to see them executed; and laws that only
‘ threaten, and are not kept, become like the log that
‘ was given to the frogs to be their king, which they
‘ fear’d at first, but soon scorn’d and trampled on.

‘ Be a father to virtue, but a father-in-law to vice.
‘ Be not always severe, nor always merciful; chuse a
‘ mean between these two extremes; for that middle
‘ point is the center of discretion.

‘ Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the public mar-
‘ kets, for the governor’s presence is highly necessary
‘ in such places.

‘ Comfort the prisoners that hope to be quickly dis-
‘ patch’d.

‘ Be a terror to the butchers that they may be fair
‘ in their weights, and keep hucksters and fraudulent
‘ dealers in awe, for the same reason.

‘ Should’st thou unhappily be inclin’d to be covet-
‘ ous, given to women, or a glutton, as I hope thou art
‘ not, avoid shewing thyself guilty of those vices; for
‘ when the town, and those that come near thee have
‘ discover’d thy weakness, they’ll be sure to try thee
‘ on that side, and tempt thee to thy everlasting ruin.

' Read over and over, and seriously consider the admonitions and documents I gave thee in writing before thou went'st to thy government, and thou wilt find the benefit of it, in all those difficulties and emergencies that so frequently attend the function of a governor.

' Write to thy lord and lady, and shew thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the offspring of pride, and one of the worst corruptions of the mind; whereas he that is thankful to his benefactors, gives a testimony that he will be so to God, who has done, and continually does him so much good.

' My lady duchess dispatch'd a messenger on purpose to thy wife Teresa, with thy hunting suit, and another present. We expect his return every moment.

' I have been somewhat out of order, by a certain cat-encounter I had lately, not much to the advantage of my nose; but all that's nothing, for if there are necromancers that misuse me, there are others ready to defend me.

' Send me word whether the steward that is with thee, had any hand in the business of the countess of Trifaldi, as thou wert once of opinion; and let me also have an account of whatever befalls thee, since the distance between us is so small. I have thoughts of leaving this idle life ere long; for I was not born for luxury and ease.

' A business has offer'd, that I believe will make me lose the duke and duchess's favour; but though I am

‘ heartily sorry for’t, that does not alter my resolution;
 ‘ for, after all, I owe more to my profession than to
 ‘ complaisance; and as the saying is, *Amicus Plato,*
 ‘ *sed magis amica veritas.* I send thee this scrap of
 ‘ Latin, flattering myself that since thou cam’st to be a
 ‘ governor, thou may’st have learn’d something of that
 ‘ language. Farewel, and heaven keep thee above the
 ‘ pity of the world.

‘ Thy friend,

‘ DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.’

Sancho gave great attention to the letter, and it was highly applauded both for sense and integrity, by every body that heard it. After that he rose from table, and calling the secretary, went without any further delay, and lock’d himself up with him in his chamber to write an answer to his master Don Quixote. He order’d the scribe to set down word for word what he dictated, without adding or diminishing the least thing. Which being strictly observ’d, this was the tenor of the letter.

Sancho Pança, to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

‘ I AM so taken up with business, that I han’t time to
 ‘ scratch my head, or pare my nails, which is the
 ‘ reason they are so long. God help me! I tell you
 ‘ this, dear master of mine, that you may not marvel,
 ‘ why I han’t yet let you know whether it goes well or
 ‘ ill with me in this same government, where I am more

' hunger-starv'd than when you and I wander'd through
' woods and wildernejfes.

' My lord duke wrote to me t'other day, to inform
' me of fome spies that were got into this ifland to kill
' me: but as yet I have difcover'd none but a certain
' doctor, hir'd by the iflanders to kill all the governors
' that come near it. They call him doctor Pedro Rezio
' de Auguero, and he was born at Tirte a fuera, his
' name is enough to make me fear he'll be the death of
' me. This fame doctor fays of himfelf, that he does
' cure difeafes when you have them; but when you
' have them not, he only pretends to keep them from
' coming. The phyfic he ufes, is fafting upon fafting,
' till he turns a body to a mere fkeleton; as if to be
' wafte'd to fkin and bones were not as bad as a fever.
' In fhort, he ftarves me to death; fo that when I
' thought, as being a governor, to have my belly-full
' of good hot victuals, and cool liquor, and to refrefh
' my body in Holland fheets, and on a foft feather-bed,
' I am come to do penance like a hermit; and as I do
' it unwillingly, I am afraid the devil will have me at
' laft.

' All this while I have not as yet fo much as finger'd
' the leaft penny of money, either for fees, bribes, or
' any thing; and how it comes to be no better with
' me, I can't for my foul imagine; for I have heard by
' the bye, that the governors who come to this ifland
' are wont to have a very good gift, or at leaft a very
' round fum lent them by the town before they enter:

‘ and they say too, that this is the usual custom, not
‘ only here, but in other places.

‘ Last night going my rounds, I met with a mighty
‘ handsome damsel in boy’s clothes, and a brother of
‘ her’s in woman’s apparel. My gentleman-waiter fell
‘ in love with the girl, and intends to make her his
‘ wife, as he says. As for the youth I have pitch’d up-
‘ on him to be my son-in-law. To-day we both design
‘ to discourse the father, one Diego de la Llana, who’s
‘ a gentleman, and an old Christian every inch of him.

‘ I visit the markets, as you advis’d me, and yester-
‘ day found one of the hucksters, selling hazle-nuts;
‘ she pretended they were all new, but I found she had
‘ mix’d a whole bushel of old, empty, rotten nuts
‘ among the same quantity of new. With that I judg’d
‘ them to be given to the hospital boys, who knew how
‘ to pick the good from the bad, and gave sentence
‘ against her that she should not come into the market
‘ in fifteen days; and people said, I did well. What I
‘ can tell you, is, that if you’ll believe the folks of this
‘ town, there’s not a more rascally sort of people in the
‘ world than these market women, for they are all a
‘ saucy, foul-mouth’d, impudent, hellish rabble; and
‘ I judge them to be so, by those I have seen in other
‘ places.

‘ I am mighty well pleas’d that my lady duchess has
‘ writ to my wife Teresa Pança, and sent her the token
‘ you mention. It shall go hard but I will requite her
‘ kindness one time or other. Pray give my service to

‘ her, and tell her from me, she has not cast her gift in
‘ a broken sack, as something more than words shall
‘ shew.

‘ If I might advise you, and had my wish, there
‘ should be no falling out between your worship and my
‘ lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with them, ’tis I
‘ must come by the worst for’t. And since you mind
‘ me of being grateful, it won’t look well in you not
‘ to be so to those who have made so much of you at
‘ their castle.

‘ As for your cat-affair I can make nothing of it,
‘ only I fancy you are still haunted after the old rate.
‘ You’ll tell me more when we meet.

‘ I would fain have sent you a token, but I do not
‘ know what to send, unless it were some little glister-
‘ pipes, which they make here very curiously, and fix
‘ most clevery to the bladders. But if I stay in my
‘ place, it shall go hard but I’ll get something worth
‘ the sending, be it what it will.

‘ If my wife Teresa Pança writes to me, pray pay
‘ the postage, and send me the letter; for I mightily
‘ long to hear how it is with her, and my house and
‘ children.

‘ So heaven preserve you from ill-minded enchant-
‘ ers, and send me safe and sound out of this govern-
‘ ment, which I am much afraid of, as doctor Pedro
‘ Rezio diets me.

‘ Your worship’s servant,

‘ SANCHE PANÇA, the governor.’

The secretary made up the letter, and immediately dispatch'd the express. Then those who carry'd on the plot against Sancho, combin'd together, and consulted how to remove him from the government: and Sancho pass'd that afternoon in making several regulations, for the better establishment of that which he imagin'd to be an island. He publish'd an order against the higglers and forestallers of the markets; and another to encourage the bringing in of wines from any part whatever, provided the owners declar'd of what growth they were, that they might be rated according to their value and goodness; and that they who should adulterate wine with water, or give it a wrong name, should be punish'd with death. He lower'd the price of all kind of apparel, and particularly that of shoes, as thinking it exorbitant. He regulated servants wages, that were unlimited before, and proportion'd them to the merit of their service. He laid severe penalties upon all those that should sing or vend lewd and immoral songs and ballads, either in the open day, or in the dusk of the evening; and also forbid all blind people the singing about miracles in rhimes, unless they produc'd authentic testimonies of their truth; for it appear'd to him, that most of those that were sung in such manner were false, and a disparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular officer to inspect the poor, not to persecute, but to examine them, and know whether they were truly such; for under pretence of counterfeit lameness, and artificial sores, many canting va-

gabonds impudently rob the true poor of charity, to spend it in riot and drunkenness.

In short, he made so many wholesome ordinances, that to this day they are observ'd in that place, and call'd, 'The constitutions of the great governor Sancho Pança.'

C H A P. LII.

A relation of the adventures of the second disconsolate or distressed matron, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote's scratches being heal'd, he began to think the life he led in the castle not suitable to the order of knight-errantry which he profess'd; he resolv'd therefore to take leave of the duke and duchess, and set forwards for Saragosa; where, at the approaching tournament, he hop'd to win the armour, the usual prize at the festivals of that kind. Accordingly, as he sat at table with the lord and lady of the castle, he began to acquaint them with his design, when behold two women entered the great hall, clad in deep mourning from head to foot: one of them approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet, where lying prostrate, and in a manner kissing them, she fetch'd such deep and doleful sighs, and made such sorrowful lamentations, that all those who were by, were not a little surpriz'd. And though the duke and the duchess imagin'd it to be some new device of their servants against Don Quixote, yet perceiving with what

earnestness the woman sigh'd and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think; till the compassionate champion raising her from the ground, engag'd her to lift up her veil, and discover, what they least expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duena of the family: and the other mourner prov'd to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those that knew them were in great admiration, especially the duke and the duchess; for though they knew her simplicity and indiscretion, they did not believe her so far gone in madness. At last the sorrowful matron, addressing herself to the duke and the duchess; May it please your graces, said she, to permit me to direct my discourse to this knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky business, into which the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us. With that the duke gave her leave to say what she would; then applying herself to Don Quixote; 'Tis not long, said she, valorous knight, since I gave your worship an account how basely and treacherously a graceless young farmer had us'd my dear child, the poor undone creature here present; and you then promis'd me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now I understand you are about to leave this castle, in quest of the good adventures heaven shall send you. And therefore before you are gone no body knows whither, I have this boon to beg of your worship, that you would do so much as challenge this sturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to his promise before he was concern'd with her. For, as for my lord duke, 'tis a folly

to think he'll ever see me righted, for the reason I told you in private. And so heaven preserve your worship, and still be our defence. Worthy matron (answer'd Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity and solemn form) moderate your tears, or, to speak more properly, dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me to see your daughter's wrongs redress'd; though she had done much better, had not her too great credulity made her trust the protestations of lovers, which generally are readily made, but most uneasily perform'd. Therefore, with my lord duke's permission, I will instantly depart, to find out this ungracious wretch, and as soon as he is found, I will challenge him, and kill him if he persists in his obstinacy; for the chief end of my profession is to pardon the submissive, and to chastise the stubborn; to relieve the miserable, and destroy the cruel. Sir knight, said the duke, you need not give yourself the trouble of seeking the fellow, of whom that good matron complains; nor need you ask me leave to challenge him; for I already engage that he shall meet you in person to answer it here in this castle, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the laws of arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party justice, as all princes ought to do, that admit of single combats within their territories. Upon that assurance, said Don Quixote, with your grace's leave, I for this time wave my punctilios of gentility, and debasing myself to the meanness of the offender, qualify him to measure lances with me; and so let him be absent or present, I challenge and

defy him, as a villain, that has deluded this poor creature, that was a maid, and now, through his baseness, is none; and he shall either perform his promise of making her his lawful wife, or die in the contest. With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, declaring, as he had already done that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: fixing the time for combat to be six days after, and the place to be the castle-court. The arms to be such as are usual among knights, as lance, shield, armour of proof, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or enchantment, after search made by the judges of the field.

But in the first place, added the duke, it is requisite, that this true matron, and this false virgin, commit the justice of their cause into the hands of their champion, for otherwise, there will be nothing done, and the challenge is void in course. I do, answer'd the matron; and so do I, added the daughter, all asham'd, blubbering, and in a crying tone. The preliminaries being adjust'd, and the duke having resolv'd with himself what to do in the matter, the mourning petitioners went away, and the duchess order'd they should no longer be look'd upon as her domesticks, but as ladies errant, that came to demand justice in her castle; and accordingly there was a peculiar apartment appointed for them, where they were serv'd as strangers, to the amazement of the other servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of Donna Rodriguez and her forsaken daughter's ridiculous confident undertaking.

Presently after this, to compleat their mirth, and as it were for the last course, in came the page that had carry'd the letters and the presents to Teresa Pança. The duke and duchess were overjoy'd to see him return'd, having a great desire to know the success of his journey. They enquir'd of him accordingly, but he told them, that the account he had to give them, could not well be deliver'd in public, nor in few words; and therefore begg'd their graces would be pleas'd to take it in private, and in the mean time entertain themselves with those letters. With that, taking out two, he deliver'd them to her grace. The superscription of the one was, 'These for my lady duchess of I don't know what place:' and the direction on the other thus 'To my husband Sancho Pança, governor of the island of Barataria, whom heaven prosper as many or more years than me.

The duchess sat upon thorns till she had read her letter; so having open'd it, and rud it over to herself, finding there was nothing of secrecy in it, she read it out aloud, that the whole company might hear what follows.

Teresa Pança's letter to the duchess.

MY LADY,

THE letter your honour sent me pleased me hugely; for troth 'tis what I heartily long'd for. The string of coral is a good thing, and my husband's hunting-suit may come up to it. All our town takes

' it mighty kindly, and is very glad that your honour
 ' has made my spouse a governor, though no body will
 ' believe it, especially our curate, master Nicholas the
 ' barber, and Sampson Carrasco the batchelor. But
 ' what care I, whether they do or no? so it be true,
 ' as it is, let every one have their saying. Though 'tis
 ' a folly to lye, I had not believ'd it neither, but for
 ' the coral and the suit; for every body here takes my
 ' husband to be a dolt, and can't for the blood of 'em
 ' imagine what he can be fit to govern, unless it be a
 ' herd of goats. Well! heaven be his guide, and speed
 ' him as he sees best for his children. As for me, my
 ' dear lady, I am resolv'd, with your good liking, to
 ' make hay while the sun shines, and go to court, to loll
 ' it along in a coach, and make a world of my back
 ' friends, that envy me already, stare their eyes out.
 ' And therefore, good your honour, pray bid my hus-
 ' band send me store of money; for I believe 'tis dear
 ' living at court; one can have but little bread there
 ' for six-pence, and a pound of flesh is worth thirty ma-
 ' ravedies, which would make one stand amaz'd. And
 ' if he is not for my coming, let him send me word in
 ' time, for my feet itch to be jogging; for my gossips
 ' and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go
 ' about the court as we should, spruce and fine, and at a
 ' tearing rate, my husband will be better known by me,
 ' than I by him; for many can't chuse but ask what ladies
 ' are those in the coach? with that one of my servants
 ' answers, the wife and daughter of Sancho Pança, go-
 ' vernor of the island of Barataria; and thus shall my

‘ husband be known, and I honour’d far and near; and
‘ so have at all; Rome has every thing *.

‘ You can’t think how I am troubled that we have
‘ gather’d no acorns here-away this year; however, I
‘ send your highness about half a peck, which I have
‘ cull’d one by one: I went to the mountains on pur-
‘ pose, and got the biggest I could find; I wish they
‘ had been as big as ostrich eggs.

‘ Pray let not your pomposity forget to write to me,
‘ and I’ll be sure to send you an answer, and let you
‘ know how I do, and send you all the news in our vil-
‘ lage, where I am waiting and praying the Lord to
‘ preserve your highness, and not to forget me. My
‘ daughter Sanchica, and my son, kiss your worship’s
‘ hands.

‘ She that wishes rather to see you than write to you,

‘ Your servant, TERESA PANÇA.’

This letter was very entertaining to all the com-
pany, especially to the duke and duchess; insomuch
that her grace asked Don Quixote, whether it would
be amiss to open the governor’s letter, which she ima-
gin’d was a very good one? the knight told her, that
to satisfy her curiosity, he would open it; which being
done, he found what follows.

* As head of the world, formerly in temporals, as now in
spirituals.

Teresa Pança's letter to her husband Sancho Pança.

' I Received thy letter, dear honey Sancho, and I
 ' vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Chrif-
 ' tian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running
 ' mad for joy. Look you, my chuck, when I heard
 ' thou wert made a governor, I was so transported, I
 ' had like to have fallen down dead with mere glad-
 ' nefs; for thou knowest sudden joy is said to kill as
 ' soon as great sorrow. As for thy daughter Sanchica,
 ' she scatter'd her water about, before she was aware,
 ' for very pleasure. I had the suit thou sentst me before
 ' my eyes, and the lady duchefs's corals about my
 ' neck, held the letter in my hands, and had him that
 ' brought them standing by me; and for all that, I
 ' thought what I saw and felt was but a dream. For
 ' who could have thought a goat-herd should ever come
 ' to be governor of islands? but what said my mother,
 ' who a great deal would see, a great while must live.
 ' I speak this because if I live longer, I mean to see more;
 ' for I shall ne'er be at rest till I see thee a farmer or
 ' receiver of the customs; for though they be offices
 ' that send many to the devil, for all that, they bring
 ' grist to the mill. My lady duchefs will tell thee how
 ' I long to go to court. Pray think on't, and let me
 ' know thy mind; for I mean to credit thee there, by
 ' going in a coach.

' Neither the curate, the barber, the batchelor, nor
 ' the sexton, will belivethou art a governor; but say 'tis

‘ all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don
‘ Quixote’s concerns use to be ; and Samson threatens
‘ to find thee out, and put this maggot of a govern-
‘ ment out of thy pate, and Don Quixote’s madness
‘ out of his coxcomb. For my part I do but laugh at
‘ them, and look upon my string of coral, and contrive
‘ how to fit up the suit thou sent’st me into a gown for
‘ thy daughter.

‘ I sent my lady the duchess some acorns ; I would
‘ they were beaten gold ; I prithee send me some strings
‘ of pearl, if they be in fashion in thy island.

‘ The news here is, that Berrueca has married her
‘ daughter to a sorry painter, that came hither, pre-
‘ tending to paint any thing. The township set him to
‘ paint the king’s arms over the town-hall : he ask’d
‘ them two ducats for the jobb, which they paid him ;
‘ so he fell to work ; and was eight days a daubing,
‘ but could make nothing on’t at last ; and said he
‘ could not hit upon such piddling kind of work, and
‘ so gave them their money again. Yet for all this he
‘ marry’d with the name of a good workman. The
‘ truth is, he has left his pencil upon’t, and taken the
‘ spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro
‘ de Lobo’s son has taken orders, and shav’d his crown,
‘ meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato’s
‘ grand-daughter, heard of it, and sues him upon a
‘ promise of marriage : ill tongues do not stick to say
‘ she has been with child by him, but he stiffly denies
‘ it. We have no olives this year, nor is there a drop
‘ of vinegar to be got for love or money. A company

' of soldiers went through this place, and carry'd along
 ' with them three wenches out of the town: I don't
 ' tell thee their names, for mayhaps they will come
 ' back, and there will not want some that will marry
 ' them, for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-
 ' lace, and gets her three halfpence a day clear, which
 ' she saves in a box with a slit, to go towards buying
 ' household stuff. But now she's a governor's daughter,
 ' she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a por-
 ' tion. The fountain in the market is dry'd up. A
 ' thunderbolt lately fell upon the pillory: there may
 ' they all light. I expect thy answer to this, and thy
 ' resolution concerning my going to court: so heaven
 ' send thee long to live, longer than myself, or rather
 ' as long; for I would not willingly leave thee behind
 ' me in this world.

' Thy wife,

' TERESA PANÇA.'

These letters were admir'd, and caus'd a great deal
 of laughter and diversion; and, to compleat the mirth,
 at the same time the express return'd that brought San-
 cho's answer to Don Quixote, which was likewise pu-
 blicly read, and startled all the hearers, who took the
 governor for a fool! afterwards the duchess withdrew,
 to know of the page what he had to relate of his jour-
 ney to Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full ac-
 count, without omitting the least particular. He also
 brought her the acorns, and a cheese, which Teresa had
 given him for a very good one, and better than those

of Troncheon, and which the duchess gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the government of great Sancho Pança, the flower and mirror of all island governors.

C H A P. LIII.

The toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Pança's government.

TO think the affairs of this life are always to remain in the same state, is an erroneous fancy. The face of things rather seems continually to change and roll with circular motion; summer succeeds the spring; autumn the summer; winter the autumn; and then spring again; so time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever hastning to its end, swifter than time itself, without hopes to be renew'd, unless in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. This says Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher. For even by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have discover'd the swiftness and instability of this present being, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected. But this moral reflection of our author is not here to be suppos'd as meant by him in its full extent; for he intended it only to shew the uncertainty of Sancho's fortune, how soon it vanish'd like a dream, and how from his high preferment he return'd to his former low station.

It was now but the seventh night, after so many days of his government, when the careful governor had be-

taken himself to his repose, sated not with bread and wine, but cloy'd with hearing causes, pronouncing sentences, making statutes, and putting out orders and proclamations: scarce was sleep, in spite of wakeful hunger, beginning to close his eyes, when of a sudden he heard a great noise of bells, and most dreadful outcries, as if the whole island had been sinking. Presently he started, and sat up in his bed, and listen'd with great attention, to try if he could learn how far this uproar might concern him. But while he was thus hearkening in the dark, a great number of drums and trumpets were heard, and that sound being added to the noise of the bells and the cries, gave so dreadful an alarm, that his fear and terror increas'd, and he was in a sad consternation. Up he leap'd out of his bed, and put on his slippers, the ground being damp, and without any thing else in the world on but his shirt, ran and open'd his chamber-door, and saw above twenty men come running along the galleries with lighted links in one hand, and drawn swords in the other, all crying out, Arm! my lord governor, arm! a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone, unless your valour and conduct relieve us. Thus bawling and running with great fury and disorder, they got to the door where Sancho stood quite scar'd out of his senses. Arm, arm, this moment, my lord! cry'd one of them, if you have not a mind to be lost with the whole island. What would you have me arm for? quoth Sancho. Do I know any thing of arms or fighting, think ye? Why don't ye rather send for Don Quixote, my master, he'll

dispatch your enemies in a trice. Alas! as I am a sinner to heaven, I understand nothing of this hasty service. For shame, my lord governor, said another, what a faint-heartedness is this? see! we bring you here arms offensive and defensive; arm yourself, and march to the market place. Be our leader and captain as you ought, and shew yourself a governor. Why then arm me, and good luck attend me, quoth Sancho. With that they brought him two large shields, which they had provided, and without letting him put on his other clothes, clapp'd them over his shirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his back, and the other before upon his breast, having got his arms through some holes made on purpose. Now the shields being fasten'd to his body, as hard as cords could bind them, the poor governor was cas'd up and immur'd as straight as an arrow, without being able so much as to bend his knees, or stir a step. Then having put a lance into his hand for him to lean upon, and keep himself up, they desir'd him to march, and lead them on, and put life into them all, telling him, that they did not doubt of victory, since they had him for their commander. March! quoth Sancho, how do you think I am able to do it, squeez'd as I am? these boards stick so plaguy close to me, I can't so much as bend the joints of my knees; you must e'en carry me in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright, before some passage, and I'll make good that spot of ground, either with this lance or my body. Fie, my lord governor, said another, it is more your fear than your armour that stiffens your legs, and hinders you from

moving. Move, move, march on, it is high time, the enemy grows stronger, and the danger presses. The poor governor thus urg'd and upbraided, endeavour'd to go forwards; but the first motion he made, threw him to the ground at his full length, so heavily, that he gave over all his bones for broken; and there he lay like a huge tortoise in his shell, or a sitch of bacon clapp'd between two boards, or like a boat overturn'd upon a flat, with the keel upwards. Nor had those drolling companions the least compassion upon him as he lay; quite contrary, having put out their lights, they made a terrible noise, and clatter'd with their swords, and tramp'd too and again upon the poor governor's body, and laid on furiously with their swords upon his shields, insomuch, that if he had not shrunk his head into them for shelter, he had been in a woeful condition. Squeez'd up in his narrow shell, he was in a grievous fright, and a terrible sweat, praying from the bottom of his heart, for deliverance from the cursed trade of governing islands. Some kick'd him, some stumbled and fell upon him, and one among the rest jump'd full upon him, and there stood for some time, as on a watch-tower, like a general encouraging his soldiers, and giving orders, crying out, There boys, there! the enemies charge most on that side, make good that breach, secure that gate, down with those scaling-ladders, fetch fire-balls, more granadoes, burning pitch, rosin, and kettles of scalding oil. Intrench yourselves, get beds, quilts, cushions, and barricadoe the streets; in short, he call'd for all the instruments of death, and

all the engines us'd for the defence of a city that is besieged and storm'd. Sancho lay snug, tho' sadly bruised, and while he endur'd all quietly, Oh that it would please the Lord, quoth he to himself, that this island were but taken, or that I were fairly dead, or out of this peck of troubles. At last heaven heard his prayers, and when he least expected it, he heard them cry victory, victory! the enemy's routed. Now my lord governor, rise, come and enjoy the fruits of conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the enemy, by the valour of your invincible arms. Help me up, cry'd poor Sancho in a doleful tone; and when they had set him on his legs, let all the enemy I have routed, quoth he, be nail'd to my forehead: I'll divide no spoils of enemies: but if I have one friend here, I only beg he would give me a draught of wine to comfort me, and help to dry up the sweat that I am in; for I am all over water. Thereupon they wip'd him, gave him wine, and took off his shields: after that, as he sat upon his bed, what with his fright, and what with the toil he had endur'd, he fell into a swoon, insomuch that those who acted this scene, began to repent they had carried it so far. But Sancho recovering from his fit in a little time, they also recover'd from their uneasiness. Being come to himself, he ask'd what it was a clock? they answer'd it was now break of day. He said nothing, but, without any words, began to put on his clothes. While this was doing, and he continu'd seriously silent, all the eyes of the company were fix'd upon him, wondering what could be the meaning of his being in such haste to put on his clothes. At

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last he made an end of dressing himself, and creeping along softly, (for he was too much bruised to go along very fast) he got to the stable, follow'd by all the company, and coming to Dapple, he embrac'd the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and, with tears in his eyes, Come hither, said he, my friend, thou faithful companion, and fellow-sharer in my travels and miseries; when thee and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture, and feed thy little carcase, then happy were my days, my months, and years. But since I forsook thee, and clamber'd up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, and four thousand tribulations have haunted and worry'd my soul. While he was talking thus, he fitted on his pack-saddle, nobody offering to say any thing to him. This done, with a great deal of difficulty he mounted his ass, and then addressing himself to the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, and doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that stood by; Make way, gentlemen, said he, and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go that I may seek my old course of life, and rise again from that death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning and planting of vineyards, than how to make laws, and defend countries and kingdoms. St. Peter is very well at Rome: which is as much as to say, let every one stick to the calling he was born to. A spade does better in

my hand than a governor's truncheon; and I had rather fill my belly with a mess of plain porridge *, than lye at the mercy of a coxcomby physic-monger that starves me to death. I had rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap my corps up in a double sheep-skin in the winter at my liberty, than lay me down with the slavery of a government in fine Holland sheets, and case my hide in furs and richest fables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks, and pray tell my lord duke from me, that naked I was born, and naked I am at present. I have neither won nor lost, which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it, quite contrary to what other governors of islands use to do, when they leave them. Clear the way then, I beseech you, and let me pass; I must get myself wrapp'd up all over in cere-cloth; for I don't think I have a sound rib left, thanks to the enemies that have walk'd over me all night long. This must not be, my lord governor, said doctor Rezio, for I will give your honour a balsamic drink, that is a specific against falls, dislocations, contusions, and all manner of bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former health and strength. And then for your diet, I promise to take a new course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please. 'Tis too late, master doctor, answer'd Sancho; you should as soon make me turn

* *Gaspacho*: it is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with toasted bread. A sort of *soupe maigre*, says Stevens's Dictionary.

Turk, as hinder me from going. No, no, these tricks shan't pass upon me again, you shall as soon make me fly to heaven without wings, as get me to stay here, or ever catch me nibbling at a government again, though it were serv'd up to me in a cover'd dish. I am of the blood of the Pança's, and we are all wilful and positive. If once we cry odd, it shall be odd in spite of all mankind, though it be even. Go to then: let the pismire leave behind him in this stable, those wings that lifted him up in the air to be a prey to martlets and sparrows. Fair and softly. Let me now tread again on plain ground; though I mayn't wear pink'd Cordovan leather-pumps, I shan't want a pair of sandals * to my feet. Every sheep to her mate. Let not the cobbler go beyond his last; and so let me go, for 'tis late. My lord governor, said the steward, though it grieves us to part with your honour, your sense and Christian behaviour engaging us to covet your company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your inclination: but you know that every governor, before he leaves the place he has govern'd, is bound to give an account of his administration. Be pleas'd therefore to do so for the ten days † you have been among us, and then peace

* A sort of flat sandal or shoe made of hemp, or of bull-rushes, artfully platted, and fitted to the foot; worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.

† How comes the steward to say ten days, when it is plain Sancho govern'd only seven days! It is, says Jervas, either owing to forgetfulness in the author, or perhaps is a new joke of the steward's, imagining Sancho to be as ignorant of reckoning

be with you. No man has power to call me to an account, reply'd Sancho, unless it be by my lord duke's appointment. Now to him it is that I am going, and to him I'll give a fair and square account. And indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater signs that I have govern'd like an angel. In truth, said doctor Rezio, the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion, we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to see him. Thereupon they all agreed to let him pass, offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or conveniency. Sancho told them, that all he desir'd was a little corn for his ass, and half a cheese, and half a loaf for himself; having occasion for no other provisions in so short a journey. With that they all embraced him, and he embraced them all, not without tears in his eyes, leaving them in admiration of the good sense which he discover'd both in his discourse and unalterable resolution.

C H A P. LIV.

Which treats of matters that relate to this history, and no other.

THE duke and duchess resolv'd that Don Quixote's challenge against their vassal should not be ineffectual; and the young man being fled into Flanders, ing as of writing. And in effect, Sancho, by not denying it, allows the ten days.

to avoid having Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, they made choice of a Gascoin lacquey, nam'd To-filos, to supply his place, and gave him instructions how to act his part. Two days after, the duke acquainted Don Quixote, that within four days his antagonist would meet him in the lists, arm'd at all points like a knight, to maintain that the damsel ly'd through the throat, and through the beard, to say that he had ever promis'd her marriage. Don Quixote was mightily pleas'd with this news, promising himself to do wonders on this occasion; and esteeming it an extraordinary happiness to have such an opportunity to shew before such noble spectators, how extensive were his valour and his strength. Cheer'd and elevated with these hopes, he waited for the end of these four days, which his eager impatience made him think so many ages.

Well, now letting them pass, as we do other matters, let us awhile attend Sancho, who, divided betwixt joy and sorrow, was now on his Dapple, making the best of his way to his master, whose company he valu'd more than the government of all the islands in the world. He had not gone far from his island, or city, or town (or whatever you will please to call it, for he never troubl'd himself to examine what it was) before he met upon the road six pilgrims, with their walking-staves, foreigners as they prov'd, and such as us'd to beg alms singing. As they drew near him, they plac'd themselves in a row, and fell a singing all together in their language something that Sancho could not understand, unless it were one word, which plainly signify'd

arms; by which he guess'd that charity was the burthen and intent of their song. Being exceeding charitable, as Cid Hamet reports him, he open'd his wallet, and having taken out the half loaf and half cheefe, gave 'em them, making signs withal, that he had nothing else to give them. They took the dole with a good will, but yet, not satisfy'd, they cry'd *Guelts, guelts* *. Good people, quoth Sancho, I don't understand what you would have. With that, one of them pull'd out a purse that was in his bosom, and shew'd it to Sancho, by which he understood, that it was money they wanted. But he, putting his thumb to his mouth, and wagging his hand with his four fingers upwards, made a sign that he had not a cross; and so clapping his heels to Dapple's sides, began to make way through the pilgrims; but at the same time one of them, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his arms about his middle, Bless me! (cry'd he in very good Spanish) what do I see? is it possible? do I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Pança? Yes, sure it must be he, for I am neither drunk nor dreaming. Sancho wondring to hear himself call'd by his name, and to see himself so lovingly hugg'd by the pilgrim, star'd upon him without speaking a word; but, though he look'd seriously in his face a good while, he could not guess who he was. The pilgrim observing his amazement, What, said he, friend Sancho, don't you know your

* *Guelts* in Dutch is money.

old acquaintance, your neighbour Ricote the Motisco, that kept a shop in your town? Then Sancho looking wistfully on him again, began to call him to mind, at last he knew him again perfectly, and clapping him about the neck without alighting, Ricote, cry'd he, who the devil could ever have known thee transmogrify'd in this mumming dress! pr'ythee who has franchify'd thee at this rate? And how durst thou offer to come again into Spain? Should'st thou come to be known, adad I would not be in thy coat for all the world. If thou dost not betray me, said the pilgrim, I am safe enough, Sancho; for no body can know me in this disguise. But let us get out of the road, and make to yonder elm grove; my comrades and I have agreed to take a little refreshment there, and thou shalt dine with us. They are honest souls, I'll assure thee. There I shall have an opportunity to tell thee how I have pass'd my time, since I was forc'd to leave the town in obedience to the king's edict, which, as thou knowest, so severely threatens these of our unfortunate nation. Sancho consented, and Ricote having spoke to the rest of the pilgrims, they went all together to the grove, at a good distance from the road. There they laid by their staves, and taking off their pilgrims weeds, remain'd in cuerpo; all of them young handsome fellows, except Ricote, who was somewhat stricken in years. Every one carry'd his wallet, which seem'd well furnish'd, at least with savoury and high-season'd bits, the provocative to the turning down good liquor. They sat down on the ground, and making the green grass their table-

cloth, presently there was a comfortable appearance of bread, salt, knives, nuts, cheese, and some bacon bones, on which there were still some good pickings left, or which at least might be suck'd. They also had a kind of black meat call'd *caveer*, made of the roes of fish, a certain charm to keep thirst awake. They also had good store of olives, though none of the moistest; but the chief glory of the feast, was six leather bottles of wine, every pilgrim exhibiting one for his share; even honest Ricote himself was now transform'd from a Morisco to a German, and clubb'd his bottle, his quota making as good a figure as the rest. They began to eat like men that lik'd mighty well their savoury fare; and as it was very relishing, they went leisurely to work, to continue the longer, taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a knife. Then all at once they lifted up their arms, and applying their own mouths to the mouths of the bottles, and turning up their bottoms in the air, with their eyes fix'd on heaven, like men in an extasy, they remain'd in that posture a good while, transfusing the blood and spirit of the vessels into their stomachs, and shaking their heads, as in a rapture, to express the pleasure they receiv'd. Sancho admir'd all this extremely; he could not find the least fault with it; quite contrary, he was for making good the old proverb, When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome; so he desir'd Ricote to lend him his bottle, and taking his aim as well as the rest, and with no less satisfaction, shew'd them he wanted neither method nor breath. Four times they carefs'd the

bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the fifth; for they were quite exhausted, and the life and soul of them departed, which turn'd their mirth into sorrow. But while the wine lasted, all was well. Now and then one or other of the pilgrims would take Sancho by the right-hand, Spaniard and German all one now, and cry'd, *Bon compagno*. Well said, i'faith, answer'd Sancho; *Bon compagno, perdie*. And then he would burst out a laughing for half an hour together, without the least concern for all his late misfortunes, or the loss of his government; for anxieties use to have but little power over the time that men spend in eating or drinking. In short, as their bellies were full, their bones desir'd to be at rest, and so five of them dropt asleep, only Sancho and Ricote, who had indeed eat more, but drank less, remain'd awake, and remov'd under the cover of a beech at a small distance, where, while the other slept, Ricote in good Spanish spoke to Sancho to this purpose.

Thou well knowest, friend Sancho Pança, how the late edict, that enjoin'd all those of our nation to depart the kingdom, alarm'd us all; at least me it did; insomuch that the time limited for our going was not yet expir'd, but I thought the law was ready to be executed upon me and my children. Accordingly I resolv'd to provide betimes for their security and mine, as a man does that knows his habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures another before he is obliged to remove. So I left our town by myself, and went to seek some place before-hand, where I might convey my

family, without exposing myself to the inconveniency of a hurry, like the rest that went; for the wisest among us were justly apprehensive, that the proclamations issued out for the banishment of our Moorish race, were not only threats, as some flatter'd themselves, but would certainly take effect at the expiration of the limited time. I was the rather inclin'd to believe this, being conscious that our people had very dangerous designs; so that I could not but think the king was inspir'd by heaven to take so brave a resolution, and expel those snakes out of the bosom of the kingdom: not that we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us; but their number was so small, that they could not be oppos'd to those that were otherwise, and it was not safe to keep enemies within doors. In short, it was necessary we should be banish'd; but though some might think it a mild and pleasant fate, to us it seems the most dreadful thing that could befall us; wherever we are, we bemoan with tears our banishment from Spain; for, after all, there we were born, and it is our native country. We find no where the entertainment our misfortune requires; and even in Barbary, and all other parts of Afric, where we expected to have met with the best reception and relief, we find the greatest inhumanity, and the worst usage. We did not know our happiness till we had lost it; and the desire which most of us have to return to Spain, is such, that the greatest part of those that speak the tongue as I do, who are many, come back hither, and leave their wives and children there in a forlorn condition; so strong is

their love for their native place; and now I know by experience the truth of the saying, Sweet is the love of one's own country. For my part, having left our town, I went into France, and though I was very well received there, yet I had a mind to see other countries; and so passing through it, I travell'd into Italy, and from thence into Germany, where methought one might live with more freedom, the inhabitants being a good-humour'd sociable people, that love to live easy with one another, and every body follows his own way: for there's liberty of conscience allow'd in the greatest part of the country. There, after I had taken a dwelling in a village near Augsburgh, I struck into the company of these pilgrims, and got to be one of their number, finding they were some of those who make it their custom to go to Spain, many of them every year to visit the places of devotion, which they look upon as their Indies, and best market, and surest means to get money. They travel almost the whole kingdom over, nor is there a village where they are not sure to get meat and drink, and sixpence at least in money. And they manage matters so well, that at the end of their pilgrimage they commonly go off with about a hundred crowns clear gains, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their staves, or the patches of their clothes, and either thus, or some other private way, convey it usually into their own country, in spite of all searches at their going out of the kingdom. Now, Sancho, my design in returning hither is to fetch the treasure that I left bury'd when I went away, which I

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may do with the less inconveniency, by reason it lies in a place quite out of the town. That done, I intend to write or go over myself from Valencia to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and find one way or other to get them over to some port of France, and from thence bring them over into Germany, where we will stay, and see how providence will dispose of us: for I am sure my wife Francisca and my daughter are good catholic Christians; and though I can't say I am as much a believer as they are, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Mahometan, and make it my constant prayer to the Almighty to open the eyes of my understanding, and let me know how to serve him. What I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather chuse to go for Barbary than for France, where they might have liv'd like Christians.

Look you, Ricote, answer'd Sancho, mayhaps, that was none of their fault, for to my knowledge John Tiopieyo, thy wife's brother, took them along with him, and he, belike, being a rank Moor, would go where he thought best. And I must tell thee further, friend, that I doubt thou'lt lose thy labour in going to look after thy hidden treasure; for the report was hot among us, that thy brother-in-law and thy wife had a great many pearls, and a deal of gold taken away from 'em, which should have been interr'd. That may be, reply'd Ricote, but I am sure, friend of mine, they have not met with my hoard; for I never would tell them where I had hid it, for fear of the worst: and therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off

this money, I will give thee two hundred crowns, to make thee easier in the world. Thou know'st I can tell it is but low with thee. I would do it, answer'd Sancho, but I an't at all covetous. Were I in the least given to it, this morning I quitted an employment, which had I but kept, I might have got enough to have made the walls of my house of beaten gold; and before six months had been at an end, I might have eaten my victuals in plate. So that as well for this reason, as because I fancy it would be a piece of treason to the king, in abetting his enemies, I would not go with thee, tho' thou wouldst lay me down twice as much. And pr'ythee, said Ricote, what sort of employment is it thou hast left? Why, quoth Sancho, I have left the government of an island, and such an island as i' faith you'll scarce meet with the like in haste within a mile of an oak. And where is this island, said Ricote? Where, quoth Sancho, why some two leagues off, and it is called the island of Barataria. Pr'ythee don't talk so, reply'd Ricote; islands lie a great way off in the sea; there are none of them on the main land. Why not, quoth Sancho? I tell thee, friend Ricote, I came from thence but this morning, and yesterday I was there governing it at my will and pleasure like any dragon; yet for all that I e'en left it, for this same place of a governor seem'd to me but a ticklish and perilous kind of an office. And what didst thou get by thy government, ask'd Ricote? Why, answer'd Sancho, I have got so much knowledge, as to understand that I am not fit to govern any thing, unless it be a herd of cattle; and that the wealth that's got in

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these kind of governments, costs a man a deal of labour and toil, watching and hunger; for in your islands, governors must eat next to nothing; especially if they have physicians to look after their health. I can make neither head nor tail of all this, said Ricote; it seems to be all madness; for who would be such a simpleton as to give thee islands to govern? Was the world quite bare of abler men, that they could pick out no body else for a governor? Pr'ythee say no more, man, but come to thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me and help me to carry off my hidden wealth, my treasure, for I may well give it that name, considering how much there is of it, and I'll make a man of thee, as I have told thee. Hark you me, Ricote, answer'd Sancho, I have already told thee my mind: let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so a God's name go thy way, and let me go mine; for full well I wot, That what's honestly got may be lost, but what's ill got will perish and the owner too. Well, Sancho, said Ricote, I'll press thee no further. Only pr'ythee tell me, wert thou in the town when my wife and daughter went away with my brother-in-law? Ay marry was I, quoth Sancho, by the same token, thy daughter look'd so woundy handsome, that there was old crowding to see her, and every body said she was the finest creature o'God's earth. She wept bitterly all the way, poor thing, and embrac'd all her she-friends and acquaintance, and begg'd of all those that flock'd about her to pray for her, and that in so earnest and piteous a manner, that she e'en made me shed tears, though I am

none of the greatest blubberers. Faith and troth, many there had a good mind to have got her away from her uncle upon the road, and have hid her; but the thoughts of the king's proclamation kept them in awe. But he that shew'd himself the most concern'd, was Don Pedro de Gregorio, that young rich heir that you know. They say he was up to the ears in love with her, and has never been seen in the town since she went. We all thought he was gone after her, to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of the matter. I have all along had a jealousy, said Ricote, that this gentleman lov'd my daughter: but I always had too good opinion of my Ricote's virtue, to be uneasy with his passion; for thou know'st, Sancho, very few, and hardly any of our women of Moorish race, ever marry'd with the old Christians on the account of love; and so I hope, that my daughter, who, I believe, minds more the duties of religion than any thing of love, will but little regard this young heir's courtship. Heaven grant she may, quoth Sancho, for else 'twou'd be the worse for them both. And now, honest neighbour, I must bid thee good bye, for I have a mind to be with my master Don Quixote this evening. Then heaven be with thee, friend Sancho, said Ricote: I find my comrades have fetch'd out their naps, and 'tis time we should make the best of our way. With that, after a kind embrace, Sancho mounted his Dapple, Ricote took his pilgrim's staff, and so they parted.

C H A P. LV.

What happen'd to Sancho by the way, with other matters, which you will have no more to do than to see.

SANCHO staid so long with Ricote, that the night overtook him within half a league of the duke's castle. It grew dark; however, as it was summer-time, he was not much uneasy, and chose to go out the road, with a design to stay there till the morning. But as ill luck would have it, while he was seeking some place where he might rest himself, he and Dapple tumbled of a sudden into a very deep hole, which was among the ruins of some old buildings. As he was falling, he pray'd with all his heart, fancying himself all the while sinking down into the bottomless pit; but he was in no such danger, for by that time he had descended somewhat lower than eighteen foot, Dapple made a full stop at the bottom, and his rider found himself still on his back, without the least hurt in the world. Presently Sancho began to consider the condition of his bones, held his breath, and felt all about him, and finding himself sound wind and limb, and in a whole skin, he thought he could never give heaven sufficient thanks for his wondrous preservation; for at first he gave himself over for lost, and broke into a thousand pieces. He grop'd with both hands about the walls of the pit, to try if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all so plain, and so steep, that there was not the least hold or footing to get up. This griev'd

him to the soul, and to increase his sorrow, Dapple began to raise his voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, which pierc'd his master's very heart; nor did the poor beast make such moan without reason; for, to say the truth, he was but in a woeful condition. Woe's me, cry'd Sancho, what sudden and unthought-of mischances every foot befall us poor wretches that live in this miserable world! Who would have thought that he, who but yesterday saw himself seated in the throne of an island governor, and had servants and vassals at his beck, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without the least soul to help him, or come to his relief! Here we are like to perish with deadly hunger, I and my ass, if we don't die before, he of his bruises, and I of grief and anguish: at least, I shan't be so lucky as was my master Don Quixote, when he went down into the cave of the inchanter Montesinos. He found better fare there than he could have at his own house, the cloth was laid, and his bed made, and he saw nothing but pleasant visions: but I am like to see nothing here but toads and snakes. Unhappy creature that I am! what have my foolish designs and whimsies brought me to? If ever 'tis heaven's blessed will that my bones be found, they'll be taken out of this dismal place bare, white, and smooth, and those of my poor Dapple with them, by which, perhaps, it will be known whose they are, at least by those who shall have taken notice that Sancho Pança never stirred from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Pança. Unhappy creatures that we are, I say again! had we dy'd at home among our friends, though

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we had mis'd of relief, we should not have wanted pity and some to close our eyes at the last gasp. Oh! my dear companion and friend, said he to his ass, how ill have I requited thy faithful services? forgive me, and pray to fortune the best thou canst to deliver us out of this plunge, and I here promise thee to set a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou may'st be taken for no less than a poet laureat, and thy allowance of provender shall be doubled. Thus Sancho bewail'd his misfortune, and his ass hearken'd to what he said, but answer'd not a word, so great was the grief and anguish which the poor creature endur'd at the same time.

At length, after a whole night's lamenting and complaining at a miserable rate, the day came on, and its light having confirm'd Sancho in his doubts of the impossibility of getting out of that place without help, he set up his throat again, and made a vigorous outcry, to try whether any body might not hear him. But alas! all his calling was in vain *, for all around there was no body within hearing, and then he gave himself over for dead and buried. He cast his eyes on Dapple, and seeing him extended on the ground, and sadly down in the mouth, he went to him, and try'd to get him on his legs, which with much ado, by means of his assistance, the poor beast did at last, being hardly able to stand. Then he took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet, that had

* In the original, 'All his cries were in the desert,' i. e. thrown away; alluding, perhaps, to the scripture character of John Baptist, that he was *Vox clamantis in deserto*, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, or desert.

run the same fortune with them, and giving it to the ass, who took it not at all amiss, and made no bones of it. Here, said Sancho, as if the beast had understood him, A fat sorrow is better than a lean. At length he perceiv'd on one side of the pit a great hole wide enough for a man to creep through stooping: he drew to it, and having crawl'd through on all-fours, found that it led into a vault that enlarg'd itself the further it extended, which he could easily perceive, the sun shining in towards the top of the concavity. Having made this discovery, he went back to his ass, and like one that knew what belong'd to digging, with a stone, began to remove the earth that was about the hole, and labour'd so effectually that he soon made a passage for his companion. Then taking him by the halter, he led him along fair and softly through the cave, to try if he could not find a way to get out on the other side. Sometimes he went in the dark, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. Heaven defend me, said he to himself, what a heart of a chicken have I! This now, which to me is a sad disaster, to my master, Don Quixote, would be a rare adventure. He would look upon these caves and dungeons as lovely gardens, and glorious palaces, and hope to be led out of these dark narrow cells into some fine meadow; while I, luckless, helpless, heartless wretch that I am, every step I take, expect to sink into some deeper pit than this, and go down I don't know whither. Welcome ill luck, when it comes alone. Thus he went on, lamenting and despairing, and thought he he had gone somewhat more

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than half a league, when, at last, he perceived a kind of confus'd light, like that of day-break in at some open place, but which, to poor Sancho, seem'd a prospect of a passage into another world.

But here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him a while, and returns to Don Quixote, who entertain'd and pleas'd himself with the hopes of a speedy combat between him and the dishonourer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, whose wrongs he design'd to see redress'd on the appointed day.

It happen'd one morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exercise against the time of battle, as he was practising with Rozinante, the horse, in the middle of his menage, pitch'd his feet near the brink of a deep cave; insomuch that if Don Quixote had not us'd the best of his skill, he must infallibly have tumbled into it. Having scap'd that danger, he was tempted to look into the cave without alighting, and wheeling about, rode up to it. Now while he was satisfying his curiosity, and seriously musing, he thought he heard a noise within, and thereupon list'ning, he could distinguish these words, which in a doleful tone arose out of the cavern; Ho! above there! is there no good Christian that hears me, no charitable knight or gentleman that will take pity of a sinner buried alive, a poor governor without a government. Don Quixote fancy'd he heard Sancho's voice, which did not a little surprize him; and for his better satisfaction, raising his voice as much as he could, Who's that below, cry'd he? Who's that complains? Who should it be, to his sorrow, cry'd Sancho, but the most wretched Sancho Pança, gover-

nor, for his sins and for his unlucky errantry, of the island of Baratania, formerly squire to the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha? These words redoubled Don Quixote's admiration, and increas'd his amazement; for he presently imagin'd that Sancho was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. Possess'd with that fancy, I conjure thee, said he, by all that can conjure thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art? and, if thou art a soul in pain, let me know what thou wouldst have me do for thee; for since my profession is to assist and succour all that are afflicted in this world, it shall also be so to relieve and help those who stand in need of it in the other, and who cannot help themselves. Surely, sir, answer'd he from below, you that speak to me should be my master Don Quixote: by the tone of your voice it can be no man else. My name is Don Quixote, reply'd the knight, and I think it my duty to assist not only the living, but the dead in their necessities. Tell me then who thou art, for thou fill'st me with astonishment? and if thou art my squire, Sancho Pança, and dead, if the devil have not got thee, and through heaven's mercy thou art in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholic church, has sufficient suffrages to redeem thee from the pains thou endur'st, and I myself will solicit her on thy behalf, as far as my estate will go; therefore proceed, and tell me quickly who thou art? Why then, reply'd the voice, by whatever you'll have me swear by, I make oath that I am Sancho Pança, your squire, and that I never was dead yet in my life. But only having left my government, for reasons and causes which I

han't leifure yet to tell you, laft night unluckily I fell into this cave, where I am ftill, and Dapple with me, that will not let me tell a lye; for, as a farther proof of what I fay, he is here. Now what's ftrange, immediately, as if the afs had underftood what his mafter faid, to back his evidence, he fell a braying fo obftreperoufly, that he made the whole cave ring again. A worthy witnefs, cry'd Don Quixote! I know his bray, as if I were the parent of him, and I know thy voice too, my Sancho. I find thou art my real fquire; ftay therefore till I go to the caftle, which is hard by, and fetch more company to help thee out of the pit into which thy fins, doubtlefs, have thrown thee. Make hafte, I befeech you, fir, quoth Sancho, and for heaven's fake come again as faft as you can, for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am e'en dying with fear.

Don Quixote went with all fpeed to the caftle, and gave the duke and duchefs an account of Sancho's accident, whilft they did not a little wonder at it, though they conceiv'd he might eafily enough fall in at the mouth of the cave, which had been there time out of mind. But they were mightily surpriz'd to hear he had abdicated his government before they had an account of his coming away.

In fhort, they fent ropes, and other conveniencies by their fervants to draw him out, and at laft with much trouble and labour, both he and his Dapple were reftored from that gloomy pit, to the full enjoyment of the light of the fun. At the fame time a certain fcholar

standing by, and seeing him hois'd up; Just so, said he, should all bad governors come out of their governments; just as this wretch is dragg'd out of this profound abyss, pale, half starv'd, famish'd, and, as I fancy, without a cross in his pocket. Hark you, goodman Slander, reply'd Sancho, 'tis now eight or ten days since I began to govern the island that was given me, and in all that time I never had my belly-full but once; physicians have persecuted me, enemies have trampled over me, and bruised my bones, and I have had neither leisure to take bribes, nor to receive my just dues. Now all this considered, in my opinion I did not deserve to come out in this fashion. But man appoints, and God disappoints. Heaven knows best what's best for us all. We must take time as it comes, and our lot as it falls. Let no man say, I'll drink no more of this water. Many count their chickens before they are hatch'd, and where they expect bacon meet with broken bones. Heaven knows my mind, and I say no more, though I might. Ne'er trouble thyself, Sancho, said Don Quixote, nor mind what some will say, for then thou wilt never have done. So thy conscience be clear, let the world talk at random, as it uses to do. One may as soon tie up the winds, as the tongues of slanderers. If a governor returns rich from his government, they say he has fleec'd and robb'd the people; if poor, then they call him idle fool, and ill husband. Nothing so sure, then, quoth Sancho, but this bout they'll call me a shallow fool, but for a fleecer or a robber, I scorn their words, I defy all the world.

Thus discoursing as they went, with a rabble of boys and idle people about them, they at last got to the castle, where the duke and duchess waited in the gallery for the knight and squire. As for Sancho, he would not go up to see the duke, till he had seen his ass in the stable, and provided for him; for he said, the poor beast had but sorry entertainment in his last night's lodging: this done, away he went to wait on his lord and lady, and throwing himself on his knees, My lord and lady, said he, I went to govern your island of Barataria, such being your will and pleasure, though 'twas your goodness more than my desert. Naked I entered into it, and naked I came away, I neither won nor lost. Whether I govern'd well or ill, there are those not far off can tell, and let them tell, if they please, that can tell better than I. I have resolv'd doubtful cases, determin'd law-suits, and all the while ready to die for hunger, such was the pleasure of Dr. Pedro Rezio of Tirte a fuera, that physician in ordinary to island governors. Enemies set upon us in the night, and after they had put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were deliver'd, and had the victory by the strength of my arm, and may heaven prosper them as they speak truth, say I. In short, in that time, I experienced all the cares and burthens this trade of governing brings along with it, and I found them too heavy for my shoulders. I was never cut out for a ruler, and I am too clumsy to meddle with edge-tools, and so before the government left me, I e'en resolv'd to leave the government; and, accordingly,

yesterday morning I quitted the island as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses, and the same roofs to them, as when I came to it. I have ask'd for nothing by way of loan, and made no hoard against a rainy day. I design'd, indeed, to have issu'd out several wholesome orders, but did not, for fear they should not be kept, in which case it signifies no more to make them than if one made them not. So, as I said before, I came away from the island without any company but my Dapple. I fell into a cave, and went a good way thro' it, till this morning by the light of the sun, I spy'd the way out, yet not so easy, but that had not heaven sent my master Don Quixote to help me, there I might have staid till doom's-day. And now, my lord duke, and my lady duchess, here's your governor Sancho Pança again, who by a ten days government has only pick'd up so much experience, as to know he would not give a straw to be governor not only of an island, but of the versal world. This being allow'd, kissing your honours hands, and doing like the boys when they play at truffle or faille, who cry, leap you, and then let me leap; so I leap from the government to my old master's service again. For after all, though with him I often eat my bread in bodily fear, yet still I fill my belly; and, for my part, so I have but that well stuff'd, no matter whether it be with carrots or with partridge.

Thus Sancho concluded his long speech, and Don Quixote, who all the while dreaded he would have said a thousand impertinencies, thank'd heaven in his heart, finding him end with so few. The duke embrac'd San-

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cho, and told him, he was very sorry he had quitted his government so soon, but that he would give him some other employment that should be less troublesome, and more profitable. The duchess was no less kind, giving order he should want for nothing, for he seem'd sadly bruise'd and out of order.

C H A P. LVI.

Of the extraordinary and unaccountable combat between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the lacquey Tosilos, in vindication of the matron Donna Rodriguez's daughter.

THE duke and duchess were not sorry that the interlude of Sancho's government had been play'd, especially when the steward, who came that very day, gave them a full and distinct account of every thing the governor had done and said, during his administration, using his very expressions, and repeating almost every word he had spoke, concluding with a description of the storming of the island, and Sancho's fear and abdication, which prov'd no unacceptable entertainment.

And now the history relates, that the day appointed for the combat was come, nor had the duke forgot to give his lacquey, Tosilos, all requisite instructions how to vanquish Don Quixote, and yet neither kill nor wound him; to which purpose he gave orders that the spears or steel-heads of their lances should be taken off, making Don Quixote sensible that Christianity, for which

he had so great a veneration, did not admit that such conflicts should so much endanger the lives of the combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free lifts in his territories, though it was against the decree of the holy council, which forbids such challenges; for which reason he desired him not to push the thing to the utmost rigour. Don Quixote reply'd, that his grace had the sole disposal of all things, and it was only his duty to obey.

And now the dreadful day being come, the duke caus'd a spacious scaffold to be erected for the judges of the field of battle, and for the matron and her daughter, the plaintiffs.

An infinite number of people flock'd from all the neighbouring towns and villages to behold this wonderful new kind of combat, the like to which had never been seen or so much as heard of in those parts, either by the living or the dead. The first that made his entrance at the barriers, was the marshal of the field, who came to survey the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor private holes, or contrivance to make one stumble or fall. After that enter'd the matron and her daughter, who seated themselves in their places, all in deep mourning, their veils close to their eyes, and over their breasts, with no small demonstration of sorrow. Presently at one end of the listed field appeared the peerless champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha: a while after, at the other, enter'd the grand lacquey Tosilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, and mounted on a mighty steed, that shook the

very earth. The visor of his helmet was down, and he was arm'd cap-a-pée in shining armour of proof. His courser was a flea-bitten horse, that seem'd of Friesland breed, and had a quantity of wool about each of his fetlocks. The valorous combatant came on, well tutor'd by the duke his master, how to behave himself towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, being warn'd to spare his life by all means, and therefore to avoid a shock in his first career, that might otherwise prove fatal, should he encounter him directly; Tosilos fetch'd a compass about the barrier, and at last made a stop right against the two women, casting a leering eye upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field call'd to Don Quixote, and in the presence of Tosilos, ask'd the mother and the daughter, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha, should vindicate their right, and whether they would stand or fall by the fortune of their champion? they said they did, and allow'd of whatever he should do in their behalf, as good and valid. The duke and duchess by this time were seated in a gallery that was over the barriers, which were surrounded by a vast throng of spectators, all waiting to see the vigorous and never-before seen conflict. The conditions of the combat were these, that if Don Quixote were the conqueror, his opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if the knight were overcome, then the victor should be discharg'd from his promise, and not bound to give her any other satisfaction. Then the marshal of the field placed each of them on the spot

whence they should start, dividing equally between them the advantage of the ground, that neither of them might have the sun in his eyes. And now the drums beat, and the clangor of the trumpets resounded through the air; the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the numerous spectators were in suspense, some fearing, others expecting the good or bad issue of the battle. Don Quixote recommending himself with all his soul to heaven, and his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise signal for the onset should be given—but our lacquey's mind was otherwise employ'd, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his female enemy, she appear'd to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his whole life; which being perceiv'd by the little blind archer, to whom the world gives the name of love, he took his advantage, and fond of improving his triumphs, though it were but over the soul of a lacquey*; he came up to him softly, and without being perceived by any one, he shot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's side so smartly, that his heart was pierc'd through and through: a thing which the mischievous boy could easily do; for love is invisible, and has free ingress or egress where he pleases, at a most unaccountable rate. You must know then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lacquey was in an extasy, transported with the thoughts of

* *Lacayuna*. A lacquean soul. A word made for the purpose.

the beauty of his lovely enemy, insomuch that he took no manner of notice of the trumpet's sound; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it, but clapping spurs to his horse, he began to make towards his enemy with Rozinante's best speed. At the same time his good squire Sancho Pança seeing him start, Heaven be thy guide, cry'd he aloud, thou cream and flower of chivalry-errant, heaven give thee the victory, since thou hast right on thy side. Tosilos saw Don Quixote coming towards him, yet instead of taking his career to encounter him; without leaving the place, he call'd as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, who thereupon rode up to him to see what he would have. Sir, said Tosilos, is not this duel to be fought, that I may marry yonder young lady, or let it alone? Yes, answer'd the marshal. Why then, said the lacquey, I feel a burden upon my conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, should I proceed any further in this combat; and therefore I yield myself vanquish'd, and desire I may marry the lady this moment. The marshal of the field was surpriz'd, and, as he was privy to the duke's contrivance of that business, the lacquey's unexpected submission, put him to such a nonplus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other side, Don Quixote stopt in the middle of his career, seeing his adversary did not put himself in a posture of defence. The duke could not imagine why the business of the field was at a stand, but the marshal having inform'd him, he was amaz'd and in a great passion. In the mean time, Tosilos approaching Donna

Rodriguez, Madam, cry'd he, I am willing to marry your daughter, there's no need of law-suits, nor of combats in the matter, I had rather make an end of it peaceably, and without the hazard of body and soul. Why then, said the valourous Don Quixote, hearing this, since it is so, I am discharg'd of my promise; let them e'en marry a God's name, and heaven blefs them, and give them joy. At the same time the duke coming down within the lists, and applying himself to Tosilos, Tell me, knight, said he, is it true, that you yield without fighting, and that at the instigation of your timorous conscience, you are resolv'd to marry this damsel? Yes, an't please your grace, answer'd Tosilos. Marry, and I think 'tis the wisest course, quoth Sancho; for what says the proverb, what the mouse would get, give the cat, and keep thyself out of trouble. In the mean while Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and call'd out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, as being so choak'd with his armour, that he was scarce able to breathe. With that they took off his helmet with all speed, and then the lacquey's face was plainly discover'd. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter perceiving it, presently, A cheat! a cheat! cry'd they: they have got Tosilos, my lord duke's lacquey, to counterfeit my lawful husband; justice of heaven and the king! this is a piece of malice and treachery not to be endur'd. Ladies, said Don Quixote, don't vex yourselves, there's neither malice nor treachery in the case, or if there be, the duke is not in the fault: no, those evil-minded necromancers that persecute me, are the

traitors, who envying the glory I should have got by this combat, have transform'd the face of my adversary, into this, which you see is the duke's lacquey. But take my advice, madam, added he to the daughter, and in spite of the baseness of my enemies, marry him, for I dare engage 'tis the very man you claim as your husband. The duke hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear losing all his indignation in laughter. Truly, said he, so many extraordinary accidents every day befall the great Don Quixote, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my lacquey, though he appears to be so. But for our better satisfaction, let us defer the marriage but a fortnight, and in the mean while keep in close custody this person that has put us into this confusion; perhaps by that time he may resume his former looks, for doubtless the malice of these mischievous magicians against the noble Don Quixote, cannot last so long, especially when they find all these tricks and transformations so little avail. Alack-a-day! sir, quoth Sancho, those plaguy imps of the devil are not so soon tir'd as you think for; where my master is concern'd, they us'd to form and deform, and chop and change this into that, and that into t'other. 'Tis but a while ago that they transmogrify'd the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome, into a special acquaintance of ours, the batchelor Samson Carrasco of our village; and as for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, our mistress, they have bewitch'd and be-devil'd her into the shape of a mere country-blouze; and so I verily think this saucy fellow here, is like to die a footman, and will live a

footman all the days of his life. Well, cry'd the daughter, let him be what he will, if he'll have me, I'll have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a lacquey's wife, than a gentleman's cast-off mistress; besides, he that deluded me is no gentleman neither. To be short, the sum of the matter was, that Tosilos should be confin'd to see what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaim'd victor by general consent; and the people went away, most of them very much out of humour, because the combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them sport; according to the custom of the young rabble, to be sorry, when, after they have staid, in hopes to see a man hang'd, he happens to be pardon'd, either by the party he has wrong'd, or the magistrate. The crowd being dispers'd, the duke and duchess return'd with Don Quixote into the castle; Tosilos was secur'd, and kept close: as for Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, they were very well pleas'd to see, one way or other, that the business would end in marriage; and Tosilos flatter'd himself with the like expectation.

C H A P. LVII.

How Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and what pass'd between him and the witty wanton Altisidora the duchess's damsel.

DON Quixote thought it now time to leave the idle life he led in the castle, believing it a mighty fault, thus to shut himself up, and indulge his sensual

appetite among the tempting varieties of dainties and delights, which the lord and lady of the place provided for his entertainment, as a knight-errant; and he thought he was to give a strict account to heaven for a course of life so opposite to his active profession. Accordingly one day he acquainted the duke and duchess with his sentiments, and begg'd their leave to depart. They both seem'd very unwilling to part with him, but yet at last, yielded to his intreaties. The duchess gave Sancho his wife's letters, which he could not bear read without weeping. Who would have thought, cry'd he, that all the mighty hopes with which my wife swell'd herself up at the news of my preferment, should come to this at last, and now I should be reduced again to trot after my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, in search of hunger and broken bones! however, I am glad to see my Teresa was like herself, in sending the duchess the acorns; which if she had not done, she had shew'd herself a dirty ungrateful sow, and I should have been confounded mad with her. My comfort is, that no man can say the present was a bribe; for I had my government before she sent it, and 'tis fit those who have a kindness done them, should shew themselves grateful, though it be with a small matter. In short, naked I came into the government, and naked I went out of it; and so I may say for my comfort with a safe conscience, naked I came into the world, and naked I am still; I neither won nor lost, that's no easy matter, as times go, let me tell you. These were Sancho's sentiments at his departure.

Don Quixote having taken his solemn leave of the duke and duchess over-night, left his apartment the next morning, and appear'd in his armour in the court-yard, the galleries all round about being fill'd at the same time with the people of the house; the duke and duchess being also got thither to see him: Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his cloak-bag, his wallet, and his provision, very brisk and chearful; for the steward that acted the part of Trifaldi, had given him a purse, with two hundred crowns in gold to defray expences, which was more than Don Quixote knew at that time. And now while every body look'd to see them set forward, on a sudden the arch and witty Altisidora started from the rest of the duchess's damsels and attendants that stood by among the rest, and in a doleful tone, address'd herself to him in the following doggrel rhimes.

THE MOCK FAREWELL.

I.

- ' STAY, cruel Don,
- ' Do not be gone,
- ' Nor give thy horse the rowels:
- ' For every jag
- ' Thou giv'st thy nag,
- ' Does prick me to the bowels.

- ' Thou dost not shun
- ' Some butter'd bun,

* Or drab without a rag on :

‘ Alas ! I am

‘ A very lamb,

* Yet love like any dragon.

‘ Thou didst deceive

‘ And now dost leave

* A las, as tight as any

‘ That ever stood,

‘ In hill or wood

* Near Venus and Diana.

‘ Since thou, false fiend,

‘ When nymph’s thy friend,

* Aeneas like dost bob her ;

‘ Go, rot, and die,

‘ Boil, roast, or fry,

* With Barrabas the robber.

II.

‘ Thou tak’st thy flight,

‘ Like ravenous kite,

* That holds within his pounces

‘ A tender bit,

‘ A poor Tom-tit,

* Then whist away he flounces.

‘ The heart of me,

‘ And night-coifs three,

‘ With garters twain you plunder,
‘ From legs of hue,
‘ White, black, and blue,
‘ So marbl’d o’er you’d wonder.

‘ Two thousand groans,
‘ And warm ahones,
‘ Are stuff’d within thy pillion:
‘ The least of which,
‘ Like flaming pitch,
‘ Might have burn’d down old Ilion.

‘ Since thou, false fiend,
‘ When nymph’s thy friend,
‘ Aeneas like dost bob her;
‘ Go, rot, and die,
‘ Boil, roast, or fry,
‘ With Barrabas the robber.

III.

‘ As four as crab,
‘ Against thy drab,
‘ May be thy Sancho’s gizzard:
‘ And he ne’er thrum
‘ His brawny bum,
‘ To free her from the wizard.

‘ May all thy flouts,
‘ And sullen doubts,

‘ Be scor’d upon thy dowdy ;
 ‘ And she ne’er freed,
 ‘ For thy misdeed,
 ‘ From rusty phiz, and cloudy.

‘ May fortune’s curse
 ‘ From bad to worse,
 ‘ Turn all thy best adventures ;
 ‘ Thy joys to dumps
 ‘ Thy brags to thumps,
 ‘ And thy best hopes to banters.

‘ Since thou, false fiend,
 ‘ When nymph’s thy friend,
 ‘ Acneas like dost bob her ;
 ‘ Go, rot, and die,
 ‘ Boil, roast, or fry,
 ‘ With Barrabas the robber.

IV.

‘ May’st thou incog
 ‘ Sneak like a dog,
 ‘ And o’er the mountains trudge it ;
 ‘ From Spain to Cales *,
 ‘ From Ulk to Wales,
 ‘ Without a cross in budget.

‘ If thou’rt so brisk
 ‘ To play at whisk,
 * Good Spanish geography.

- ' In hopes of winning riches ;
- ' For want of strump
- ' Stir ev'n thy rump,
- ' And lose thy very breeches.

- ' May thy corns ake,
- ' Then pen-knife take,
- ' And cut thee to the raw-bone :
- ' With tooth-ach mad,
- ' No ease be had,
- ' Tho' quacks pull out thy jaw-bone.

- ' Since thou false fiend,
- ' When nymph's thy friend,
- ' Aeneas like dost bob her ;
- ' Go, rot, and die,
- ' Boil, roast, or fry,
- ' With Barrabas the robber.

Thus Altifidora expressed her resentments, and Don Quixote, who look'd on her seriously all the while, would not answer a word ; but turning to Sancho, Dear Sancho, said he, by the memory of thy fore-fathers, I conjure thee to tell me one truth : say, hast thou any night-coifs or garters that belong to this love-sick dam-fel ? The three night-coifs I have, quoth Sancho ; but as for the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon. The duchess being wholly a stranger to this part of Altifidora's frolic, was amaz'd to see her proceed so far in it, though she knew her to be of an arch and

merry disposition. But the duke being pleased with the humour, resolv'd to carry it on. Thereupon addressing himself to Don Quixote, Truly, sir knight, said he, I do not take it kindly, that after such civil entertainment as you have had here in my castle, you should offer to carry away three night-coifs, if not a pair of garters besides, the proper goods and chattels of this damsel here present. This was not done like a gentleman, and does not make good the character you would maintain in the world; therefore restore her garters, or I challenge you to a mortal combat, without being afraid that your evil-minded inchanters should alter my face, as they did my footman's. Heaven forbid, said Don Quixote, that I should draw my sword against your most illustrious person, to whom I stand indebted for so many favours. No, my lord, as for the night-coifs I will cause them to be restor'd, for Sancho tells me he has them; but as for the garters, it is impossible, for neither he nor I ever had them; and if this damsel of yours will look carefully among her things, I dare say she'll find them. I never was a pilferer, my lord, and while heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be guilty of such baseness. But this damsel, as you may perceive, talks like one that is in love, and accuses me of that whereof I am innocent; so that not regarding her little revenge, I have no need to ask pardon either of her or your grace. I only beg you'll be pleased to entertain a better opinion of me, and once more permit me to depart. Farewel, noble Don Quixote, said the duchess; may providence so direct your course, that we may al-

ways be blest'd with the good news of your exploits; and so heaven be with you, for the longer you stay, the more you increase the flames in the hearts of the damsels that gaze on you. As for this young indiscreet creature, I'll take her to task so severely, she shall not misbehave herself so much as in a word or look for the future. One word more I beseech you, O valorous Don Quixote, cry'd Altifidora: I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for i'my conscience I have them on: but my thoughts ran a wool-gathering; and I did like the countryman, who look'd for his ass while he was mounted on his back. Marry come up, cry'd Sancho, whom did they take me for, trow? a concealer of stolen goods, no indeed; had I been given that way, I might have had opportunities enough in my government.

Then Don Quixote bow'd his head, and after he had made a low obeisance to the duke, the duchess, and all the company, he turn'd about with Rozinante; and Sancho following him on Dapple, they left the castle, and took the road for Saragossa.

C H A P. LVIII.

How adventures crowded so thick and threefold on Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels.

DON Quixote no sooner breath'd the air in the open field, free from Altifidora's amorous importunities, but he fancy'd himself in his own element;

he thought he felt the spirit of knight-errantry reviving in his breast; and turning to Sancho, Liberty, said he, friend Sancho, is one of the most valuable blessings that heaven has bestow'd on mankind. Not all the treasures conceal'd in the bowels of the earth, nor those in the bosom of the sea, can be compared with it. For liberty, a man may, nay ought to hazard even his life, as well as for honour, accounting captivity the greatest misery he can endure. I tell thee this, my Sancho, because thou wert a witness of the good cheer and plenty which we met with in the castle; yet in the midst of those delicious feasts, among those tempting dishes, and those liquors cool'd with snow, methought I suffer'd the extremity of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with that freedom as if they had been my own: for the obligations that lie upon us to make suitable returns for kindnesses receiv'd, are ties that will not let a generous mind be free. Happy the man, whom heaven has bless'd with bread, for which he is oblig'd to thank kind heaven alone! For all these fine words, quoth Sancho, 'tis not proper for us to be unthankful for two good hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which I have here, and cherish in my bosom as a relic against necessity, and a comforting cordial next my heart against all accidents; for we are not like always to meet with castles, where we shall be made much of. A peascods on't! we are more like to meet with damn'd inns, where we shall be rib-roasted.

As the wandering knight and squire went discoursing of this and other matters, they had not rode much more

than a league, 'ere they espy'd about a dozen men, who look'd like country-fellows sitting at their victuals, with their cloaks under them, on the green grass, in the middle of a meadow. Near them they saw several white cloths or sheets spread out and laid close to one another, that seem'd to cover something. Don Quixote rode up to the people, and after he had civilly saluted them, ask'd what they had got under that linen? Sir, answer'd one of the company, they are some carv'd images that are to be set up at an altar we are erecting in our town. We cover them, least they should be sullied, and carry them on our shoulders for fear they should be broken. If you please, said Don Quixote, I should be glad to see them; for considering the care you take of them, they should be pieces of value. Ay, marry are they, quoth another, or else we're damnably cheated; for there's ne'er an image among them that does not stand us in more than fifty ducats; and, that you may know I'm no liar, do but stay, and you shall see with your own eyes. With that, getting up on his legs, and leaving his victuals, he went and took off the cover from one of the figures, that happen'd to be St. George on horseback, and under his feet a serpent coil'd up, his throat transfix'd with a lance, with the fierceness that is commonly represented in this piece; and all, as they use to say, spick and span new, and shining like beaten gold. Don Quixote having seen the image, This, said he, was one of the best knights-errant the divine warfare or church militant ever had: his name was Don St. George, and he was an extraordinary protector of dam-

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sels. What's the next ? the fellow having uncover'd it, it prov'd to be St. Martin on horseback. This knight too, said Don Quixote at the first sight, was one of the Christian adventurers, and I am apt to think he was more liberal than valiant ; and thou may'st perceive it, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with a poor man ; he gave him half, and doubtless it was winter-time, or else he would have giv'n it him whole, he was so charitable. Not so neither, I fancy, quoth Sancho, but I guess he stuck to the proverb : To give and keep what's fit, requires a share of wit. Don Quixote smil'd, and desir'd the men to shew him the next image ; which appear'd to be that of the patron of Spain a horse-back, with his sword bloody, trampling down Moors, and treading over heads. Ay, this is a knight indeed, (cry'd Don Quixote, when he saw it) one of those that fought in the squadrons of the Saviour of the world : he is call'd Don Sant-Jago, Mata Moros, or Don St. James the Moor-killer, and may be reckoned one of the most valorous saints and professors of chivalry that the earth then enjoy'd, and heaven now possesses. Then they uncover'd another piece, which shew'd St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually express'd in the story of his conversion, and represented so to the life, that he look'd as if he had been answering the voice that spoke to him from heaven. This, said Don Quixote, was the greatest enemy the church militant had once, and prov'd afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have. In his life a true knight-errant, and in death a stedfast saint ; an indefatigable

labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, who had heav'n for his school, and Christ himself for his master and instructor. Then Don Quixote perceiving there was no more images, desir'd the men to cover those he had seen: and now, my good friends, said he to them, I cannot but esteem the sight that I have had of these images as a happy omen; for these saints and knights were of the same profession that I follow, which is that of arms: the difference only lies in this point, that they were saints, and fought according to the rules of holy discipline; and I am a sinner, and fight after the manner of men. They conquer'd heaven by force, for heaven is taken by violence; but I, alas, cannot yet tell what I gain by the force of my labours! Yet were my Dulcinea del Toboso but free from her troubles, by a happy change in my fortune, and an improvement in my understanding, I might perhaps take a better course than I do. Heaven grant it, quoth Sancho, and let the devil do his worst.

All this while the men wonder'd at Don Quixote's figure as well as his discourse; but could not understand one half of what he meant. So that after they had made an end of their dinner, they got up their images, took their leaves of Don Quixote, and continu'd their journey.

Sancho remain'd full of admiration. as if he had never known his master; he wonder'd how he should come to know all these things; and fancy'd there was not that history or adventure in the world, but he had it at his fingers ends. Faith and troth, master of mine,

quoth he, if what has happen'd to us to-day may be call'd an adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we ever met with in all our rambles; for we are come off without a dry-basting, or the least bodily fear. We have not so much as laid our hands upon our weapons, nor have we beaten the earth with our carcases; but here we be safe and sound, neither a dry nor a-hungry. Heaven be prais'd, that I have seen all this with my own eyes! Thou say'st well, Sancho, said Don Quixote, but I must tell thee, that seasons and times are not always the same, but often take a different course! and what the vulgar call forebodings and omens, for which there are no rational grounds in nature, ought only to be esteem'd happy encounters by the wise. One of these superstitious fools, going out of his house betimes in the morning, meets a friar of the blessed order of St. Francis, and starts, as if he had met a griffin, turns back, and runs home again. Another wife-acre happens to throw down the salt on the tablecloth, and thereupon is sadly cast down himself, as if nature were oblig'd to give tokens of ensuing disasters, by such slight and inconsiderable accidents as these. A wise and truly religious man ought never to pry into the secrets of heaven. Scipio, landing in Africa, stumbl'd and fell down as he leap'd ashore: presently his soldiers took this for an ill omen, but he, embracing the earth, cry'd, I have thee fast, Africa; thou shalt not 'scape me. In this manner, Sancho, I think it a very happy accident, that I met these images. I think so too, quoth Sancho; but I would fain know why the Spaniards call upon that same St. James the destroyer

of Moors, just when they are going to give battle, they cry, *Sant-Jago, and close Spain*. Pray is Spain open, that it wants to be clos'd up? What do you make of that ceremony? Thou art a very simple fellow, Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote. Thou must know that heaven gave to Spain this mighty champion of the red-cross for its patron and protector, especially in the desperate engagements which the Spaniards had with the Moors; and therefore they invoke him in all their martial encounters, as their protector; and many times he has been personally seen cutting and slaying, overthrowing, trampling and destroying the Hagarene * squadrons; of which I could give thee many examples deduc'd from authentic Spanish histories.

Here Sancho changing the discourse, Sir, quoth he, I can't but marvel at the impudence of Altifidora, the duchess's damsel. I warrant you, that same mischief-monger they call Love has plaguily maul'd her, and run her through without mercy. They say he's a little blind urchin, and yet the dark youth, with no more eye-sight than a beetle, will hit you a heart as sure as a gun, and bore it through and through with his dart, if he undertakes to shoot at it. However, I have heard say, that the shafts of love are blunted and beaten back by the modest and sober carriage of young maidens. But upon this Altifidora their edge seems rather to be whetted than made blunt. You must observe Sancho, said Don Quixote, that love is void of consideration, and disclaims the rules of reason in his proceedings. He is like

* Hagarene squadrons, i. e. Moorish, because they have a tradition, that the Moors are descended from Hagar.

death, and equally assaults the lofty palaces of kings, and the lowly cottages of shepherds. Wherever he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is to banish thence all bashfulness and shame. So these being banish'd from Altisidora's breast, she confidently discover'd her loose desires, which, alas! rather fill'd me with confusion than pity. If so, quoth Sancho, you are confoundedly cruel; how could you be so hard hearted and ungrateful? Had the poor thing but made love to me, I dare say, I should have come to at the first word, and have been at her service. Beshrew my midriff, what a heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaister you have! But I can't for the blood of me imagine, what the poor creature saw in your worship, to make her doat on you and play the fool at this rate! Where the devil was the sparkling appearance, the briskness, the fine carriage, the sweet face that bewitch'd her? Indeed and indeed, I often survey your worship from the tip of your toe to the topmost hair on your crown; and not to flatter you, I can see nothing in you, but what's more likely to scare one, than to make one fall in love. I've heard that beauty is the first and chief thing that begets love; now you not having any, an't like your worship, I can't guess what the poor soul was smitten with. Take notice, Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, that there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the soul and the other of the body. That of the soul lies and displays itself in the understanding, in principles of honour, and virtue, in a handsome behaviour, in generosity and good breeding; all which qualities may

be found in a person not so accomplish'd in outward features. And when this beauty, and not that of the body, is the object of love, then the assaults of that passion are much more fierce, more surprising and effectual. Now, Sancho, though I am sensible I am not handsome, I know at the same time I'm not deform'd; and provided an honest man be possessed of the endowments of the mind which I have mentioned, and nothing appears monstrous in him, it is enough to entitle him to the love of a reasonable creature.

Thus discoursing they got into a wood quite out of the road, and on a sudden Don Quixote, before he knew where he was, found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, that were spread across among the trees. Not being able to imagine what it was, Certainly, Sancho, cry'd he, this adventure of the nets must be one of the most unaccountable that can be imagined. Let me die now if this be not a stratagem of the evil-minded necromancers that haunt me, to entangle me so that I may not proceed, purely to revenge my contempt of Altisidora's addresses. But let them know, that tho' these nets were adamantine chains, as they are only made of green thread, and though they were stronger than those in which the jealous god of blacksmiths caught Venus and Mars, I would break them with as much ease as if they were weak rushes, or fine cotton-yarn. With that the knight put briskly forwards, resolved to break through, and make his words goods; but in the very moment there sprung from behind the trees two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they

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appeared to be so by their habits, only with this difference, that they were richly dressed in gold brocade. Their flowing hair hung down about their shoulders in curls, as charming as the sun's golden rays, and circled on their brows with garlands of green bays and red-flower-gentle interwoven. As for their age, it seemed not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years. This unexpected vision dazzled and amazed Sancho, surprized Don Quixote, made even the gazing sun stop short in his career, and held the surprized parties awhile in the same suspense and silence; till at last one of the shepherdesses opening her coral lips, Hold, sir, she cry'd; pray do not tear those nets which we have spread here, not to offend you, but to divert ourselves; and because it is likely you'll enquire, why they are spread here, and who we are, I shall tell you in few words.

About two leagues from this place lies a village, where there are many people of quality and good estates; among these, several have made up a company, all of friends, neighbours, and relations, to come and take their diversion in this place, which is one of the most delightful in these parts. To this purpose we design to set up a new Arcadia. The young men have put on the habit of shepherds, and ladies the dress of shepherdesses. We have got two eclogues by heart; one out of the famous Garcilasso, and the other out of Camoens, the most excellent Portuguese poet; though the truth is, we have not yet repeated them, for yesterday was but the first day of our coming hither. We have pitched some tents among the trees, near the

banks of a large brook that waters all these meadows, And last night we spread these nets, to catch such simple birds as our calls should allure into the snare. Now, sir, if you please to afford us your company, you shall be made very welcome, and handsomely entertained; for we are all disposed to pass the time agreeably, and for a while banish melancholy from this place. Truly, fair lady, answer'd Don Quixote, Actæon could not be more lost in admiration and amazement, at the sight of Diana bathing herself, than I have been at the appearance of your beauty. I applaud the design of your entertainment, and return you thanks for your obliging offers; assuring you, that if it lies in my power to serve you, you may depend on my obedience to your commands: for my profession is the very reverse of ingratitude, and aims at doing good to all persons, especially those of your merit and condition; so that were these nets spread over the surface of the whole earth, I would seek out a passage through new worlds, rather than I would break the smallest thread that conduces to your pastime: and that you may give some credit to this seeming exaggeration, know that he who makes this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if ever such a name has reached your ears. Oh, my dear, cry'd the other shepherdes, what good fortune this is! You see this gentleman before us: I must tell you, he is the most valiant, the most amorous, and the most complaisant person in the world, if the history of his exploits, already in print, does not deceive us. I have read it, my dear, and I hold a wager, that honest fel-

low there by him is one Sancho Pança, his squire, the most comical creature that ever was. You have nicked it, quoth Sancho, I am that comical creature, and that very squire you wot of, and there's my lord and master, the self-same hist'rify'd, and afore said Don Quixote de la Mancha. Oh pray, my dear, said the other, let us intreat him to stay; our father, and our brothers will be mighty glad of it; I have heard of his valour and his merit, as much as you now tell me; and what's more, they say he is the most constant and faithful lover in the world; and that his mistress, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain. It is not without justice, said Don Quixote; if your peerless charms do not dispute her that glory. But, ladies, I beseech ye do not endeavour to detain me; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not suffer me to rest in one place.

At the same time came the brother of one of the shepherdesses, clad like a shepherd, but in a dress as splendid and gay as those of the young ladies. They told him that the gentleman, whom he saw with them, was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that other, Sancho Pança, his squire, of whom he had read the history. The gallant shepherd having saluted him, begged of him so earnestly to grant them his company to their tents, that Don Quixote was forced to comply, and go with them.

About the same time the nets were drawn and filled with divers little birds, who, being deceived by the colour of the snare, fell into the danger they would have

avoided. Above thirty persons, all gaily dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, got together there, and being informed who Don Quixote and his squire were, they were not a little pleased, for they were already no strangers to his history. In short, they carried them to their tents, where they found a clean, sumptuous, and plentiful entertainment ready. They obliged the knight to take the place of honour, and while they sat at table, there was not one that did not gaze on him, and wonder at so strange a figure. At last, the cloth being removed, Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, lifting up his voice; Of all the sins that men commit, said he, none in my opinion, is so great as ingratitude, tho' some think pride a greater; and I ground my assertion on this, That hell is said to be full of the ungrateful. Ever since I have had the use of reason, I have employ'd my utmost endeavours to avoid this crime; and if I am not able to repay the benefits I receive in their kind, at least I am not wanting in real intentions of making suitable returns; and if that be not sufficient, I make my acknowledgments as public as I can; for he that proclaims the kindneses he has receiv'd, shews his disposition to repay them if he could; and those that receive are generally inferior to those that give. The supreme Being, that is infinitely above all things, bestows his blessings on us so much beyond the capacity of all other benefactors, that all the acknowledgments we can make can never hold proportion with his goodness. However, a thankful mind in some measure supplies its want of power with hearty desires, and unfeign'd ex-

pressions of a sense of gratitude and respect. I am in this condition as to the civilities I have been treated with here; for I am unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the kindnesses I have receiv'd. I shall therefore only offer ye what is within the narrow limits of my own abilities; which is to maintain, for two whole days together, in the middle of the road that leads to Saragosa, that these ladies here disguis'd in the habit of shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts, without offence to all that hear me be it spoken.

Here Sancho, who had with an uncommon attention all the while given ear to his master's compliment, thought fit to put in a word or two. Now in the name of wonder, quoth he, can there be any body in the world so impudent as to offer to swear, or but to say, this master of mine is a madman? Pray tell me, ye gentlemen shepherds, did you ever know any of your country parsons, though never so wise, or so good scholars, that cou'd deliver themselves so finely? Or is there any of your knights-errant, though never so fam'd for prowess, that can make such an offer as he here has done. Don Quixote turn'd towards Sancho, and beholding him with eyes full of fiery indignation: Can there be any body in the world, cry'd he, that can say thou art not an incorrigible blockhead, Sancho, a compound of folly and knavery, wherein malice also is no small ingredient? Who bids thee meddle with my concerns, fellow, or busy thyself with my folly or dis-

cretion? Hold your saucy tongue, scoundrel! Make no reply, but go and saddle Rozinante, if he is unsaddled, that I may immediately perform what I have offer'd; for in so noble and so just a cause, thou may'st reckon all those who shall presume to oppose me, subdued and overthrown. This said, up he started, in a dreadful fury, and with marks of anger in his looks, to the amazement of all the company, who were at a loss whether they should esteem him a madman, or a man of sense: they endeavoured to prevail with him to lay aside his challenges, telling him, they were sufficiently assur'd of his grateful nature, without exposing him to the danger of such demonstrations; and as for his valour, they were so well inform'd by the history of his numerous achievements, that there was no need of any new instance to convince them of it. But all these representations could not dissuade him from his purpose; and therefore having mounted Rozinante, brac'd his shield, and grasp'd his lance, he went and posted himself in the middle of the high-way, not far from the verdant meadow, follow'd by Sancho on his Dapple, and all the pastoral society, who were desirous to see the event of that arrogant and unaccountable resolution. And now the champion having taken his ground, made the neighbouring air ring with the following challenge. O ye, whoe'er you are, knights, squires, a foot or a horseback, that now pass, or shall pass this road within these two days, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, stays here, to assert and maintain, that the nymphs, who inhabit these groves and mea-

dows, surpass in beauty and courteous disposition, all those in the universe, setting aside the sovereign of my soul, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. And he that dares uphold the contrary, let him appear, for here I expect his coming. Twice he repeated these lofty words, and twice they were repeated in vain, not being heard by any adventurer. But his old friend, fortune, that had a strange hand at managing his concerns, and always mended upon it, shew'd him a jolly sight; for by and by he discover'd on the road a great number of people on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all trooping together very fast. The company that watch'd Don Quixote's motions, no sooner spy'd such a squadron, driving the dust before them, but they got out of harms way, not judging it safe to be so near danger: and as for Sancho, he shelter'd himself behind Rozinante's crupper; only Don Quixote stood fix'd with an undaunted courage. When the horsemen came near, one of the foremost bawling to the champion, So hey! cry'd he, get out of the way, and be hang'd. The devil's in the fellow! Stand off, or the bulls will tread thee to pieces. Go to, ye scoundrels, answer'd Don Quixote, none of your bulls are any thing to me, though the fiercest that ever were fed on the banks of Xarama *. Acknowledge, hang-dogs, all in a body, what I have proclaim'd here to be truth, or else stand combat with me. But the herdsman had not time to answer, neither had Don Quixote any to

* The bulls of Xarama are accounted the fiercest in Spain.

get out of the way, if he had been inclin'd to it; for the herd of wild bulls were presently upon him, as they pour'd along, with several tame cows*, and a huge company of drivers and people, that were going to a town where they were to be baited the next day. So bearing all down before them, knight and squire, horse and man, they trampled them under foot at an unmerciful rate. There lay Sancho maul'd, Don Quixote stunn'd, Dapple bruise'd, and Rozinante in very indifferent circumstances. But for all this, after the whole rout of men and beasts were gone by, up started Don Quixote, 'ere he was thoroughly come to himself; and staggering, and stumbling, falling, and getting up again, as fast as he could, he began to run after them: Stop scoundrels, stop, cry'd he aloud, stay, 'tis a single knight defies ye all, one who scorns the humour of making a golden bridge for a flying enemy. But the hasty travellers did not stop nor slacken their speed for all his loud defiance; and minded it no more than the last year's snow.

At last weariness stopp'd Don Quixote; so that with all his anger, and no prospect of revenge, he was forc'd to sit down in the road 'till Sancho came up to him with Rozinante and Dapple. Then the master and man made a shift to remount, and, asham'd of their bad success, hasten'd their journey, without taking leave of their friends of the New Arcadia.

* *Mansus Cabestros.* According to the Royal Dictionary, they are the old tame oxen with bells about their necks.

C H A P. LIX.

Of an extraordinary accident that happen'd to Don Quixote, which may well pass for an adventure.

A Clear fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among some verdant trees, serv'd to refresh them, besmear'd with dust, and tir'd as they were, after the rude encounter of the bulls. There by the brink, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, unbridl'd and unhalter'd, to their own liberty, the two forlorn adventurers sat down. Sancho wash'd his mouth, and Don Quixote his face. The 'squire then went to his old cupboard, the wallet; and having taken out of it what he us'd to call belly timber, laid it before the knight: but Don Quixote would eat nothing for pure vexation, and Sancho durst not begin for pure good manners, expecting that he would first shew him the way. However, finding him so wrapp'd in his imaginations, as to have no thoughts of lifting his hand up to his mouth, the squire, without letting one word come out of his, laid aside all kind of good breeding, and began to stuff his hungry maw with what bread and cheese he had before him: Eat, friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, repair the decays of nature, and sustain life, which thou hast more reason to cherish than I; leave me to die abandon'd to my sorrows, and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. And that thou may'st be convinc'd, I tell thee truth, do but reflect upon me, fa-

mous in histories, dignify'd with the honour of the press, renown'd for feats of arms, courteous in behaviour, respected by princes, belov'd and importun'd by damsels; yet after all this, when I at last flatter'd myself with hopes of laurels, triumphs, and crowns, the reward merited by my valorous atchievements, behold me trod under foot, traml'd like the high-way dirt, kick'd and bruis'd by the hoofs of vile and filthy beasts. The thought dulls the edge of my teeth, and my appetite; unhinges my jaws, benums my hands, and stupifies my senses; and fearing more to live than to die, I am resolv'd almost to starve myself; though to die with hunger be the most cruel of all deaths. So that belike, quoth Sancho (without losing any time in chewing) you will not make good the saying, 'Tis good to die with a full belly. For my part, I am not so simple yet as to kill myself. No, I am like the cobbler, that stretches his leather with his teeth: I am for lengthening my life by eating; and I'll stretch it with my grinders as far as heaven will let it run. Faith and troth, master, there's no greater folly in the world than for a man to despair, and throw the helve after the hatchet. Therefore take my advice, fall to, and eat as I do, and when you have done, lie down and take a nap; the fresh grass here will do as well as a feather-bed. I dare say, by that time you 'wake, you'll find yourself better in body and mind.

Don Quixote follow'd Sancho's counsel; for he was convinc'd the squire spoke good natural philosophy at that time. However, in the mean while a thought com-

ing into his mind, Ah ! Sancho, said he, if thou would'st but do something that I am now going to desire thee, my cares would sit more easy on me, and my comfort would be more certain. It is only this ; while, according to thy advice, I try to compose my thoughts with sleep, do thou but step aside a little, and exposing thy back parts bare in the open air, take the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and give thyself some three or four hundred smart lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd thou art to receive to disinchant Dulcinea ; for, in truth, it is a shame, and a very great pity that poor lady should remain enchanted all this while, through thy carelessness and neglect. There's a great deal to be said, as to that, quoth Sancho ; but that will keep cold, first let's go to sleep, and then come what will come : heaven knows what will be done. Do you think, sir, 'tis nothing for a man to flog himself in cold blood ? I'd have you to know, 'tis a cruel thing, especially when the lashes must light upon a body, so weak and horribly lin'd within as mine is. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience ; one of these days, when she least dreams on't, shall see my skin pink'd and jagg'd like a flashed doublet with lashes. There's nothing lost that comes at last ; while there's life there's hopes ; which is as good as to say, I live with an intent to make good my promise. Don Quixote gave him thanks, eat a little, and Sancho a great deal ; and then both betook themselves to their rest, leaving those constant friends and companions, Rozinante and Dapple, to their own dis-

cretion, to repose or feed at random on the pasture that abounded in that meadow.

The day was now far gone when the knight and the squire wak'd: they mounted, and held on their journey, making the best of their way to an inn, that seem'd to be about a league distant. I call it an inn, because Don Quixote himself call'd it so, contrary to his custom, it being a common thing with him to take inns for castles.

Being got thither, they ask'd the inn-keeper whether he had got any lodgings? Yes, answer'd he, and as good accommodation as you cou'd expect to find even in the city of Saragosa. They alighted, and Sancho put up his baggage in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key; and after he had seen Rozinante and Dapple well provided for in the stable, he went to wait on his master, whom he found sitting upon a seat made in the wall, the squire blessing himself more than once, that the knight had not taken the inn for a castle. Supper-time approaching, Don Quixote retir'd to his apartment, and Sancho staying with his host, ask'd him what he had to give them for supper? What you will, answer'd he, you may pick and choose, fish or flesh, butcher's meat or poultry, wild-fowl, and what not: whatever land, sea, and air afford for food, 'tis but ask and have, every thing is to be had in this inn. There's no need of all this, quoth Sancho, a couple of roasted chickens will do our business; for my master has a nice stomach, and eats but little; and as

for me, I am none of your unreasonable trencher-men. As for chickens, reply'd the inn-keeper, truly we have none, for the kites have devour'd them. Why then, quoth Sancho, roast us a good handsome pullet with eggs, so it be young and tender. A pullet, master! answer'd the host, faith and troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to sell; but setting aside pullets, you may have any thing else. Why then, quoth Sancho, e'en give us a good joint of veal or kid: Cry mercy, reply'd the inn-keeper, now I remember me, we have none left in the house, the last company that went clear'd me quite, but by next week we shall have enough and to spare. We are finely holp'd up, quoth Sancho! Now, will I hold a good wager, all these defects must be made up with a dish of eggs and bacon. Hey day! cry'd the host, my guest has a rare knack at guessing e'faith, I told him I had no hens nor pullets in the house, and yet he would have me to have eggs! Think on something else, I beseech you, and let's talk no more of that. Body of me, cry'd Sancho, let's come to something; tell me what thou hast, good master landlord, and don't put me to trouble my brains any longer. Why then, d'ye see, quoth the host, to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate pair of cow-heels that look like calves feet, or a pair of calves feet that look like cow-heels, dress'd with onions, pease and bacon; a dish for a prince, they are just ready to be taken off, and by this time they cry, come eat me, come eat me. Cow-heels! cry'd Sancho, I set my mark upon them: let no body touch them. I'll give more for them than any other

shall. There's nothing I love better. Nobody else shall have them, answer'd the host; you need not fear, for all the guests I have in the house besides yourselves, are persons of quality, that carry their steward, their cook, and their provisions along with them. As for quality, quoth Sancho, my master's a person of as good quality as the proudest he of them all, an' you go to that; but his profession allows of no larders nor butteries. We commonly clap us down in the midst of a field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars. This was the discourse that pass'd betwixt Sancho and the inn-keeper; for as to the host's interrogatories, concerning his master's profession, Sancho was not then at leisure to make him any answer.

In short, supper-time came, Don Quixote went to his room, the host brought the dish of cow-heels, such as it was, and sat him down fairly to supper.—But at the same time, in the next room, which was divided from that where they were by a slender partition, the knight overheard somebody talking. Dear Don Jeronimo, said the unseen person, I beseech you, 'till supper's brought in, let us read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote. The champion no sooner heard himself nam'd, but up he started, and listen'd with attentive ears to what was said of him, and then he heard that Don Jeronimo answer, why would you have us read nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks any one that has read the first part of Don Quixote, should take but little delight in reading the second. That may be reply'd Don John; however, it may not be amiss to

read it; for there is no book so bad, as not to have something that's good in it. What displeases me most in this part, is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso. Upon these words, Don Quixote, burning with anger and indignation, cry'd out: Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgot, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulness. *Constancy* is his motto; and to preserve his fidelity with pleasure, and without the least constraint, is his profession. Who's that answers us? cries one of those in the next room. Who should it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha his ownself, the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my word for't: for a good pay-master ne'er grudges to give security.

Sancho had no sooner made that answer, but in came the two gentlemen (for they appear'd to be no less) and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, Your presence, sir knight, said he, does not belye your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to raise a respect for your presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north-star, and luminary of chivalry-errant, in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your name, and annihilate your achievements, as the * author of this book, which I here

* An Arragonian publish'd a book, which he called the second part of Don Quixote, before our author had printed this.

deliver into your hand, has presumed to do. With that he took the book from his friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The knight took it, and without saying a word, began to turn over the leaves; and then returning it a while after: In the little I have seen, said he, I have found three things in this author that deserve reprehension. First, I find fault with some words in his preface. In the second place, his language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without articles: and the third thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his ignorance, is, he's out of the way in one of the principal parts of the history: for there he says, that the wife of my squire Sancho Pança, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not true; for her name is Teresa Pança; and he that errs in so considerable a passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross errors through the whole history. A pretty impudent fellow, is this same history-writer, cry'd Sancho! sure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Teresa Pança, Mary Gutierrez! Pray take the book again, an't like your worship, and see whether he says any thing of me, and whether he has not changed my name too. Sure by what you have said honest man, said Don Jeronimo, you should be Sancho Pança, squire to Signor Don Quixote? So I am, quoth Sancho, and I am proud of the office. Well, said the gentleman, to tell you the truth, the last author does not treat you so civilly as

See the preface of this second part, and the account of the life of Cervantes; who brings this in by way of invective against that Arragonian.

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you seem to deserve. He represents you as a glutton, and a fool, without the least grain of wit or humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first part of your master's history. Heaven forgive him, quoth Sancho; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every man's nose won't make a shoeing-horn. Let's leave the world as it is. St. Peter is very well at Rome. Presently the two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always very complaisant, could not deny their request, and went with them. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, *cum onero mixto imperio**: he placed himself at the upper end of the table, with the inn-keeper for his mess-mate; for he was no less a lover of cow-heels than the squire.

While Don Quixote was at supper with the gentlemen, Don John ask'd him, when he heard of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso? whether she were married? whether she had any children, or were with child or no? or whether, continuing still in her maiden state, and preserving her honour and reputation unstained, she had a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote? Dulcinea is still a virgin, answered Don Quixote, and my amorous thoughts more fixed than

* That is, with a deputed or subordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the Civilians, is that residing in the sovereign: *Merum mixtum imperium*, is that delegated to vassals or magistrates in causes civil or criminal.

ever; our correspondence after the old rate, not frequent, but her beauty transformed into the homely appearance of a female rustic. And with that, he told the gentlemen the whole story of her being enchanted, what had befallen him in the cave of Montefinos, and the means that the sage Merlin had prescribed to free her from enchantment, which was Sancho's penance of three thousand three hundred lashes. The gentlemen were extremely pleased to hear from Don Quixote's own mouth the strange passages of his history, equally wondering at the nature of his extravagancies, and his elegant manner of relating them. One minute they looked upon him to be in his senses, and the next, they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between madness and sound judgment.

By this time Sancho having eat his supper, and left his landlord, mov'd to the room where his master was with the two strangers, and as he bolted in, Hang me, quoth he, gentlemen, if he that made the book your worships have got, could have a mind that he and I should ever take a loving cup together: I wish, as he calls me greedy-gut, he does not set me out for a drunkard too. Nay, said Don Jeronimo, he does not use you better as to that point; though I cannot well remember his expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceived by the physiognomy of sober Sancho here present. Take my word for't, gentlemen, quoth the squire, the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your book, I don't know who they be, but they

are not the same men as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli's history, for we two are they, just such as Benengeli makes us; my master valiant, discreet, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited fellow, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard. I believe you, said Don John, and I could wish, were such a thing possible, that all other writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first author; as Alexander forbid all other painters to draw his picture, except Apelles. Let any one draw mine, if he pleases, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse the original; for when patience is loaded with injuries, many times it sinks under its burden. No injury, reply'd Don John, can be offer'd to Signor Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is very great and powerful.

In such discourse they spent a good part of the night; and though Don John endeavour'd to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the book, to see how the author had handled his subject, he could by no means prevail with him, the knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the scribler's vanity so far as to let him think he had read it, should it ever come to his ears that the book had fallen into his hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our thoughts, and much more our eyes, with vile and obscene matters.

They asked him, which way he was travelling? he told them he was going for Saragosa, to make one at the tournaments held in that city once a year, for the prize of armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended second part of his history gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragosa at a public running at the ring, the description of which was wretched and defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the stile and expression, and miserably poor in devices, all made up of foolish idle stuff. For that reason, said Don Quixote, I will not set a foot in Saragosa, and so the world shall see what a notorious lie this new historian is guilty of, and all mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You do very well, said Don Jeronimo, besides, there is another tournament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don Quixote: and so gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good night, and permit me to go to bed, for it is time; and pray place me in the number of your best friends, and most faithful servants. And me too, quoth Sancho; for mayhap you may find me good for something.

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers in admiration, to think what a medley the knight had made of good sense and extravagance: but fully satisfy'd however, that these two persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the public by the Arragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and

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knocking at a thin wall that parted his chamber from that of the gentlemen, he took his leave of them. Sancho pay'd the host nobly, but advis'd^d him either to keep better provision in his inn, or to commend it less.

C H A P. LX.

What happen'd to Don Quixote going to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and seem'd to promise a temperate day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having first inform'd himself, which was the readiest way to Barcelona; for he was resolv'd he would not so much as see Saragosa, that he might prove that new author a liar, who (as he was told) had so misrepresented him in the pretended second part of his history. For the space of six days he travelled without meeting any adventure worthy of memory; but the seventh, having lost his way, and being overtaken by the night, he was obliged to stop in a thicket, either of oak or cork-trees, for in this Cid Hamet does not observe the same punctuality he has kept in other matters. There both master and man dismounted, and laying themselves down at the foot of the trees; Sancho, who had handsomely fill'd his belly that day, easily resign'd himself into the arms of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not so much as close his eyes; his working thoughts being hurried to a thousand several places. This time he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; fancied he saw

his Dulcinea perverted as she was into a country hoyden jump at a single leap upon her ass-colt. The next moment he thought he heard the sage Merlin's voice, heard him in awful words relate the means required to effect her disinchantment. Presently a fit of despair seiz'd him: he was stark mad to think on Sancho's remissness and want of charity; the squire having not given himself above five lashes, a small and inconsiderable number in proportion to the quantity of the penance still behind. This reflection so nettled him, and so aggravated his vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on some some extraordinary methods. If Alexander the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian knot, said, it is the same thing to cut, or to undo, and so slashed it asunder, and yet became the sovereign of the world; why may not I free Dulcinea from enchantment, by whipping Sancho myself, whether he will or no? for if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving three thousand and odd lashes, what does it signify to me, whether he gives himself those blows, or another gives them him, since the stress lies upon his receiving them, by what means soever they are given? Full of that conceit he came up to Sancho having first taken the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and fitted them to his purpose of lashing him with them. He then began to untruss Sancho's points, and it is a receiv'd opinion, he had but one that was us'd before and held up his breeches; but he no sooner fell to work, but Sancho started out of his sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an instant. What's here, cry'd he? who's that sum-

bles about me, and untrusses my points? 'Tis I, answered Don Quixote, I am come to repair thy negligence, and to seek the remedy of my torments. I come whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge, in part at least, that debt for which thou stand'st engaged. Dulcinea perishes, while thou livest careless of her fate, and I die with desire. Untruss therefore freely and willingly: for I am resolv'd, while we are here alone in this recess, to give thee at least two thousand stripes.

Hold you there, quoth Sancho. Pray be quiet, will you. Body of me, let me alone, or I protest deaf men shall hear us. The jirks I am bound to give myself, are to be voluntary, and not forced; and at this time I have no mind to be whipped at all: let it suffice, that I promise you to firk and scourge myself, when the humour takes me. No, said Don Quixote, there's no standing to thy courtesy, Sancho; for thou art hard-hearted; and, though a clown, yet thou art tender of thy flesh; and so saying, he strove with all his force to untie the squire's points. Which, when Sancho perceived, he started up on his legs, and setting upon his master, closed with him, and tripped up his heels, threw him fairly upon his back; and then set his knee upon his breast, and held his hands fast, so that he could hardly stir, or fetch his breath. Don Quixote, overpowered thus, cried, How now, traitor! what, rebel against thy master, against thy natural lord, against him that gives thee bread! * I neither mar king, nor

* Henry the bastard, afterwards king of Castile, being about to murder Pedro the lawful king; as they struggled, he fell un-

make king, quoth Sancho, I do but defend myself, that is naturally my own lord. If your worship will promise to let me alone, and give over the thoughts of whipping me at this time, I'll let you rise, and will leave you at liberty; if not, here thou diest, traitor to Donna Sancho. Don Quixote gave his parole of honour, and swore by the life of his best thoughts, not to touch so much as an hair of Sancho's ‡ coat, but entirely leave it to his discretion to whip himself when he thought fit. With that, Sancho got up from him, and remov'd his quarters to another place at a good distance, but as he went to lean against a tree, he perceived something bobbing at his head, and lifting up his hands, found it to be a man's feet, with shoes and stockings on: quaking for fear, he mov'd off to another tree, where the like impending horror dangl'd over his head. Straight he call'd out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote came, and enquiring into the occasion of his fright, Sancho answer'd, that all those trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote began to search and grope about, and falling presently into the account of the business; Fear nothing, Sancho, said he, there's no danger him, when Bertran Claquin, a Frenchman that served Henry, coming to his assistance, turned him a-top of Pedro, speaking at the same time those words that Sancho repeats.

‡ *Ropa* in the original, which signifies all that belongs to a man's cloathing. Stevens translates it 'Hair of his head.' The French translator has it right, 'Poil de la robe.' How Jervas has it, I know not; but I make no doubt of its being right, as having been supervis'd by the learned and polite Dr. O—d and Mr. P——.

ger at all : for what thou feel'st in the dark are certainly the feet and legs of some banditti and robbers, that have been hang'd upon those trees ; for here the officers of justice hang them up by twenties and thirties in clusters, by which I suppose we cannot be far from Barcelona ; and indeed he guess'd right.

And now day breaking, they lifted up their eyes and saw the bodies of the highway-men hanging on the trees : but if the dead surpriz'd them, how much more were they disturb'd at the appearance of above forty live banditti, who pour'd upon them, and surround-ed them on a sudden, charging them in the Catalan tongue, to stand till their captain came.

Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridl'd, his lance against a tree at some distance, and, in short, void of all defence ; and therefore he was forc'd to put his arms across, hold down his head, and shrug up his shoulders, reserving himself for a better opportunity. The robbers presently fell to work, and began to rifle Dapple, leaving on his back nothing of what he carry'd, either in the wallet, or the cloak-bag ; and it was very well for Sancho, that the duke's pieces of gold, and those he brought from home, were hid in a girdle about his waist ; though for all that, those honest gentlemen would certainly have taken the pains to have search'd and survey'd him all over, and would have had the gold, though they had stripp'd him of his skin to come at it ; but by good fortune their captain came in the interim. He seem'd about four and thirty years of age, his body robust, his stature tall, his vis-

age austere, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted on a strong horse, wore a coat of mail, and no less than two pistols on each side. Perceiving that his squires (for so they call men of that profession in those parts) were going to strip Sancho, he order'd them to forbear, and was instantly obey'd, by which means the girdle escap'd. He wonder'd to see a lance rear'd up against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the saddest, most melancholy countenance that despair itself could frame. Coming up to him, Be not so sad, honest man, said he; you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Buisiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, a man rather compassionate than severe. I am not sad, answer'd Don Quixote, for having fallen into thy power, valorous Roque, whose boundless fame spreads through the universe, but for having been so remiss as to be surpriz'd by thy soldiers with my horse unbridl'd; whereas, according to the order of chivalry-errant, which I profess, I am oblig'd to live always upon my guard, and at all hours be my own centinel; for let me tell thee, great Roque, had they met me mounted on my steed, arm'd with my shield and lance, they would have found it no easy task to make me yield; for, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same whose exploits are celebrated through all the habitable globe.

Roque Guinart found out immediately Don Quixote's blind side, and judg'd there was more madness than valour in the case: now, though he had several times heard him mention'd in discourse, he could ne-

ver believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in any man; for which reason he was very glad to have met him, that experience might convince him of the truth. Therefore addressing himself to him, Valorous knight, said he, vex not yourself, nor tax fortune with unkindness, for it may happen, that what you look upon now as a sad accident, may redound to your advantage: for heaven by strange and unaccountable ways, beyond the reach of human imagination, uses to raise up those that are fallen, and fill the poor with riches. Don Quixote was going to return him thanks, when from behind them they heard a noise like the trampling of several horses, though it was occasion'd but by one, on which came full speed a person that look'd like a gentleman about twenty years of age. He was clad in green damask edg'd with gold galloon suitable to his waistcoat, a hat turn'd up behind, strait wax-leather boots, his spurs, sword and dagger gilt, a light bird-piece in his hand, and a case of pistols before him. Roque having turn'd his head at the noise, discover'd the handsome apparition, which approaching nearer, spoke to him in this manner.

You are the gentleman I look'd for, valiant Roque; for with you I may perhaps find some comfort, though not a remedy, in my affliction. In short, not to hold you in suspense (for I am sensible you don't know me) I'll tell you who I am. My name is Claudia Jeronima; I am the daughter of your particular friend Simon Forte, sworn foe to Clauquel Torrelas, who is also your ene-

my, being one of your adverse faction. You already know, this Torrelas had a son whom they call Don Vincente Torrelas, at least he was call'd so within these two hours. That son of his, to be short in my sad story, I'll tell you in four words what sorrow he has brought me to. He saw me, courted me, was heard, and was belov'd. Our amour was carry'd on with so much secrecy, that my father knew nothing of it; for there is no woman, though ever so retir'd and closely look'd to, but can find time enough to compass and fulfill her unruly desires. In short, he made me a promise of marriage, and I the like to him, but without proceeding any further. Now yesterday I understood, that, forgetting his engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that they were to be marry'd this morning; a piece of news that quite distracted me, and made me lose all patience. Therefore, my father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself as you see, and by the speed of this horse overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, where, without urging my wrongs, or staying to hear his excuses, I fir'd at him, not only with this piece, but with both my pistols, and, as I believe, shot him through the body, thus with his heart's blood washing away the stains of my honour. This done, there I left him to his servants, who neither dar'd nor could prevent the sudden execution; and came to seek your protection, that by your means I may be conducted into France, where I have relations to entertain me; and withal to beg of you to defend my father from Don Vincente's party,

who might otherwise revenge his death upon our family.

Roque admiring at once the resolution, agreeable deportment, and handsome figure of the beautiful Claudia; Come, madam, said he, let us first be assur'd of your enemy's death, and then consider what is to be done for you: Hold, cry'd Don Quixote, who had hearken'd with great attention to all this discourse, none of you need trouble yourselves with this affair, the defence of the lady is my province. Give me my horse and arms, and stay for me here, I will go and find out this knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his obligations to so great a beauty. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you may take his word for't, my master has a rare stroke at making matches; 'tis but t'other day he made a young rogue yield to marry a maid whom he would have left in the lurch, after he was promis'd to her; and had it not been for the incanters, that plague his worship, who transmogrify'd the bridegroom into a footman, and broke off the match, the said maid had been none by this time.

Roque was so much taken up with the thoughts of Claudia's adventure, that he little minded either master or man; but ordering his squires to restore what they had taken from Dapple to Sancho, and to retire to the place where they had quarter'd the night before, he went off upon the spur with Claudia, to find the expiring Don Vincente. They got to the place where Claudia met him, and found nothing but the marks of blood newly spilt; but looking round about them, they dis-

cover'd a company of people at a distance on the side of a hill, and presently judg'd them to be Don Vincente carry'd by his servants either to his cure or burial. They hasten'd to overtake them, which they soon effected, the others going but slowly; and they found the young gentleman in the arms of his servants, desiring them with a spent and fainting voice to let him die in that place, his wounds paining him so that he could not bear going any further. Claudia and Roque dismounting, hastily came up to him. The servants were startl'd at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubl'd at the sight of Don Vincente, and, divided between anger and compassion, had you given me this, and made good your promise, said she to him, laying hold of his hand, you had never brought this misfortune upon yourself. The wounded gentleman lifting up his languishing eyes, and knowing Claudia, Now do I see, said he, my fair deluded mistress, it is you that have given me the fatal blow, a punishment never deserv'd by the innocent unfortunate Vincente, whose actions and desires had no other end but that of serving his Claudia. What, sir, answer'd she presently, can you deny that you went this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of wealthy Belvastro? It is all a false report, answer'd he, rais'd by my evil stars to spur up your jealousy to take my life, which since I leave in your fair hands, I reckon well dispos'd of; and to confirm this truth, give me your hand; and receive mine, the last pledge of love and life, and take me for your husband; it is the only satisfaction I have to give for the imaginary wrong you

suspect I have committed. Claudia press'd his hand, and being pierc'd at once to the very heart, dropp'd on his bloody breast into a swoon, and Don Vincente fainted away into a deadly trance.

Roque's concern struck him senseless, and the servants ran for water to throw in the faces of the unhappy couple; by which at last Claudia came to herself again, but Don Vincente never wak'd from his trance, but breath'd out the last remainder of his life. When Claudia perceiv'd this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear husband was irrecoverably dead, she burst the air with her sighs, and wounded the heavens with her complaints. She tore her hair, scatter'd it in the wind, and with her merciless hands disfigur'd her face, shewing all the lively marks of grief that the first sallies of despair can discover. O cruel and inconsiderate woman, cry'd she, how easily wast thou set on this barbarous execution! Oh, madding sting of jealousy, how desperate are thy motions, and how tragic the effects! Oh my unfortunate husband, whose sincere love and fidelity to me have thus for his nuptial bed brought him to the cold grave! Thus the poor lady went on in so sad and moving a strain, that even Roque's rugged temper now melted into tears, which on all occasions had still been strangers to his eyes. The servants wept and lamented, Claudia relaps'd into her swooning as fast as they found means to bring her to life again; and the whole appearance was a most moving scene of sorrow. At last Roque Guinart bid Don Vincente's servants carry his body to his father's house, which was not far

distant, in order to have it buried. Claudia communicated to Roque her resolution of retiring into a monastery, where an aunt of her's was abbess, there to spend the rest of her life, wedded to a better and an immortal bridegroom. He commended her pious resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleas'd, and to protect her father and family from all assaults and practices of their most dangerous enemies. Claudia made a modest excuse for declining his company, and took leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carry'd off the dead body, and Roque return'd to his men. Thus ended Claudia Jeronima's amour, brought to so lamentable a catastrophe by the prevailing force of a cruel and desperate jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his crew where he had appointed, and Don Quixote in the middle of them, mounted on Rozinante, and declaiming very copiously against their way of living, at once dangerous to their bodies, and destructive to their souls; but his auditory being chiefly compos'd of Gascoigners, a wild unruly kind of people, all his morality was thrown away upon them. Roque upon his arrival ask'd Sancho if they had restor'd him all his things; Every thing, sir, answer'd Sancho, but three night-caps, that are worth a king's ransom. What says the fellow, cry'd one of the robbers? here they be, and they are not worth three sices. As to the intrinsic value, reply'd Don Quixote, they may be worth no more, but it is the merit of the person that gave them me that raises their value to that price.

Roque order'd them to be restor'd immediately ; and commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caus'd all the clothes, jewels, money, and all the other booty they had got since the last distribution, to be brought before him ; then readily apprising every particular, and reducing into money what could not be divided, he cast up the account of the whole, and then made a just dividend into parts, paying to every man his exact and due proportion with so much prudence and equity, that he fail'd not in the least point of distributive justice. The booty thus shar'd to the general satisfaction, If it were not for this punctual management (said Roque, turning to Don Quixote) there would be no living among us. Well, quoth Sancho, justice must needs be a good thing, and the old proverb still holds good, Thieves are never rogues among themselves. One of the banditti over-hearing him, cock'd his gun, and would certainly have shot him through the head, had not the captain commanded him to hold. Poor Sancho was struck as mute as a fish, and resolv'd not to open his lips once more, till he got into better company.

By this time, came one or two of their scouts that lay perdu on the road, and inform'd their captain, that they had discover'd a great company of travellers on the way to Barcelona. Are they such as we look for, ask'd Roque, or such as look for us ? Such as we look for, sir, answer'd the fellow ; Away then, cry'd Roque, all of ye, my boys, and bring them me hither straight, let none escape. The squires presently obey'd the word of command, and left Don Quixote, Roque, and San-

cho to wait their return. In the mean time Roque entertain'd the knight with some remarks on his way of living. I should not wonder, said he, Signor Don Quixote, that our life should appear to you a restless complication of hazards and disquiets; for it is no more than what daily experience has made me sensible of. You must know, that this barbarity and austere behaviour which I affect to shew is a pure force upon my nature, being urged to this extremity by the resentment of some severe injuries, which I could not put up without a satisfactory revenge, and now I am in, I must go through; one sin draws on another, in spite of my better designs; and I am now involv'd in such a chain of wrongs, factions, abettors, and engagements, that no less than the divine power of Providence can free me from this maze of confusion: nevertheless, I despair not still of a successful end of my misfortunes.

Don Quixote being surpriz'd to hear such sound sense and sober reflection come from one, whose disorderly profession was so opposite to discretion and politeness; Signor Roque, said he, it is a great step to health for a man to understand his distemper, and the compliance of the patient to the rules of physick is reckon'd half the cure. You appear sensible of the malady, and therefore may reasonably expect a remedy, though your disease being fix'd by a long inveteracy, must subject you (I'm afraid) to a tedious course. The Almighty Physician will apply effectual medicines: therefore be of good heart, and do your part towards the recovery of your sick conscience. If you have a

mind to take the shortest road to happiness, immediately abandon the fatal profession you now follow, and come under my tuition, to be instructed in the rules of knight-errantry, which will soon expiate your offences, and intitle you to honour, and true felicity. Roque smil'd to hear Don Quixote's serious advice, and changing the discourse, gave him an account of Claudia Jeronima's tragical adventure, which griev'd Sancho to the heart; for the beauty, life, and spirit of the young damsel, had not a little wrought upon his affections.

By this time Roque's party had brought in their prize, consisting of two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by some half a dozen servants a-foot and a-horseback, besides two muleteers that belong'd to the two gentlemen. They were all conducted in solemn order, surrounded by the victors, both they and the vanquish'd being silent, and expecting the definitive sentence of the grand Roque. He first ask'd the gentlemen who they were? Whither bound? And what money they had about them? They answer'd, that they were both captains of Spanish foot, and their companies were at Naples; and they design'd to embark on the four gallies, which they heard were bound for Sicily, and their whole stock amounted to two or three hundred crowns, which they thought a pretty sum of money for men of their profession, who seldom use to hoard up riches. The pilgrims being examin'd in like manner, said, they intended to embark for Rome, and had about some threescore reals between them both. Upon examining the coach, he

was informed by one of the servants, that my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinonnes, wife to a judge of Naples, with her little daughter, a chamber-maid, and an old duena, together with six other servants, had among them all about six hundred crowns. So then, said Roque, we have got here in all nine hundred crowns and sixty reals; I think I have got about threescore soldiers here with me. Now among so many men how much will fall to each particular share? Let me see, for I am none of the best accomptants. Cast it up, gentlemen. The highwaymen hearing this, cry'd, Long live Roque Guinart, and damn the dogs that seek his ruin. The officers look'd simply, the lady was sadly dejected, and the pilgrims were no less cast down, thinking this a very odd confiscation of their little stock. Roque held them a while in suspense to observe their humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that point, of being melancholy for the loss of their money: then turning to the officers, Do me the favour, captains, said he, to lend me threescore crowns; and you, madam, if your ladyship pleases, shall oblige me with fourscore, to gratify these honest gentlemen of my squadron; it is our whole estate and fortune; and you know, the abbot dines, of what he sings for. Therefore I hope you will excuse our demands, which will free you from any more disturbance of this nature, being secur'd by a pass, which I shall give you, directed to the rest of my squadrons that are posted in these parts, and who, by virtue of my order, will let you go unmolested; for I scorn to wrong a soldier, and I must

not fail in my respects, madam, to the fair sex, especially to ladies of your quality.

The captains with all the grace they could, thank'd him for his great civility and liberality, for so they esteem'd his letting them keep their own money. The lady would have thrown herself out of the coach at his feet, but Roque would not suffer it, rather excusing the presumption of his demands, which he was forc'd to, in pure compliance with the necessity of his fortune. The lady then order'd one of her servants to pay immediately the fourscore crowns. The officers disburs'd their quota, and the pilgrims made an oblation of their mite; but Roque ordering them to wait a little, and turning to his men, Gentlemen, said he, here are two crowns a piece for each of you, and twenty over and above. Now let us bestow ten of them on these poor pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest squire, that he may give us a good word in his travels. So calling for pen, ink and paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a passport for them, directed to the commanders of his several parties, and taking his leave, dismiss'd them, all wondering at his greatness of soul, that spoke rather an Alexander than a profess'd highwayman. One of his men began to mutter in his Catalan language: This captain of ours is plaguy charitable, he would make a better friar than a pad; come, come, if he has a mind to be so liberal forsooth, let his own pocket, not ours, pay for it. The wretch spoke not so low, but he was overheard by Roque, who whipping out his sword, with one stroke almost cleft his skull in

two. Thus it is I punish mutiny, said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not mutter one word, so great was the awe they bore him. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, to let him know that the famous knight-errant Don Quixote, of whom so many strange things were reported, was with him; that he might be sure to find him on mid-summer-day on the great key of that city, arm'd at all points, mounted on Rozinante and his squire on an ass; that he was a most pleasant ingenious person, and would give great satisfaction to him and his friends the Niarros, for which reason he gave them this notice of the Don's coming; adding, that he should by no means let the Cadells, his enemies, partake of this pleasure, as being unworthy of it: But how was it possible to conceal from them, or any body else, the folly and discretion of Don Quixote, and the buffoonery of Sancho Pança. He deliver'd the letter to one of his men, who changing his highway cloaths to a countryman's habit, went to Barcelona, and gave it as directed.

C H A P. LXI.

Don Quixote's entry into Barcelona, with other accidents that have less ingenuity than truth in them.

DON Quixote stay'd three days and three nights with Roque, and had he tarried as many hundred years, he might have found subject enough for admiration in that kind of life. They slept in one place,

and eat in another, sometimes fearing they knew not what, then laying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forc'd to steal a nap standing, never enjoying a sound sleep. Now in this side the country, then presently in another quarter; always upon the watch; spies hearkening, scouts listening, carbines presenting; though of such heavy guns they had but few, being arm'd generally with pistols. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, making no man privy to his lodgings; for so many were the proclamations against him from the viceroy of Barcelona, and such were his disquiets and fears of being betray'd by some of his men for the price of his head, that he durst trust no body. A life most miserable and uneasy.

At length, by cross-roads, and by-ways, Roque, Don Quixote and Sancho, attended by six other squires, got to the strand of Barcelona on midsummer-eve at night; where Roque, having embrac'd Don Quixote, and presented Sancho with the ten crowns he had promis'd him, took his leave of them both, after many compliments on both sides. Roque return'd to his company, and Don Quixote stay'd there waiting the approach of day, mounted as Roque left him. Not long after, the fair Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the east, chearing the flowry fields, while at the same time a melodious sound of hautboys and kettle-drums chear'd the ears, and presently was join'd with jingling of moricebells and the trampling and cries of horsemen coming out of the city. Now Aurora usher'd up the jolly sun, who look'd big on the verge of the horizon, with his

broad face as ample as a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their looks abroad, discover'd the sea, which they had never seen before. To them it made a noble and spacious appearance, far bigger than the lake Ruydera, which they saw in la Mancha. The gallies in the port taking in their awnings, made a pleasant sight with their flags and streamers, that wav'd in the air, and sometimes kiss'd and swept the water. The trumpets, hautboys, and other warlike instruments that resounded from on board, fill'd the air all round with reviving and martial harmony. A while after, the gallies moving, began to join on the calm sea in a counterfeit engagement; and at the same time a vast number of gentlemen march'd out of the city nobly equipped with rich liveries, and gallantly mounted, and in like manner did their part on the land, to compleat the warlike entertainment. The marines discharg'd numerous volleys from the gallies, which were answer'd by the great guns from the battlements of the walls and forts about the city, and the mighty noise echo'd from the gallies again by a discharge of the long pieces of ordnance in their fore-castles. The sea smil'd and danc'd, the land was gay, and the sky serene in every quarter, but where the clouds of smoke dimm'd it a while: fresh joy sat smiling in the looks of men, and gladness and pomp were display'd in their glory. Sancho was mightily puzzled though, to discover how these huge bulky things that mov'd on the sea could have so many feet.

By this time the gentlemen that maintain'd the

sports on the shore, galloping up to Don Quixote with loud acclamations, the knight was not a little astonish'd: one of them amongst the rest, who was the person to whom Roque had written, cry'd out aloud; Welcome, the mirror, the light, and north-star of knight-errantry! welcome, I say, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the counterfeit and apocryphal, shewn us lately in false histories, but the true, legitimate and identic He, describ'd by Cid Hamet, the flower of historiographers! Don Quixote made no answer, nor did the gentleman stay for any, but wheeling about with the rest of his companions, all prancing round him in token of joy, they encompass'd the knight and the squire. Don Quixote, turning about to Sancho, It seems, said he, these gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our history, and that which the Arragonian lately publish'd. The gentleman that spoke to the knight, returning, Noble Don Quixote, said he, we intreat you to come along with the company, being all your humble servants, and friends of Roque Guinart. Sir, answer'd Don Quixote, your courtesy bears such a likeness to the great Roque's generosity, that could civility beget civility, I should take yours for the daughter or near relation of his. I shall wait on you where you please to command, for I am wholly at your devotion: The gentleman return'd his compliment, and so all of them inclosing him in the middle of their brigade, they conducted him towards the city, drums beating, hautboys playing before them all the way. But as the devil and ill luck would have it, or the boys, who are more un-

lucky than the devil himself, two mischievous young bastards made a shift to get through the crowd of horsemen, and one of them lifting up Rozinante's tail, and the other that of Dapple, they thrust a handful of briars under each of them. The poor animals feeling such unusual spurs apply'd to their posteriors, clapp'd their tails close, and increas'd their pain, and began to wince, and flounce, and kick so furiously, that at last they threw their riders, and laid both master and man sprawling in the street. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and nettl'd at his disgrace, went to disengage his horse from his new plumage, and Sancho did as much for Dapple, while the gentlemen turn'd to chastise the boys for their rudeness. But the young rogues were safe enough, being presently lost among a huge rabble that follow'd. The knight and squire then mounted again, and the music and procession went on, till they arriv'd at their conductor's house, which, by its largeness and beauty, bespoke the owner master of a great estate; where we leave him for the present, because it is Cid Hamet's will and pleasure it should be so.

C H A P. LXII.

The adventure of the enchanted head, with other impertinences not to be omitted.

THE person who entertain'd Don Quixote, was call'd Don Antonio Moreno, a gentleman of good parts, and plentiful fortune, loving all those diversions that may innocently be obtain'd without pre-

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justice to his neighbours, and not of the humour of those, who would rather lose their friend than their jest. He therefore resolv'd to make his advantage of Don Quixote's follies without detriment to his person.

In order to this, he persuaded the knight to take off his armour, and in his strait-lac'd chamois clothes (as we have already shewn him) to stand in a balcony that look'd into one of the principal streets of the city, where he stood expos'd to the rabble that were got together, especially the boys, who gap'd and star'd on him, as if he had been some over-grown baboon. The several brigades and cavaliers in their liveries, began afresh to fetch their careers about him, as if the ceremony were rather perform'd in honour of Don Quixote than any solemnity of the festival. Sancho was hugely pleas'd, fancying he had chopp'd upon another Camachio's wedding, or another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or some castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends din'd with him that day, and all of them honouring and respecting Don Quixote as a knight-errant, they puff'd up his vanity to such a degree, that he could scarce conceal the pleasure he took in their adulation. As for Sancho, he made such sport to the servants of the house, and all that heard him, that they watch'd every word that came from his mouth. Being all very merry at table, Honest Sancho, said Don Antonio, I am told you admire capons and sausages so much, that you can't be satisfied with a bellyful, and when you can eat no more, you

cram the rest into your breeches against the next morning. No, sir, an't like you, answer'd Sancho, 'tis all a story, I am more cleanly than greedy, I'd have you to know; here's my master can tell you, that many times he and I use to live for a week together upon a handful of acorns and walnuts. Truth is, I am not overnice; in such a place as this, I eat what's given me; for a gift-horse should not be look'd into the mouth. But whosoever told you I was a greedy gut and a sloven, has told you a fib, and were it not for respect to the company, I would tell him more of my mind, so I would. Verily, said Don Quixote, the manner of Sancho's feeding ought to be deliver'd to succeeding ages on brazen monuments, as a future memorial of his abstinence and cleanliness, and an example to posterity. It is true, when he satisfies the call of hunger, he seems to do it somewhat ravenously; indeed he swallows apace, uses his grinders very notably, and chews with both jaws at once. But in spite of the charge of slovenliness now laid upon him, I must declare, he is so nice an observer of neatness, that he ever makes a clear conveyance of his food; when he was governor, his nicety in eating was remarkable, for he would eat grapes and even pomegranate-seeds with the point of his fork. How, cry'd Don Antonio, has Sancho then been a governor? Ay, marry has he, answer'd Sancho, governor of the island of Barataria. Ten days I govern'd, and who but I! But I was so broken of my rest all the time, that all I got by't was to learn to hate the trade of governing, from the bottom of my soul. So that I

made such haste to leave it, I fell into a deep hole, where I was buried alive, and should have lain till now, had not Providence pull'd me out of it. Don Quixote then related the circumstances of Sancho's government; and the cloth being taken away, Don Antonio took the knight by the hand, and carried him into a private chamber, wherein there was no kind of furniture, but a table that appear'd to be of jasper, supported by feet of the same, with a brazen head set upon it, from the breast upwards, like the effigies of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio having walk'd with Don Quixote several turns about the room, Signor Don Quixote, said he, being assur'd that we are very private, the door fast, and no body listning, I shall communicate to you one of the most strange and wonderful adventures that ever was known, provided you treasure it up as a secret in the closest apartment of your breast. I shall be as secret as the grave, answer'd the knight, and will clap a tombstone over your secret, for farther security; besides, assure yourself, Don Antonio, continu'd he, (for by this time he had learn'd the gentleman's name) you converse with a person whose ears are open to receive what his tongue never betrays. So that whatever you commit to my trust, shall be buried in the depth of bottomless silence, and lie as secure as in your own breast.

In confidence of your honour, said Don Antonio, I doubt not to raise your astonishment, and disburden my own breast of a secret, which has long lain upon my thoughts, having never found hitherto any person wor-

thy to be made a confident in matters to be conceal'd. This cautious proceeding rais'd Don Quixote's curiosity strangely; after which Don Antonio led him to the table, and made him feel and examine all over the brazen head, the table and jasper supporters. Now, sir, said he, know that this head was made by one of the greatest enchanters or necromancers in the world. If I am not mistaken, he was a Polander by birth, and the disciple of the celebrated Escotillo *, of whom so many prodigies are related. This wonderful person was here in my house, and by the intercession of a thousand crowns, was wrought upon to frame me this head, which has the wonderful property of answering in your ear to all questions. After long study, erecting of schemes, casting of figures, consultations with the stars, and other mathematical operations, this head was brought to the aforesaid perfection, and to-morrow (for on Fridays it never speaks) it shall give you proof of its knowledge, till when you may consider of your most puzzling and important doubts, which will have a full and satisfactory solution. Don Quixote was amaz'd at this strange virtue of the head, and could hardly credit Don Antonio's account; but considering the shortness of the time that deferr'd his full satisfaction in the point, he was content to suspend his opinion

* Or, Little Scot. Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philosophy than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, pass'd for a magician; as friar Bacon and Albert the Great did; of the first of whom (fr̄ar Bacon) a like story of a brazen head is told.

till next day; and only thank'd the gentleman for making him so great a discovery. So out of the chamber they went, and Don Antonio having lock'd the door very carefully, they return'd into the room where the rest of the company were diverted by Sancho's relating to them some of his master's adventures.

That afternoon they carry'd Don Quixote abroad, without his armour, mounted, not on Rosinante, but on a large easy mule, with genteel furniture, and himself dress'd after the city fashion, with a long coat of tawny-colour'd cloth, which with the present heat of the season, was enough to put frost itself into a sweat. They gave private orders that Sancho should be entertain'd within doors all that day, lest he should spoil their sport by going out. The knight being mounted, they pinn'd to his back, without his knowledge, a piece of parchment, with these words written in large letters; 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha'. As soon as they began their walk, the sight of the parchment drew the eyes of every body to read the inscription; so that the knight hearing so many people repeat the words, 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha,' wonder'd to hear himself nam'd and known by every one that saw him: thereupon turning to Don Antonio, that rode by his side. How great, said he, is this single prerogative of knight-errantry, by which its professors are known and distinguish'd through all the confines of the universe? don't you hear, sir, continu'd he, how the very boys in the street, who have never seen me before, know me? It is very true, Sir, answer'd Don Antonio, like fire

that always discovers itself by its own light, so virtue has that lustre that never fails to display itself, especially that renown which is acquir'd by the profession of arms.

During this procession of the knight and his applauding followers, a certain Castilian reading the scroll at Don Quixote's back, cry'd out aloud, Now the devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! Who would have thought to have found thee here, and still alive, after so many hearty drubbings that have been laid about thy shoulders. Can't you be mad in private, and among your friends, with a pox to you, but you must run about the world at this rate, and make every body that keeps you company, as errant-coxcombs as yourself? Get you home to your wife and children, block-head, look after your house, and leave playing the fool and distracting thy senses at this rate, with a parcel of nonsensical whimsies. Friend, said Don Antonio, go about your business, and keep your advice for them that want it. Signior Don Quixote is a man of too much sense, not to be above your counsel, and we know our business without your intermeddling. We only pay the respect due to virtue. So, in the name of ill-luck, go your ways, and don't meddle where you have no business. Truly now, said the Castilian, you're in the right, for it is but striving against the stream to give him advice, though it grieves me to think this whim of knight-errantry should spoil all the good parts which they say this madman has. But ill-luck light on me, as you'd have it, and all my generation, if e'er you catch

me advising him or any one else again, though I were desired, and were to live the years of Methusalem. So saying, the adviser went his ways, and the cavalcade continu'd; but the rabble press'd so very thick to read the inscription, that Don Antonio was forc'd to pull it off, under pretence of doing something else.

Upon the approach of night they return'd home, where Don Antonio's wife, a lady of quality, and every way accomplish'd, had invited several of her friends to a ball, to honour her guest, and share in the diversion his extravagances afforded. After a noble supper, the dancing begun about ten o'clock at night. Among others, were two ladies of an airy waggish disposition, such as though virtuous enough at the bottom, would not stick to strain a point of modesty for the diversion of good company. These two made their court chiefly to Don Quixote, and ply'd him so with dancing one after another, that they had tir'd not only his body, but his very soul. But the best was to see what an unaccountable figure the grave Don made, as he hopp'd and stalk'd about, a long sway-back'd, starv'd-look'd, thin-flank'd, two-legg'd thing, wainscot-complexion'd, stuck up in's close doublet, aukward enough a-conscience, and certainly none of the lightest at a saraband. The ladies gave him several private hints of their inclination to his person, and he was not behind hand in intimating to them as secretly, that they were very indifferent to him; till at last being almost teiz'd to death, *Fugite partes adversae*, cry'd he aloud, and avaunt temptation! Pray ladies, play your amorous pranks

with somebody else, leave me to the enjoyment of my own thoughts, which are employ'd and taken up with the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole queen of my affection; and so saying, he sat himself down on the ground in the midst of the hall to rest his wearied bones. Don Antonio gave order, that he should be taken up and carry'd to bed; and the first who was ready to lend a helping hand was Sancho, and as he was lifting him up, By'r lady, sir master of mine, you have shook your heels most fetiously. Do you think we who are stout and valiant must be caperers, and that every knight-errant must be a snapper of castinets? If you do, you're woundily deceiv'd, let me tell you. Gadzookers, I know those who would sooner cut a giant's wind-pipe, than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig†, I had been your man; for I slap it away like any jer-faulcon; but as for regular dancing, I can't work a stitch at it. This made diversion for the company, till Sancho led out his master, in order to put him to bed, where he left him cover'd over head and ears, that he might sweat out the cold he had caught by dancing.

The next day Don Antonio resolving to make his intended experiment on the enchanted head, conducted Don Quixote into the room where it stood, together with Sancho, a couple of his friends, and the two ladies that had so teiz'd the knight at the ball, and who had staid all night with his wife; and having carefully lock'd the door, and enjoin'd them secrecy, he told them the vir-

† Shoe-jig, in which the dancers slap the sole of their shoe with the palm of their hand in time and measure.

tue of the head, and that this was the first time he ever made proof of it; and except his two friends, nobody did know the trick of the enchantment, and, had not they been told of it before, they had been drawn into the same error with the rest; for the contrivance of the machine was so artful and so cunningly manag'd, that it was impossible to discover the cheat. Don Antonio himself was the first that made his application to the ear of the head, close to which speaking in a voice, just loud enough to be heard by the company; Tell me, O head, said he, by that mysterious virtue wherewith thou art endu'd, what are my thoughts at present? The head in a distinct and intelligible voice, though without moving the lips, answered, I am no judge of thoughts. They were all astonish'd at the voice, being sensible no body was in the room to answer. How many of us are there in the room, said Don Antonio again? The voice answer'd in the same key, Thou and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of her's, a famous knight call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his squire Sancho Pança by name. Now their astonishment was greater than before, now they wonder'd indeed, and the hair of some of them stood an end with amazement. It is enough, said Antonio, stepping aside from the head, I am convinced it was no impostor sold thee to me, sage head, discoursing head, oraculous, miraculous head! Now let somebody else try their fortunes. As women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the dancing ladies venturing up to it, Tell me, head, said she, what shall I do to be truly beautiful.

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Be honest, answer'd the head. I have done, reply'd the lady. Her companion then came on, and with the same curiosity, I would know, said she, whether my husband loves me or no? The head answer'd, Observe his usage, and that will tell thee. Truly (said the marry'd lady to herself as she withdrew) that question was needless; for indeed a man's actions are the surest token of the dispositions of his mind. Next came up one of Don Antonio's friends and ask'd, Who am I? The answer was, Thou knowest; That's from the question, reply'd the gentleman, I would have thee tell me whether thou know'st me: I do, answer'd the head, thou art Don Pedro Norris. It is enough, O head, said the gentleman, thou hast convinced me, that thou knowest all things. So making room for somebody else, his friend advanced, and ask'd the head what his eldest son and heir desir'd? I have already told thee, said the head, that I was no judge of thoughts; however, I will tell thee, that what thy heir desires is to bury thee. It is so, reply'd the gentleman, What I see with my eye, I mark with my finger; I know enough.

Don Antonio's lady ask'd the next question: I don't well know what to ask thee, said she to the head, only tell me whether I shall long enjoy my dear husband? Thou shalt, answer'd the head, for his healthy constitution and temperance promise length of days, while those who live too fast, are not like to live long. Next came Don Quixote: Tell me thou oracle, said he, was what I reported of my adventures in Montesinos's cave,

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a dream or reality? Will Sancho my squire fulfil his promise, and scourge himself effectually? And shall Dulcinea be disenchanted? As for the adventures in the cave, answer'd the head, there's much to be said; they have something of both; Sancho's whipping shall go on but leisurely; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really freed from enchantment. That's all I desire to know, said Don Quixote, for the whole stress of my good fortune depends on Dulcinea's disenchantment. Then Sancho made the last application, An't please you, master Head, quoth he, shall I chance to have another government? Shall I ever get clear of this starving squire-erranting? And shall I ever see my own fire-side again? The head answer'd, Thou shalt be a governor in thine own house; if thou goest home, thou may'st see thy own fire-side again; and if thou leav'st off thy service, thou shalt get clear of thy squireship. Gadzookers, cry'd Sancho, that's a very good one, I vow! a horse-head might ha' told all this; I could have prophesied thus much myself. How now, brute, said Don Quixote, what answers wouldst thou have, but what are pertinent to thy questions? Nay, quoth Sancho, since you'll have it so, it shall be so; I only wish master Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter.

Thus the questions propos'd, and the answers return'd, were brought to a period, but the amazement continu'd among all the company, except Don Antonio's two friends, who understood the mystery, which Benengeli is resolv'd now to discover, that the world

should be no longer amaz'd with an erroneous opinion of any magic or witchcraft operating in the head. He therefore tells you, that Don Antonio Moreno, to divert himself, and surprize the ignorant, had this made in imitation of such another device, which he had seen contriv'd by a statuary at Madrid.

The manner of it was thus: the table and the frame on which it stood, the feet of which resembled four eagles claws, were of wood, painted and varnished like jasper. The head, which look'd like the bust of a Roman emperor, and of a brass colour, was all hollow, and so were the feet of the table, which answer'd exactly to the neck and breast of the head; the whole so artificially fix'd, that it seem'd to be all of a piece; through this cavity ran a tin pipe, convey'd into it by a passage through the cieling of the room under the table. He that was to answer set his mouth to the end of the pipe in the chamber underneath, and by the hollownes of the trunk receiv'd their questions, and deliver'd his answers in clear and articulate words, so that the imposture could scarcely be discover'd. The oracle was manag'd by a young ingenious gentleman, Don Antonio's nephew, who, having his instructions before-hand from his uncle, was able to answer readily and directly to the first questions, and by conjectures or evasions, make a return handsomely to the rest, with the help of his ingenuity. Cid Hamet informs us further, that during ten or twelve days after this, the wonderful machine continu'd in mighty repute; but at last the noise of Don Antonio's having an enchanted head in his house,

that gave answers to all questions, began to fly about the city; and as he fear'd this would reach the ears of the watchful centinels of our faith, he thought fit to give an account of the whole matter to the reverend inquisitors, who order'd him to break it to pieces, lest it should give occasion of scandal among the ignorant vulgar. But still the head pass'd for an oracle, and a piece of enchantment with Don Quixote and Sancho, though the truth is, the knight was much better satisfied in the matter than the squire.

The gentry of the city in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's more splendid entertainment, or rather to make his madness a more public diversion, appointed a running at the ring about six days after, but this was broken off upon an occasion that afterwards happen'd.

Don Quixote had a mind to take a turn in the city on foot, that he might avoid the crowd of boys that follow'd him when he rode. He went out with Sancho and two of Don Antonio's servants, that attended him by their master's order; and passing through a certain street, Don Quixote look'd up, and spy'd written over a door in great letters these words, *Here is a printing-house*. This discovery pleas'd the knight extremely, having now an opportunity of seeing a printing-press, a thing he had never seen before; and therefore to satisfy his curiosity, in he went with all his train. There he saw some working of the sheets, others correcting the forms, some in one place picking of letters out of the cases, in another some looking over a proof; in short,

all the variety that is to be seen in great printing-houses. He went from one workman to another, and was very inquisitive to know what every body had in hand; and they were not backward to satisfy his curiosity. At length coming to one of the compositors, and asking him what he was about? Sir, said the printer, this gentleman here (shewing a likely sort of a man, something grave, and not young) has translated a book out of Italian into Spanish, and I am setting some of it here for the press. What is the name of it pray, said Don Quixote? Sir, answer'd the author, the title of it in Italian is *Le Bagatele*. And pray, sir, ask'd Don Quixote, what's the meaning of that word in Spanish? Sir, answer'd the gentleman, *Le Bagatele* is as much as to say, *Trifles*; but though the title promises so little, yet the contents are matters of importance. I am a little conversant in Italian, said the knight, and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto; therefore, sir, without any offence, and not doubting of your skill, but merely to satisfy my curiosity, pray tell me, have you ever met with such a word as *pignata* in Italian? Yes, very often, sir, answer'd the author. And how do you render it pray, said Don Quixote? How should I render it, sir, reply'd the translator, but by the word *porridge pot*? Body of me, cry'd Don Quixote, you are master of the Italian idiom? I dare hold a good wager, that where the Italian says *piace*, you translate it *please*; where it says *piu*, you render it *more*; *su*, *above*, and *giu*, *beneath*. Most certainly, Sir, answer'd t'other, for such are their proper significations. What

rare parts, said Don Quixote, are lost to mankind for want of their being exerted and known! I dare swear, sir, that the world is backward in encouraging your merit. But it is the fate of all ingenious men: how many of them are cramp't up and discountenanc'd by a narrow fortune? and how many, in spite of the most laborious industry, discourag'd: though, by the way, sir, I think this kind of version from one language to another, except it be from the noblest of tongues, the Greek and Latin, is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry on the wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that the beauty and exactness of the work is obscur'd, and not so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the hangings. Neither can this barren employment of translating out of easy languages shew either wit or mastery of stile, no more than copying a piece of writing by a precedent; though still the business of translating wants not its commendations, since men very often may be worse employ'd. As a further proof of its merits, we have Doctor Christoval de Figuero's translation of *Passer Fido*, and Don Juan de Xaurigui's *Aminta*, pieces so excellently well done, that they have made them purely their own, and left the reader in doubt which was the translation, and which the original. But tell me, pray sir, do you print your book at your own charge, or have you sold the copy to a bookseller? Why truly, sir, answer'd the translator, I publish it upon my own account, and I hope to clear at least a thousand crowns by this first edition; for I design to

print off two thousand books, and they will go off at six reals apiece in a trice. I'm afraid you'll come short of your reckoning, said Don Quixote; it is a sign you are still a stranger to the tricks of these bookfellers and printers, and the juggling there is among them. I dare engage you will find two thousand books lie heavy upon your hands, especially if the piece be somewhat tedious, and wants spirit. What, sir, reply'd the author, would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookfeller for three maravadis a sheet? for that's the most they will bid, nay, and expect too I should thank them for the offer. No, no, sir, I print not my works to get fame in the world, my name is up already; profit, sir, is my end, and without it what signifies reputation? Well, sir, go on and prosper, said Don Quixote, and with that moving to another part of the room, he saw a man correcting a sheet of a book call'd *The Light of the Soul*. Ay, now this is something, cry'd the knight, these are the books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of that kind; for the number of sinners is prodigious in this age, and there is need of an infinite quantity of lights for so many dark souls as we have among us. Then passing on, and enquiring the title of a book of which another workman was correcting a sheet, they told him it was the second part of that ingenious gentleman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by a certain person, a native of Tor-desillas. I have heard of that book before, said Don Quixote, and really thought it had been burnt, and reduc'd to ashes for a foolish impertinent libel; but all in

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good time. Execution-day will come at last *. For made stories are only so far good and agreeable, as they are profitable, and bear the resemblance of truth; and true history the more valuable, the farther it keeps from the fabulous. And so saying, he flung out of the printing-house in a huff.

That very day Don Antonio would needs shew Don Quixote the gallies in the road, much to Sancho's satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio therefore gave notice to the commander of the gallies, that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them, the commander and all the people of the town being by this time no strangers to the knight's character. But what happen'd in the gallies, must be the subject of the next chapter.

* 'But its Martinmas will come, as it does to every hog.' Martinmas, or about the feast of St. Martin, is the time for making bacon for winter, which gave occasion to this Spanish proverb, as is observ'd by Sobrino in his Spanish and French dictionary. *A cada puerco le viene su san Martin*; and, adds he, it is applicable to sensual, voluptuous men, who fatten themselves as hogs, to die like them at God's appointed time.

C H A P. LXIII.

Of Sancho's misfortune on board the gallies, with the strange adventures of the beautiful Morisca (Moorish lady.)

MANY and serious were Don Quixote's reflections on the answer of the enchanted head, though none hit on the deceit, but center'd all in the promise of Dulcinea's disenchancement; and expecting it would speedily be effected, he rested joyfully satisfy'd. As for Sancho, though he hated the trouble of being a governor, yet still he had an itching ambition to rule, to be obey'd, and appear great; for even fools love authority.

In short, that afternoon Don Antonio, his two friends, Don Quixote, and Sancho, set out for the gallies. The commander being advertis'd of their coming, upon their appearance on the key, order'd all the gallies to strike sail; the music play'd, and a pinnace spread with rich carpets and crimson velvet cushions was presently hoisted out, and sent to fetch them aboard. As soon as Don Quixote set his foot into it, the admiral galley discharg'd her forecastle-piece, and the rest of the gallies did the like. When Don Quixote got over the gunnel of the galley on the starboard-side, the whole crew of slaves, according to their custom of saluting persons of quality, welcom'd him with three hu, hu, huz, or huzza's. The general (for so we must call him) by birth a Valencian, and a man of

quality, gave him his hand, and embrac'd him. This day, said he, will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my life, since I have the honour now to see Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; this day, I say, that sets before my eyes the summary of wandering chivalry collected in one person. Don Quixote return'd his compliment with no less civility, and appear'd overjoy'd to see himself so treated like a grandee. Presently they all went into the state-room, which was handsomely adorn'd, and there they took their places. The boatswain went to the fore-castle, and with his whistle or call gave the sign to the slaves to strip, which was obey'd in a moment. Sancho was scar'd to see so many fellows in their naked skins, but most of all when he saw them hoist up the sails so incredibly fast, as he thought could never have been done but by so many devils. He had plac'd himself a mid-ship, next the aftermost rower on the starboard-side; who being instructed what to do, caught hold of him, and giving him a hoist, handed him to the next man, who tost him to a third; and so the whole crew of slaves, beginning on the starboard-side, made him fly so fast from bench to bench, that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily believed all the devils in hell were carrying him away to rights. Nor did the slaves give over bandying him about, till they had handed him in the same manner over all the larboard-side; and then they set him down where they had taken him up, but strangely disordered, out of breath, in a cold sweat, and not truly sensible what it was that happen'd to him.

Don Quixote seeing his squire fly at this rate without wings, ask'd the general if that were a ceremony us'd to all strangers aboard the galleys; for, if it were, he must let him know, that as he did not design to take up his residence there, he did not like such entertainment; and vow'd to heaven, that if any of them came to lay hold on him to toss him at that rate, he would spurn their souls out of their bodies; and with this, starting up, he lays his hand on his sword.

At the same time they lower'd their sails, and with a dreadful noise let down the main-yard; which so frighted Sancho, who thought the sky was flying off its hinges, and falling upon him, that he duck'd and thrust his head between his legs for fear. Don Quixote was a little out of sorts too, he began to shiver, and shrug up his shoulders, and chang'd colour. The slaves hoisted the main-yard again with the same force and noise that they had lower'd it withal. But all this with such silence on their parts, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain then gave the word to weigh anchor; and leaping a top of the fore-castle among the crew, with his whip or bull's-pizzle, he began to cuff and fly-flap their shoulders, and by little and little to put off to sea.

When Sancho saw so many colour'd feet moving at once, for he took the oars to be such; Beshrew my heart, quoth he, here is enchantment in good earnest; all our adventures and witchcrafts have been nothing to this. What have these poor wretches done, that their hides must be curry'd at this rate? and how dares this

plaguy fellow go whistling about here by himself, and maul thus so many people? Well, I say, this is hell, or purgatory at least.

Don Quixote observing how earnestly Sancho look'd on these passages; Ah! dear Sancho, said he, what an easy matter now were it for you to strip to the waist, and clap yourself among these gentlemen, and so compleat Dulcinea's disinchantment; among so many companions in affliction, you would not be so sensible of the smart; and besides, the sage Merlin perhaps might take every one of these lashes, being so well laid on, for ten of those which you must certainly one day inflict on yourself. The general of the gallies was going to ask what he meant by these lashes, and Dulcinea's disinchantment, when a mariner cry'd out, they make signs to us from * Monjouï, that there's a vessel standing under the shore to the westward. With that the general leaping upon the coursey, cry'd, Pull away my hearts, let her not escape us; this brigantine is an Algerine, I warrant her. Presently the three other gallies came up with the admiral to receive orders, and he commanded two of them to stand out to sea, while he with the other would keep along the shore, that so they might be sure of their prize.

The rowers tugg'd so hard that the gallies scudded away like lightning, and those that stood to sea, discover'd about two miles off, a vessel with fourteen or

* Monjouï is a high tower at Barcelona, on which always stands a centinel, who by signs gives notice what vessels he discovers at sea.

fifteen oars, which, upon sight of the gallies, made the best of her way off, hoping by her lightness to make her escape; but all in vain, for the admiral's galley being one of the swiftest vessels in those seas, gain'd so much way upon her, that the master of the brigantine seeing his danger, was willing the crew should quit their oars, and yield, for fear of exasperating their general. But fate order'd it otherwise; for upon the admiral's coming up with the brigantine so near as to hale her, and bid them strike, two Toraquis, that is two drunken Turks, among twelve others that were on board the vessel, discharg'd a couple of muskets, and kill'd two soldiers that were upon the wale of the galley. The general seeing this, vow'd he would not leave a man of them alive; and coming up with great fury to grapple with her, she slipp'd away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran a head a good way, and the little vessel finding herself clear for the present, though without hopes to get off, crowded all the sail she could, and with oars and sails began to make the best of their way, while they galley tack'd about. But all their diligence did not do them so much good as their presumption did them harm; for the admiral coming up with her after a short chase, clapp'd his oars in the vessel, and so took her and every man in her alive.

By this time the other gallies were come up, and all four return'd with their prize into the harbour, where great numbers of people stood waiting, to know what prize they had taken. The general came to an anchor near the land, and perceiving the vice-roy was

on the shore, he mann'd his pinnance to fetch him aboard, and gave orders to lower the main-yard, to hang up the master of the brigantine, with the rest of the crew, which consisted of about six and thirty persons, all proper lusty fellows, and most of them Turkish musqueteers. The general ask'd, who commanded the vessel; whereupon one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spaniard, and a renegado, answer'd him in Spanish, This was our master, my lord, said he, shewing him a young man not twenty years of age, and one of the handsomest persons that could be imagined. You inconsiderate dog, said the general, what made you kill my men, when you saw it was not possible for you to escape? Is this the respect due to an admiral? Don't you know that rashness is no courage? While there is any hope, we are allow'd to be bold, but not to be desperate. The master was offering to reply, but the general could not stay to hear his answer, being oblig'd to go and entertain the vice-roy, who was just come aboard with his retinue, and others of the town. You have had a lucky chace, my lord, said the vice-roy: what have you got? Your excellency shall see presently, answer'd the general, I'll shew them you immediately hanging at the main-yard arm. How so, reply'd the viceroy? Because, said he, they have kill'd me, contrary to all law of arms, reason, and custom of the sea, two of the best soldiers I had on board; for which I have sworn to hang them every mother's son, especially this young rogue, the master. Saying thus, he shew'd them a person with his hands already bound, and

the halter about his neck, expecting nothing but death. His youth, beauty, and resignation began to plead much in his behalf with the vice-roy, and made him inclinable to save him; Tell me, captain, said he, art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a renegado? None of all these, answered the youth in good Spanish. What then, said the vice-roy? A Christian woman, reply'd the youth; a woman, and a Christian, though in these clothes, and in such a post; but it is a thing rather to be wonder'd at, than believ'd. I humbly beseech ye, my lords, continu'd the youth, to defer my execution till I give you the history of my life, and I can assure ye, the delay of your revenge will be but short. This request was urg'd so piteously, that no body could deny it; whereupon the general bad him proceed, assuring him, nevertheless, that there was no hopes of pardon for an offence so great as was that of which he was guilty. Then the youth began.

I am one of that unhappy and imprudent nation, whose miseries are fresh in your memories. My parents being of the Morisco race: the current of their misfortunes, with the obstinacy of two uncles, hurried me out of Spain into Barbary. In vain I profess'd myself a Christian, being really one, and not such a secret Mahometan as too many of us were; this could neither prevail with my uncles to leave me in my native country, nor with the severity of those officers that had orders to make us evacuate Spain, to believe it was not a pretence. My mother was a Christian, my father, a man of discretion, profess'd the same belief, and I suck'd

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the Catholic faith with my milk. I was handsomely educated, and never betray'd the least mark of the Morisco breed, either in language or behaviour. With these endowments, as I grew up, that little beauty I had, if ever I had any, began to encrease; and for all my retir'd life, and the restraint upon my appearing abroad, a young gentleman, call'd Don Gaspar Gregorio, got a sight of me: he was son and heir to a knight that liv'd in the next town: it were tedious to relate, how he got an opportunity to converse with me, fell desperately in love, and affected me with a sense of his passion. I must be short, lest this halter cut me off in the middle of my story. I shall only tell you, that he would needs bear me company in my banishment, and accordingly, by the help of the Morisco language, of which he was a perfect master, he mingl'd with the exiles, and getting acquainted with my two uncles that conducted me, we all went together to Barbary, and took up our residence at Algiers, or rather hell itself.

My father, in the mean time, had very prudently, upon the first news of the proclamation to banish us, withdrawn to seek a place of refuge for us in some foreign country, leaving a considerable stock of money and jewels hidden in a private place, which he discovered to no body but me, with orders not to move it till his return.

The king of Algiers, understanding I had some beauty, and also that I was rich, which afterwards turned to my advantage, sent for me, and was very inquisitive about my country, and what jewels and gold I had got.

I satisfied him as to the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand, that my riches were buried in a certain place where I might easily recover them, were I permitted to return where they lay.

This I told him, that in hopes of sharing in my fortune, his covetousness should divert him from injuring my person. In the midst of these questions, the king was inform'd, that a certain youth, the handsomest and loveliest in the world, had come over in company with us. I was presently conscious that Don Gregorio was the person, his beauty answering so exactly their description. The sense of the young gentleman's danger was now more grievous to me than my own misfortunes, having been told that those barbarous Turks are much sonder of a handsome youth, than the most beautiful woman. The king gave immediate orders he should be brought into his presence, asking me whether the youth deserv'd the commendations they gave him? I told him, inspir'd by some good angel, that the person they so much commended was no man, but of my own sex, and withal begg'd his permission to have her dress'd in a female habit, that her beauty might shine in its natural lustre, and so prevent her blushes, if she should appear before his majesty in that unbecoming habit. He consented, promising withal, to give orders next morning for my return to Spain, to recover my treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar, represented to him the danger of appearing a man, and prevail'd with him to wait on the king that evening in the habit of a Moorish woman. The king was so pleas'd with her beauty, that

he resolv'd to reserve her as a present for the Grand Signior; and fearing the malice of his wives in the Seraglio, and the solicitations of his own desires, he gave her in charge to some of the principal ladies of the city, to whose house she was immediately conducted.

This separation was grievous to us both, for I cannot deny that I love him. Those who have ever felt the pangs of a parting love can best imagine the affliction of our souls. Next morning, by the king's order, I embark'd for Spain in this vessel, accompany'd by these two Turks that kill'd your men, and this Spanish renegado that first spoke to you, who is a Christian in his heart, and came along with me with a greater desire to return to Spain than to go back to Barbary. The rest are all Moors and Turks, who serve for rowers. Their orders were to set me on shore with this renegado, in the habits of Christians. on the first Spanish ground they should discover; but these two covetous and insolent Turks, would needs contrary to their order, first cruise upon the coast, in hopes of taking some prize; being afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some accident might happen to us, and make us discover that the brigantine was not far off at sea, and so expose them to the danger of being taken, if there were gallies upon the coast. In the night we made this land, not mistrusting my gallies lying so near, and so we fell into your hands.

To conclude, Don Gregorio remains in womens habit among the Moors, nor can the deceit long protect him from destruction; and here I stand expecting, or rather fearing my fate, which yet cannot prove unwell-

come, I being now weary of living. Thus, gentlemen, you have heard the unhappy passages of my life; I have told you nothing but what is true, and all I have to beg is, that I may die as a Christian, since I am innocent of the crimes of which my unhappy nation is accus'd. Here she stopp'd, and with her story and her tears melted the hearts of many of the company.

The vice-roy, being mov'd with a tender compassion, was the first to unbind the cords that manac'd her fair hands, when an ancient pilgrim, who came on board with the viceroy's attendants having with a fix'd attention minded the damsel during her relation, came suddenly, and throwing himself at her feet, Oh! Anna Felix, cry'd he, my dear unfortunate daughter! behold thy father Ricote, that return'd to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art the joy and support of my age. Upon this, Sancho, who had all this while been fullenly musing, vex'd at the usage he had met with so lately, lifting up his head, and staring the pilgrim in the face, knew him to be the same Ricote he had met on the road the day he left his government, and was likewise fully persuaded, that this was his daughter, who being now unbound, embrac'd her father, and join'd with him in his joy and grief. My lords, said the old pilgrim, this is my daughter, Anna Felix, more unhappy in fortune than in name, and fam'd as much for her beauty as for her father's riches. I left my country to seek a sanctuary for my age, and having fix'd upon a residence in Germany, return'd in this habit with other pilgrims to dig up and regain my

wealth, which I have effectually done; but I little thought thus unexpectedly to have found my greatest treasure, my dearest daughter. My lords, if it can consist with the integrity of your justice, to pardon our small offence, I join my prayers and tears with her's, to implore your mercy on our behalf; since we never design'd you any injury, and are innocent of those crimes for which our nation has justly been banish'd. Ay, ay, cry'd Sancho, (putting in) I know Ricote as well as the beggar knows his dish; and so far as concerns Anna Felix's being his daughter, I know that's true too; but for all the story of his goings-out and coming's-in, and his intentions, whether they were good, or whether they were bad, I'll neither meddle nor make, not I.

So uncommon an accident fill'd all the company with admiration; so that the general turning to the fair captain, your tears, said he, are so prevailing, madam, that they compel me now to be forsworn. Live, lovely Anna Felix, live as many years as heaven has decreed you: and let those rash and insolent slaves, who alone committed the crimes, bear the punishment of it. With that he gave order to have the two delinquent Turks hang'd up at the yard arm, but at the intercession of the vice-roy, their fault shewing rather madness than design, the fatal sentence was revok'd; the general considering at the same time, that their punishment in cold blood would look more like cruelty than justice.

Then they began to consider how they might retrieve Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger he was in;

to which purpose Ricote offer'd to the value of above a thousand ducats, which he had about him in jewels, to purchase his ransom. But the readiest expedient was thought to be the proposal of the Spanish renegado, who offer'd, with a small bark and half a dozen oars mann'd by Christians, to return to Algiers, and set him at liberty, as best knowing when and where to land, and being acquainted with the place of his confinement. The general and the vice-roy demurr'd to this motion, through a distrust of the renegado's fidelity, since he might perhaps betray the Christians that were to go along with him. But Anna Felix engaging for his truth, and Ricote obliging himself to ransom the Christians if they were taken, the design was resolv'd upon.

The vice-roy went ashore, committing the Morisca and her father to Don Antonio Moreno's care, desiring him at the same time to command his house for any thing that might conduce to their entertainment; such sentiments of kindness and good nature had the beauty of Anna Felix infus'd into his breast.

C H A P. LXIV.

Of an unlucky adventure, which Don Quixote laid most to heart of any that had yet befallen him.

DON Antonio's lady was extremely pleas'd with the company of the fair Morisca, whose sense being as exquisite as her beauty, drew all the most considerable persons in the city to visit her. Don Quixote

told Don Antonio that he could by no means approve the method they had taken to release Don Gregorio, it being full of danger, with little or no probability of success; but that their surest way would have been to set him ashore in Barbary, with his horse and arms, and leave it to him to deliver the gentleman in spite of all the Moorish power, as Don Gayferos had formerly rescu'd his wife Melissandra. Good your worship, quoth Sancho, hearing this, look before you leap. Don Gayferos had nothing but a fair race for't on dry land, when he carry'd her to France. But here, an't please you, though we should deliver Don Gregorio, how the devil shall we bring him over to Spain cross the broad sea? There's a remedy for all things but death, answer'd Don Quixote, it is but having a bark ready by the sea side, and then let me see what can hinder our getting into it. Ah master, master, quoth Sancho, there's more to be done than a dish to wash: saying is one thing, and doing is another, and for my part, I like the renegado very well, he seems to me a good honest fellow, and cut out for the business. Well, said Don Antonio, if the renegado fails, then the great Don Quixote shall embark for Barbary.

In two days the renegado was dispatch'd away in a fleet cruiser of six oars o'side, mann'd with brisk lusty fellows, and two days after that, the gallies with the general left the port, and steer'd their course eastwards. The general having first engag'd the vice-roy to give him an account of Don Gregorio's and Anna Felix's fortune.

Now it happen'd one morning that Don Quixote going abroad to take the air upon the sea-shore, arm'd at all points, according to his custom (his arms, as he said, being his best attire, as combat was his refreshment) he spy'd a knight riding towards him, arm'd like himself from head to foot, with a bright moon blazon'd on his shield, who coming within hearing, call'd out to him, Illustrious, and never-sufficiently-extoll'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the knight of the White Moon, whose incredible achievements, perhaps, have reach'd thy ears. Lo, I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to compel thee by dint of sword, to own and acknowledge my mistress, by whatever name and dignity she be distinguish'd, to be without any degree of comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. Now if thou wilt fairly confess this truth, thou free'st thyself from certain death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy life. If not, the conditions of our combat are these : If victory be on my side, thou shalt be oblig'd immediately to forsake thy arms, and the quest of adventures, and to return to thy own home, where thou shalt engage to live quietly and peaceably for the space of one whole year, without laying hand on thy sword, to the improvement of thy estate, and the salvation of thy soul. But if thou com'st off conqueror, my life is at thy mercy, my horse and arms shall be thy trophy, and the same of all my former exploits, by the lineal descent of conquest, be vested in thee as victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let

thy answer be quick, for my dispatch is limited to this very day.

Don Quixote was amaz'd and surpriz'd as much at the arrogance of the knight of the White Moon's challenge, as at the subject of it; so with a solemn and austere address, Knight of the White Moon, said he, whose atchievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, it is more than probable, that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for had you ever view'd her perfections, you had there found arguments enough to convince you, that no beauty past, present, or to come, can parallel her's; and therefore without giving you directly the lye, I only tell thee, knight, thou art mistaken, and this position I will maintain by accepting your challenge on your conditions, except that article of your exploits descending to me; for, not knowing what character your actions bear, I shall rest satisfied with the fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And since your time is so limited, chuse your ground, and begin your career as soon as you will, and expect to be met with: A fair field and no favour: To whom God shall give her*. St. Peter give his blessing.

While the two knights were thus adjusting the preliminaries of combat, the vice-roy, who had been inform'd of the knight of the White Moon's appearance near the city walls, and his parlying with Don Quixote, hasten'd to the scene of battle, not suspecting it to be any thing

* Meaning Victory. These are words used at the marriage ceremony.

but some new device of Don Antonio Moreno, or somebody else. Several gentlemen, and Don Antonio among the rest, accompany'd him thither. They arriv'd just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante to fetch his career; and seeing them both ready for the onset, he interpos'd, desiring to know the cause of the sudden combat. The knight of the White Moon told him there was a lady in the case, and briefly repeated to his excellency what pass'd between him and Don Quixote. The vice-roy whisper'd Don Antonio, and ask'd him whether he knew that knight of the White Moon, and whether their combat was not some jocular device to impose upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio answer'd positively, that he neither knew the knight, nor whether the combat were in jest or earnest. This put the vice-roy to some doubt whether he should not prevent their engagement; but being at last persuaded that it must be jest at the bottom, he withdrew. Valorous knights, said he, if there be no medium between confession and death, but Don Quixote be still resolv'd to deny, and you, the knight of the White Moon, as obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the field is free, and the Lord have mercy on ye.

The knights made their compliments to the vice-roy for his gracious consent; and Don Quixote making some short ejaculations to heaven and his mistress, as he always us'd upon these occasions, began his career, without either sound of trumpet or any other signal. His adversary was no less forward; for setting spurs to his horse, which was much the swifter, he met,

Don Quixote before he had ran half his career, so forcibly, that without making use of his lance, which it is thought he lifted up on purpose, he overthrew the knight of la Mancha and Rozinante, both coming to the ground with a terrible fall.

The knight of the White Moon got immediately upon him, and clapping the point of his lance to his face, Knight, cry'd he, you are vanquish'd, and a dead man, unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of your combat. Don Quixote, bruis'd and stunn'd with his fall, without lifting up his beaver, answer'd in a faint hollow voice, as if he had spoke out of a tomb, Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness. No, pierce my body with thy lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honour. Not so rigorous neither, reply'd the conqueror, let the fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso remain entire and unblemish'd: provided the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the combat, I am satisfied. The vice-roy and Don Antonio with many other gentlemen were witnesses to all these passages, and particularly to this proposal, to which Don Quixote answer'd, that upon condition he should be enjoin'd nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would, upon the faith of a true knight, be punctual in the performance of every thing else. This acknowledgment being made, the knight of the White Moon turn'd about his horse, and saluting the vice-roy, rode at a hand-gallop

into the city, whether Don Antonio follow'd him, at the vice-roy's request, to find who he was, if possible.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold sweat. As for Rozinante, he was in so sad a plight, that he could not stir for the present. Then as for Sancho, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do, nor what to say; he was sometimes persuaded he was in a dream, sometimes he fancy'd this rueful adventure was all witchcraft and enchantment. In short, he found his master discomfited in the face of the world, and bound to good behaviour, and to lay aside his arms for a whole year. Now he thought his glory eclips'd, his hopes of greatness vanish'd into smoke, and his master's promises like his bones, put out of joint by that cursed fall, which he was afraid had at once cripp'l'd Rozinante and his master. At last the vanquish'd knight was put into a chair, which the vice-roy had sent for, for that purpose, and they carry'd him into town, accompany'd likewise by the vice-roy, who had a great curiosity to know who this knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in so sad a condition.

C H A P. LXV.

An account of the knight of the White Moon. Don Gregorio's enlargement, and other passages.

DON Antonio Moreno follow'd the knight of the White Moon to his inn, whither he was attended by a troublesome rabble of boys. The knight being

got to his chamber, where his squire waited to take off his armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring he would not be shook off, till he had discover'd who he was. The knight finding that the gentleman would not leave him; Sir, said he, since I lie under no obligation of concealing myself, if you please, while my man disarms me, you shall hear the whole truth of the story.

You must know, sir, I am call'd the batchelor Carrasco; I live in the same town with this Don Quixote, whose unaccountable phrenzy has mov'd all his neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour by some means to cure his madness; in order to which, believing that rest and ease would prove the surest remedy, I bethought myself of this present stratagem; and about three months ago, in all the equipage of a knight-errant, under the title of the knight of the Mirrours, I met him on the road, fix'd a quarrel upon him, and the conditions of our combat were as you have heard already. But fortune then declar'd for him, for he unhors'd and vanquish'd me, and so I was disappointed: he prosecuted his adventures, and I return'd home shamefully, very much hurt with my fall. But willing to retrieve my credit, I made this second attempt, and now have succeeded. For I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his word and honour is engag'd for, that he will undoubtedly perform his promise. This, sir, is the sum of the whole story, and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my project may not be ruin'd the second time, and that the honest gentleman, who is naturally a man of good parts, may

recover his understanding. Oh! sir, reply'd Don Antonio, what have you to answer for, in robbing the world of the most diverting folly, that ever was expos'd among mankind? Consider, sir, that his cure can never benefit the public half so much as his distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Batchelor, that his madness is too firmly fix'd for your art to remove, and (heaven forgive me) I can't forbear wishing it may be so; for by Don Quixote's cure we not only lose his good company, but the drolleries and comical humours of Sancho Pança too, which are enough to cure melancholy itself of the spleen. However, I promise to say nothing of the matter, though I confidently believe, sir, your pains will be to no purpose. Carrasco told him, that having succeeded so far, he was obliged to cherish better hopes; and asking Don Antonio if he had any farther service to command him, he took his leave, and packing up his armour on a carriage-mule, presently mounted his charging-horse, and leaving the city that very day, posted homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worth a place in this faithful history.

Don Antonio gave an account of the discourse he had had with Carrasco to the vice-roy, who was vex'd to think that so much pleasant diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's follies.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, very dejected, sullen, and out of humour, and full of severe and black reflections on his fatal overthrow. Sancho was his comforter, and among other his crumbs of

comfort, My dear master, quoth he, chear up, come pluck up a good heart, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why, a man has broke his neck with a less fall, and you han't so much as a broken rib. Consider, sir, that they that game, sometimes must lose; we must not always look for bacon where we see the hocks. Come, sir, cry a fig for the doctor, since you won't need him this bout; let us jogg home fair and softly, without thinking any more of fauntring up and down nobody knows whither in quest of adventures and bloody noses. Why, sir, I am the greatest loser, an you go to that, though 'tis you that are in the worst pickle. 'Tis true, I was weary of being a governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my inclination of being an earl; and now if you miss being a king, by casting off your knight-errantry, poor I may go whistle for my earldom. No more of that, Sancho, said Don Quixote; I shall only retire for a year, and then re-assume my honourable profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a kingdom, and thee an earldom. Heaven grant it may, quoth Sancho, and no mischief betide us: hope well, and have well, says the proverb.

Don Antonio coming in, broke off the discourse, and with great signs of joy calling to Don Quixote, Reward me, sir, cry'd he, for my good news; Don Gregorio and the renegado are safe arriv'd, they are now at the vice-roy's palace, and will be here this moment. The knight was a little reviv'd at this news; Truly, sir, said he to Antonio, I could almost be sorry for his good for-

tune, since he has forestall'd the glory I should have acquir'd, in releasing, by the strength of my arm, not only him, but all the Christian slaves in Barbary. But whither am I transported, wretch that I am! Am I not miserably conquered, shamefully overthrown! forbidden the paths of glory for a whole long tedious year? What, should I boast, who am fitter for a distaff than a sword! No more of that, quoth Sancho: better my hog dirty at home, than no hog at all. Let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me. Never lay this ill fortune to heart; he that's down to-day, may be up to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed. Hang bruises; so rouse, sir, and bid Don Gregorio welcome to Spain; for by the hurry in the house, I believe he's come; and so it happen'd, for Don Gregorio having paid his duty to the vice-roy, and given him an account of his delivery, was just arriv'd at Don Antonio's with the renegado, very impatient to see Anna Felix. He had chang'd the female habit he wore when he was freed, for one suitable to his sex, which he had from a captive who came along with him in the vessel, and appear'd a very amiable and handsome gentleman, though not above eighteen ears of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with a joyful modesty. Their salutation was reserv'd, without an embrace, their love being too refin'd for any loose behaviour: but their beauties surpriz'd every body: silence was emphatical in their joys, and their eyes spoke more love than their tongues could express. The

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renegado gave a short account of the success of his voyage, and Don Gregorio briefly related the shifts he was put to among the women in his confinement, which shew'd his wit and discretion to be much above his years. Ricote gratify'd the ship's crew very nobly, and particularly the renegado, who was once more receiv'd into the bosom of the church, having with due penance and sincere repentance purify'd himself from all his former uncleanness.

Some few days after, the vice-roy, in concert with Don Antonio, took such measures as were expedient, to get the banishment of Ricote and his daughter repeal'd, judging it no inconvenience to the nation, that so just and orthodox persons should remain among them. Don Antonio being oblig'd to go to court about some other matters, offer'd to solicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that through the intercession of friends, and more powerful bribes, many difficult matters were brought about there to the satisfaction of the parties. There is no relying upon favour and bribes in our business, said Ricote, who was by, for the great Don Bernardo de Velasco, count de Salazar, to whom the king gave the charge of our expulsion, is a person of too strict and rigid justice, to be mov'd either by money, favour, or affection; and though I cannot deny him the character of a merciful judge in other matters, yet his piercing and diligent policy finds the body of our Moriscan race to be so corrupted, that amputation is the only cure. He is an Argus in his ministry, and by his watchful eyes has discover'd the most secret springs of their machina-

tions, and resolving to prevent the danger which the whole kingdom was in, from such a powerful multitude of inbred foes, he took the most effectual means; for after all, lopping off the branches may only prune the tree, and make the poisonous fruit spring faster; but to overthrow it from the root, proves a sure deliverance; nor can the great Philip the Third be too much extoll'd; first, for his heroic resolution in so nice and weighty an affair, and then for his wisdom in intrusting Don Bernardo de Velasco with the execution of this design. Well, when I come to court, said Don Antonio to Ricote, I will however use the most advisable means, and leave the rest to Providence. Don Gregorio shall go with me to comfort his parents, that have long mourn'd for his absence. Anna Felix shall stay here with my wife, or in some monastery; and as for honest Ricote, I dare engage the vice-roy will be satisfied to let him remain under his protection till he sees how I succeed. The vice-roy consented to all this; but Don Gregorio fearing the worst, was unwilling to leave his fair mistress; however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his parents, he yielded to the proposal, and so Anna Felix remain'd with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote with the vice-roy.

Two days after, Don Quixote, being somewhat recover'd, took his leave of Don Antonio, and having caus'd his armour to be laid on Dapple, he set forwards on his journey home: Sancho thus being forc'd to trudge after him on foot. On the other side, Don

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Gregorio bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their separation, though but for a while, was attended with floods of tears, and all the excess of passionate sorrow. Ricote offer'd him a thousand crowns, but he refus'd them, and only borrow'd five of Don Antonio, to repay him at court.

C H A P. LXVI.

Which treats of that which shall be seen by him that reads it, and heard by him that listens when it is read.

DON Quixote, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his eyes on the spot of ground where he was overthrown. Here once Troy stood, said he; here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, depriv'd me of all the glories I had purchas'd. Here fortune, by an unexpected reverse, made me sensible of her unconstancy and fickleness. Here my exploits suffer'd a total eclipse; and, in short, here fell my happiness, never to rise again. Sancho hearing his master thus dolefully paraphrasing on his misfortunes, Good sir, quoth he, 'tis as much the part of great spirits to have patience when the world frowns upon 'em, as to be joyful when all goes well: and I judge of it by myself; for if when I was a governor, I was merry, now I am but a poor squire afoot I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this same she thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical freakish drunken quean, and blind into the bargain; so that she neither sees what she does, nor

knows whom she raises, nor whom she casts down. Thou art very much a philosopher, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou talk'st very sensibly. I wonder how thou cam'st by all this; but I must tell thee there is no such thing as fortune in the world; nor does any thing that happens here below of good or ill come by chance, but by the particular providence of heaven; and this makes good the proverb, that every man may thank himself for his own fortune. For my part I have been the maker of mine, but for want of using the discretion I ought to have us'd, all my presumptuous edifice sunk, and tumbl'd down at once. I might well have consider'd, that Rozinante was too weak and feeble to withstand the knight of the White Moon's huge and strong-built horse. However, I would needs adventure; I did the best I could, and was overcome. Yet though it has cost me my honour, I have not lost, nor can I lose, my integrity to perform my promise. When I was a knight-errant, valiant and bold, the strength of my hands and my actions gave a reputation to my deeds; and now I am no more than a dismounted squire, the performance of my promise shall give a reputation to my words. Trudge on then, friend Sancho, and let us get home, to pass the year of our probation. In that retirement we shall recover new vigour to return to that, which is never to be forgotten by me, I mean the profession of arms. Sir, quoth Sancho, 'tis no such pleasure to beat the hoof as I do, that I should be for large marches. Let us hang up this armour of yours upon some tree, in the room of one of those highwaymen that

hang hereabouts in clusters; and when I am got upon Dapple's back, we will ride as fast as you please: for to think I can mend my pace, and foot it all the way, is what you must excuse me in. Thou hast spoken to purpose, Sancho, said Don Quixote; let my arms be hung for a trophy, and underneath, or about them, we will carve on the bark of the trees the same inscription, which was written near the trophy of Orlando's arms:

' Let none but he these arms displace;

' Who dares Orlando's fury face.'

Why, this is as I'd have it, quoth Sancho; and were it not that we shall want Rozinante upon the road, 'twere not amiss to leave him hanging too. Now I think better on't, said Don Quixote, neither the armour nor the horse shall be serv'd so. It shall never be said of me, For good service, bad reward. Why that's well said, quoth Sancho, for indeed it is a saying among wise men, that the fault of the ass must not be laid on the pack-saddle; and therefore, since in this last jobb you yourself were in fault, even punish yourself, and let not your fury wreak itself upon your poor armour, bruise'd and batter'd with doing you service, nor upon the tameness of Rozinante. that good-condition'd beast, nor yet upon the tenderness of my feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought.

They pass'd that day, and four more after that, in such kind of discourse, without meeting any thing that

might interrupt their journey; but on the fifth day, as they enter'd into a country town, they saw a great company of people at an inn-door, being got together for pastime, as being a holiday. As soon as Don Quixote drew near, he heard one of the countrymen cry to the rest, look ye now, we'll leave it to one of these two gentlemen that are coming this way, they know neither of the parties: let either of them decide the matter. That I will with all my heart, said Don Quixote, and with all the equity imaginable, if you'll but state the case right to me, Why, sir, said the countryman, the business is this; one of our neighbours here in this town, so fat and so heavy, that he weighs eleven * arrobas, or eleven quarters of a hundred, (for that's the same thing) has challeng'd another man o'this town, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred paces with equal weight. Now he that gave the challenge, being ask'd how they should make equal weight, demands that the other who weighs but five quarters of a hundred, should carry a hundred and a half of iron, and so the weight, he says, will be equal. Hold, sir, cry'd Sancho before Don Quixote could answer, this business belongs to me, that come so lately from being a governor, and a judge, as all the world knows; I ought to give judgment in this doubtful case. Do then, with all my heart, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat †, my

* An arroba is a quarter of an hundred weight.

† Alluding to the custom in Spain, of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the streets to feed

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brain is so disturb'd, and out of order. Sancho having thus got leave, and all the countrymen standing about him, gaping to hear him give sentence, Brothers, quoth he, I must tell you, that the fat man is in the wrong box, there's no manner of reason in what he asks; for if, as I always heard say, he that is challeng'd may chuse his weapons, there's no reason that he should chuse such as may incumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defy'd him. Therefore it is my judgment, that he who gave the challenge, and is so big and so fat, shall cut, pare, slice, or shave off a hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh, here and there, as he thinks fit; and then being reduced to the weight of t'other, both parties may run their race upon equal terms. By fore George, quoth one of the country people, that had heard the sentence, this gentleman has spoken like one of the saints in heaven; he has given judgment like a casuist; but I warrant the fat squab loves his flesh too well to part with the least sliver of it, much less will he part with a hundred and half. Why then, quoth another fellow, the best way will be not to let them run at all; for then lean will not venture to sprain his back by running with such a load; and fat need not cut out his pumper'd sides into collops: so let half the wager be spent in wine, and let's take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, And lay the cloak upon me when it rains. I return ye thanks, gentlemen, said Don Quixote, but I cannot stay a moment, for dismal the cats.—Poor Quixote's arrogance is mightily abated by his being vanquish'd.

thoughts and disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon rate; and so saying, he clapp'd spurs to Rozinante, and mov'd forwards, leaving people to discant on his strange figure, and the rare parts of his groom, for such they took Sancho to be. If the man be so wise, quoth another of the country-fellows to the rest, bless us! what shall we think of the master! I'll hold a wager, if they be going to study at Salamanca, they will come to be lord chief-justices in a trice; for there's nothing more easy, it is but studying and studying again, and having a little favour and good luck; and when a man least dreams of it, slap, he shall find himself with a judge's gown upon his back, or a bishop's mitre upon his head.

That night the master and the man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the roof of the open sky; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they saw coming towards them, a man a-foot with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, just like a foot post: the man mended his pace when he came near Don Quixote, and almost running, came, with a great deal of joy in his looks, and embrac'd Don Quixote's right thigh, for he could reach no higher. My lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, cry'd he, oh! how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his castle, for there he is still with my lady duchess. I don't know you, friend, answer'd Don Quixote, nor can I imagine who you should be, unless you tell me yourself. My name is Tosilos, an't please your honour; I am my lord

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duke's footman, the same who would not fight with you about Donna Rodriguez's daughter. Bless me! cry'd Don Quixote, is it possible you should be the man whom those enemies of mine, the magicians, transform'd into a lacquey, to deprive me of the honour of that combat? Softly, good sir, reply'd the footman, there was neither enchantment nor transformation in the case. I was as much a footman when I enter'd the lists, as when I went out; and it was because I had a mind to marry the young gentlewoman, that I refus'd to fight. But I was sadly disappointed; for when you were gone, my lord duke had me soundly bang'd, for not doing as he order'd me in that matter; and the upshot was this, Donna Rodriguez is pack'd away to seek her fortune, and the daughter is shut up in a nunnery. As for me I am going to Barcelona, with a packet of letters from my lord to the vice-roy. However, Sir, if you please to take a sup, I have here a calabash full of the best. It is a little hot, I must own, but it is neat, and I have some excellent cheefe, that will make it go down I warrant ye. I take you at your word, quoth Sancho, I am no proud man, leave ceremonies to the church, and so let's drink, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the inchanters in the Indies. Well, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou art certainly the veriest glutton that ever was, and the silliest block-head in the world, else thou wouldst consider that this man thou seest here, is enchanted, and a sham-lacquey. Then stay with him if thou thinkest fit, and gratify thy voracious appetite; for my part, I'll ride softly on before. Tosilos smil'd, and laying his bottle and his cheefe

upon the grass, he and Sancho sat down there, and like sociable mess-mates, never stirr'd till they had quite clear'd the wallet of all that was in it fit for the belly; and this with such an appetite, that when all was consum'd, they lick'd the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese. While they were thus employ'd, Hang me, quoth Tosilos, if I know what to make of this matter of your's: doubtless he ought to be reckon'd a madman. Why * ought? reply'd Sancho; he owes nothing to any body; for he pays for every thing, especially where madness is current: there he might be the richest man in the kingdom, he has such a stock of it. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it: but what boots it? especially now that he's all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the knight of the White Moon. Tosilos beg'd of Sancho to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that next time they met he'd tell him the whole matter. With that they got up, and after the squire had brush'd his cloaths, and shaken off the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple along; and with a good by t'ye, left Tosilos, in order to overtake his master, who staid for him under the cover of a tree.

* A double entendre upon the word *deve*, which is put for *must*, the sign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

C H A P. LXVII.

How Don Quixote resolv'd to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, for the year's time he was obliged not to bear arms; with other passages truly good and diverting.

IF Don Quixote was much disturb'd in mind before his overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he stay'd for his squire under the tree, a thousand thoughts crowded into his head, like flies into a honey-pot; sometimes he ponder'd on the means to free Dulcinea from enchantment, and at others, on the life he was to lead during his involuntary retirement. In this brown study, Sancho came up to him, crying up Tosilos as the honestest fellow and the most gentleman-like footman in the world. Is it possible, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou should'st still take that man for a real lacquey? hast thou forgot how thou saw'st Dulcinea converted and transformed into the resemblance of a rustic wench, and the knight of the Mirrors into the batchelor Carrasco; and all this by the necromantic arts of those evil minded magicians, that persecute me? but laying this aside, pry'thee tell me, did'st thou not ask Tosilos what became of Altisidora: whether she be-moan'd my absence, or dismiss'd from her breast those amorous sentiments that disturb'd her when I was near her? Faith and troth, quoth Sancho, my head ran on something else, and I was too well employ'd to think of such foolish stuff. Body of me! sir, are you now in a mood

to ask about other folks thoughts, especially their love-thoughts too? Look you, said Don Quixote, there's a great deal of difference between those actions that proceed from love, and those that are the effect of gratitude. It is possible a gentleman should not be at all amorous, but strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful. It is very likely that Altifidora lov'd me well; she presented me, as thou know'st, with three night-caps; she wept and took on when I went a way; curs'd me, abus'd me, and, in spite of modesty, gave a loose to her passion; all tokens that she was deeply in love with me, for the anger of lovers commonly vents itself in curses. It was not in my power to give her any hopes, nor had I any costly present to bestow on her; for all I have reserv'd is for Dulcinea; and the treasures of a knight-errant are but fairy-gold, and a delusive good: so all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate fair, without prejudice however to the rights of my Dulcinea, whom thou greatly injur'st, Sancho, by delaying the accomplishment of the penance that must free the poor lady from misery. And since thou art so ungenerously sparing of that pamper'd hide of thine, may I see it devour'd by wolves, rather than see it kept so charily for the worms. Sir, quoth Sancho, to deal plainly with you, it can't for the blood of me, enter into my head, that jerking my back-side will signify a straw to the disinchanting of the enchanted. Sir, 'tis as if we should say, if your head akes, anoint your shins. At least, I dare be sworn that in all the stories of knight-errantry you have thumb'd over, you never knew flogging unbe-

witch'd any body. However, when I can find myself in the humour, d'ye see, I'll about it; when time serves, I'll chastise myself, ne'er fear. I wish thou would'st, answer'd Don Quixote, and may heaven give thee grace at least to understand how much it is thy duty to relieve thy mistress; for as she is mine, by consequence she is thine, since thou belong'st to me.

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the place where the bulls had run over them; and Don Quixote knowing it again, Sancho said he, yonder's that meadow where we met the fine shepherdesses, and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to renew or imitate the pastoral Arcadia. It was certainly a new and ingenious conceit. If thou think'st well of it, we'll follow their example, and turn shepherds too, at least for the time I am to lay aside the profession of arms; I'll buy a flock of sheep, and every thing that's fit for a pastoral life, and so calling myself the shepherd Quixotis, and thee the shepherd Panfino, we'll range the woods, the hills and meadows, singing and versifying. We'll drink the liquid crystal, sometimes out of the fountains, and sometimes from the purling brooks, and the swift gliding streams. The oaks, the cork-trees, and chefnut-trees will afford us both lodging and diet; the willows will yield us their shade; the roses present us their inoffensive sweets; and the spacious meads will be our carpets, diversify'd with colours of all sorts: bless'd with the purest air, and unconfin'd alike, we shall breathe that and freedom. The moon and stars, our tapers of the night, shall light our evening walks. Light

hearts will make us merry, and mirth will make us sing. Love will inspire us with a theme and wit, and Apollo with harmonious lays. So shall we become famous, not only while we live, but make our loves eternal as our songs. As I live, quoth Sancho, this sort of life nicks me to an hair*, and I fancy, that if the bachelor, Samson Carrasco and master Nicholas have but once a glimpse of it, they'll e'en turn shepherds too; nay, 'tis well if the curate does not put in for one among the rest, for he's a notable joker, and merrily inclined. That was well thought on, said Don Quixote: and then if the bachelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon; and master Nicholas Niculoso, as formerly old Boscan call'd himself Nemoroso. For the curate, I don't well know what name we shall give him, unless we should call him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses with whom we must fall in love, we can't be at a loss to find them names, there are enough for us to pick and chuse; and since my mistress's name is not improper for a shepherdess, any more than for a princess, I will not trouble myself to get a better; thou may'st call thine as thou pleasest. For my part, quoth Sancho, I don't think of any other

* This kind of life squares and corners with me exactly, 'Quadrado y equinado.' Alluding to the corner stone of a building, which answers both ways.

† In plain English, as if Mr. Wood, (for so *Bosque* signifies,) should call himself Mr. Grove, so *Nemus* signifies in Latin.

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name for mine, but Terefona, that will fit her fat sides full well; and is taken from her Christian name too: so when I come to mention her in my verses, every body will know her to be my wife, and commend my honesty, as being one that is not for picking another man's lock: as for the curate, he must be contented without a shepherdess, for good example's sake. And for the bachelor, let him take his own choice, if he means to have one.

Bless me! said Don Quixote, what a life shall we lead! What a melody of oaten reeds, and Zamora bag-pipes *, shall we have resounding in the air! what intermixture of tabors, morrice-bells, and fiddles! and if to all the different instruments we add the albogues, we shall have all manner of pastoral music. What are the albogues? quoth Sancho: for I don't remember I've seen or ever heard of them in my life. They are, said Don Quixote, a sort of instruments made of brass-plates, rounded like candlesticks: the one shutting into the other, there arises thro' the holes or stops, and the trunk or hollow, an odd sound, which if not very grateful, or harmonious, is however not altogether disagreeable, but does well enough with the rusticity of the bag-pipe and tabor. You must know the word is Moorish, as indeed are all those in our Spanish, that begin with an Al, as Almoaza, Almorfar, Alhombra, Alguasil, Alucema, Almacen, Alcanzia, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also but three Moor-

* Zamora is a city in Spain, famous for that sort of music, as Lancashire is in England for the bag-pipe.

ish words in our tongue that end in I; and they are Borcequi, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; for as to Alheli and Alfaqui, they are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with Al, as their ending in I. I could not forbear telling thee so much by the by, thy quere about albugue having brought it into my head. There is one thing more that will go a great way towards making us compleat in our new kind of life, and that's poetry; thou know'st I am somewhat given that way, and the batchelor Carrasco is a most accomplished poet, to say nothing of the curate; though I'll hold a wager he's a dabbler in it too, and so is master Nicholas, I dare say; for all your barbers are notable scrapers and songsters. For my part, I'll complain of absence, thou shalt celebrate thy own loyalty and constancy; the shepherd Carrascon shall expostulate on his shepherdess's disdain, and the pastor Curiambro chuse what subject he likes best, and so all will be managed to our hearts content. Alas! quoth Sancho, I am so unlucky, that I fear me, I shall never live to see these blessed days. How shall I lick up the curds and cream! I'll ne'er be without a wooden spoon in my pocket. Oh, how many of them will I make! what garlands and what pretty pastoral fancies will I contrive! which though they may not recommend me for wisdom, will make me pass at least for an ingenious fellow. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner a field. But hold, have a care of that! she's a young likely wench, and some shepherds are more knaves than fools; and I would not have my girl go out for wool, and come home shorn; for love

and wicked doings, are to be found in the fields, as well as in cities; and in a shepherd's cot, as well as in a king's palace. Take away the cause, and the effect ceases; what the eye ne'er sees, the heart ne'er rues. One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands; and we must watch as well as pray. No more proverbs, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote: any one of these is sufficient to make us know thy meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be so lavish of thy proverbs; but it is all lost upon thee: I preach in a desert: my mother whips me, and I whip the top. Faith and troth, quoth Sancho, this is just as the saying is, the porridge-pot calls the kettle black-arse—you chide me for speaking proverbs, and yet you bring them out two at a time. Look you Sancho, those I spoke, are to the purpose, but thou fetchest thine in by head and shoulders, to their utter disgrace, and thy own. But no more at this time, it grows late, let us leave the road a little, and take up our quarters yonder in the fields; to-morrow will be a new day. They did accordingly, and made a slender meal, as little to Sancho's liking as his hard lodging; which brought the hardships of knight-erranting fresh into his thoughts, and made him wish for the better entertainment he had sometimes found, as at Don Diego's, Camacho's, and Don Antonio's houses: but he consider'd after all, that it could not be always fair weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his rest till morning, and his master to the usual exercise of his roving imaginations.

C H A P. LXVIII.

The adventure of the hogs.

THE night was pretty dark, though the moon still kept her place in the sky; but it was in such a part, as oblig'd her to be invisible to us; for now and then madam Diana takes a turn to the Antipodes, and then the mountains in black, and the valleys in darkness, mourn her ladyship's absence. Don Quixote, after his first sleep, thought nature sufficiently refresh'd, and would not yield to the temptations of a second. Sancho indeed did not enjoy a second, but from a different reason: for he usually made but one nap of the whole night, which was owing to the soundness of his constitution, and his unexperience of cares, that lay so heavy upon Don Quixote.

Sancho, said the knight, after he had pull'd the squire till he had waked him too, I am amaz'd at the insensibility of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or solid brass, thou liest so without either motion or feeling: thou sleep'st while I wake; thou sing'st while I mourn; and while I am ready to faint for want of sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of a good servant, to share in the afflictions of his master. Observe the stillness of the night, and the solitary place we are in. It is a pity such an opportunity should be lost in sloth and unactive rest; rouse for shame, step a little aside, and with a good grace, and a chearful heart, score me up some

three or four hundred lashes upon thy back, towards the disenchanted of Dulcinea. This I make my earnest request, being resolv'd never to be rough with thee again upon this account; for I must confess thou canst lay a heavy hand on a man upon occasion. When that performance is over, we'll pass the remainder of the night in chanting, I of absence, and thou of constancy, and so begin those pastoral exercises, which are to be our employment at home. Sir, answer'd Sancho, do you take me for a monk or friar, that I should start up in the middle of the night, and discipline myself at this rate? or, do you think it such an easy matter to scourge and clapper-claw my back one moment, and fall a singing the next? Look you, sir, say not a word more of this whipping; for as I love my flesh, you'll put me upon making some rash oath or other that you won't like, and then if the bare brushing of my coat would do you any good, you shou'd not have it, much less the carrying of my hide, and so let me go to sleep again. Oh obdurate heart! cry'd Don Quixote; oh, impious squire! oh nourishment and favours ill bestow'd! is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least, which I dare engage to do when this year of our obscurity is elaps'd; for, in short, *post tenebras spero lucem*. That I don't understand, quoth Sancho, but this I very well know, that while I am asleep, I feel neither hope nor despair; I am free from pain and insensible of glory. Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep: it covers a man all over,

thoughts and all, like a cloak; 'tis meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. 'Tis the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; 'tis, that it resembles death; there's very little difference between a man in his first sleep, and a man in his last sleep. Most elegantly spoken, said Don Quixote! thou hast much outdone any thing I ever heard thee say before, which confirms me in the truth of one of thy own proverbs; Birth is much, but breeding more. Cod's me! master of mine, cry'd Sancho, I'm not the only he now that threads proverbs, for you tack them together faster than I do, I think: I see no difference, but that yours come in season, mine out of season; but for all that, they are all but proverbs.

Thus they were employ'd, when their ears were alarm'd with a kind of a hoarse and grunting noise, that spread itself over all the adjacent valleys. Presently Don Quixote started up on his legs, and laid his hand to his sword: as for Sancho, he immediately set up some intrenchments about him, clapping the bundle of armour on one side, and fortifying the other with the ass's pack-saddle, and then gathering himself up of a heap, squatted down under Dapple's belly, where he lay panting, as full of fears as his master of surprize; while every moment the noise grew louder, as the cause of it approach'd, to the terror of the one, at least; for

as for the other, it is sufficiently known what his valour was.

Now the occasion was this : some fellows were driving a herd of above six hundred swine to a certain fair ; and with their grunting and squeaking, the filthy beasts made such a horrible noise, that Don Quixote and Sancho were almost stunn'd with it, and could not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length the knight and squire standing in their way, the rude bristly animals came thronging up all in a body, and without any respect of persons, some running between the knight's legs, and some between the squire's, threw down both master and man, having not only insulted Sancho's intrenchments, but also thrown down Rozinante : and having thus broke in upon them, on they went, and bore down all before them, overthrowing pack-saddle, armour, knight, squire, horse and all ; crowding, treading and trampling over them all at horrid rate. Sancho was the first that made a shift to recover his legs ; and having by this time found out what the matter was, he call'd to his master to lend him his sword, and swore he would flick at least half a dozen of those rude porkers immediately. No, no, my friend, said Don Quixote, let them e'en go ; heaven inflicts this disgrace upon my guilty head ; for it is but a just punishment that dogs should devour, hornets sting, and vile hogs trample on a vanquish'd knight-errant. And belike, quoth Sancho, that heaven sends the fleas to sting, the lice to bite, and hunger to famish us poor squires, for keeping these vanquish'd knights company. If we squires

were the sons of those knights, or any ways related to them, why then, something might be said for our bearing a share of their punishment, though it were to the third and fourth generation. But what have the Fargas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let's to our old places again, and sleep out the little that's left of the night. To-morrow is a new day. Sleep, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, sleep, for thou wert born to sleep: but I, who was design'd to be still waking, intend before Aurora ushers in the sun, to give a loose to my thoughts, and vent my conceptions in a madrigal, that I made last night unknown to thee. Methinks, quoth Sancho, a man can't be in great affliction, when he can turn his brain to the making of verses. Therefore, you may verify on as long as you please, and I'll sleep it out as much as I can. This said, he laid himself down on the ground, as he thought best, and hunching himself close together, fell fast asleep, without any disturbance from either debts, suretiships, or any care whatsoever. On the other side, Don Quixote leaning against the trunk of a beech, or a cork-tree (for it is not determin'd by Cid Hamet which it was) sung in concert with his sighs, the following composition.

A SONG TO LOVE.

- ' **W**Hene'er I think what mighty pain,
 ' The slave must bear who drags thy chain,
 ' Oh! love, for ease to death I go,
 ' The cure of thee, the cure of life and woe.

- ‘ But when, alas ! I think I’m sure
 ‘ Of that which must by killing cure,
‘ The pleasure that I feel in death,
 ‘ Proves a strong cordial to restore my breath.
‘ Thus life each moment makes me die,
 ‘ And death itself new life can give ;
‘ I hopeless and tormented lie,
 ‘ And neither truly die nor live.

The many tears as well as sighs that accompany’d this musical complaint, were a sign that the knight had deeply laid to heart his late defeat, and the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the sun darting his beams on Sancho’s face, at last awak’d him : whereupon, rubbing his eyes, and yawning and stretching his drowsy limbs, he perceived the havoc that the hogs had made in his baggage, which made him wish, not only the herd but somebody else too at the devil for company. In short, the knight and the squire both set forward on their journey, and about the close of the evening, they discovered some half a score horsemen, and four or five fellows on foot, making directly towards them. Don Quixote at the sight, felt a strange emotion in his breast, and Sancho fell a shivering from head to foot ; for they perceiv’d that these strangers were provided with spears and shields, and other warlike implements : whereupon the knight turning to the squire, Ah ! Sancho, said he, is it lawful for me at this time to bear arms, and had

I my hands at liberty and not ty'd up by my promise, what a joyful sight should I esteem this squadron that approaches! but perhaps, notwithstanding my present apprehensions, things may fall out better than we expect.

By this time the horsemen with their lances advanced, came close up to them without speaking a word, and encompassing Don Quixote in a menacing manner, with their points levell'd to his back and breast, one of the footmen, by laying his finger upon his mouth, signify'd to Don Quixote, that he must be mute; then taking Rozinante by the bridle, he led him out of the road, while the rest of the footmen secured Sancho and Dapple, and drove them silently after Don Quixote, who attempted twice or thrice to ask the cause of this usage; but he no sooner began to open, but they were ready to run the heads of their spears down his throat. Poor Sancho far'd worse yet; for as he offer'd to speak, one of the foot-guards gave him a jagg with a goad, and serv'd Dapple as bad, though the poor beast had no thought of saying a word.

As it grew night, they mended their pace, and then the darkness increas'd the fears of the captive knight and squire, especially when every minute their ears were tormented with these or such like words; On, on ye Troglodytes; silence, ye Barbarian slaves; vengeance, ye Anthropophagi; grumble not, ye Scythians; be blind, ye murdering Polyphemes, ye devouring lions. Bless us (thought Sancho) what names do they call us here! Trollopites, Barber's Slaves, and Andre

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Hodgepodgy, City-Cans, and Burframes; I don't like the sound of them. Here's one mischief on the neck of another. When a man's down, down with him: I would compound for a good dry beating, and glad to 'scape so too. Don Quixote was no less perplex'd, not being able to imagine the reason either of their hard usage or scurrilous language, which hitherto promis'd but little good. At last, after they had rode about an hour in the dark, they came to the gates of the castle, which Don Quixote presently knowing to be the duke's, where he had so lately been; Heaven bless me, cry'd he, what do I see! was not this the mansion of civility and humanity! But thus the vanquish'd are doom'd to see every thing frown upon them. With that the two prisoners were led into the great court of the castle, and found such strange preparations made there, as increas'd at once their fear, and their amazement; as we shall find in the next chapter.

C H A P. LXIX.

Of the most singular and strange adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this famous history.

ALL the horsemen alighted, and the footmen snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, hurry'd them into the court-yard, that was illuminated with above a hundred torches, fix'd in huge candle-sticks; and about all the galleries round the court, were placed above five hundred lights; insomuch, that

all was day in the midst of the darkness of the night. In the middle of the court there was a tomb, rais'd some two yards from the ground, with a large pall of black velvet over it, and round about it a hundred tapers of virgins-wax, stood burning in silver candlesticks. Upon the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, who, though to all appearance dead, was yet so beautiful, that death itself seem'd lovely in her face. Her head was crown'd with a garland of fragrant flowers, and supported by a pillow of cloth of gold, and in her hands, that were laid across her breast, was seen a branch of that yellow palm, that us'd of old to adorn the triumphs of conquerors. On one side of the court there was a kind of a theatre erected, on which two personages sat in chairs, who by the crowns upon their heads, and scepters in their hands were, or at least appeared to be kings. By the side of the theatre, at the foot of the steps by which the kings ascended, two other chairs were placed, and thither Don Quixote and Sancho were led, and caus'd to sit down; the guards that conducted them continuing silent all the while, and making their prisoners understand, by awful signs, that they must also be silent. But there was no great occasion for that caution; for their surprise was so great, that it had ty'd up their tongues without it.

At the same time two other persons of note ascended the stage with a numerous retinue, and seated themselves on two stately chairs by the two theatrical kings. These Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke and duchess, at whose palace he had been so nobly enter-

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gained. But what he discover'd as the greatest wonder, was, that the corpse upon the tomb was the body of the fair Altisidora.

As soon as the duke and duchess had ascended, Don Quixote and Sancho made them a profound obeisance, which they returned with a short inclining of their heads. Upon this a certain officer enter'd the court, and coming up to Sancho, he clapp'd over him a black buckram frock, all figur'd over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap, he put on his head a kind of mitre, such as is worn by those who undergo public penance by the inquisition; whispering him in the year at the same time, that if he did but offer to open his lips, they would put a gag in his mouth, or murder him to rights. Sancho viewed himself over from head to foot, and was a little startled to see himself all over in fire and flames; but yet since he did not feel himself burn, he car'd not a farthing. He pull'd off his mitre, and found it pictured over with devils; but he put it on again, and bethought himself, that since neither the flames burn'd him, nor the devils ran away with him, it was well enough. Don Quixote also stedfastly survey'd him, and in the midst of all his apprehensions, could not forbear smiling to see what a strange figure he made. And now in the midst of that profound silence, while every thing was mute, and expectation most attentive, a soft and charming symphony of flutes, that seemed to issue from the hollow of the tomb, agreeably fill'd their ears. Then there appeared at the head of the monument, a young man extremely handsome, and dress'd in a Ro-

man habit, who to the music of a harp, touch'd by himself, sung the following stanza's with an excellent voice :

ALTISIDORA'S DIRGE.

- ' **W**HILE slain, the fair Altisidora lies,
 ' A victim to Don Quixote's cold disdain;
 ' Here all things mourn, all pleasure with her dies,
 ' And weeds of woe disguise the graces train.
- ' I'll sing the beauties of her face and mind,
 ' Her hopeless passion, her unhappy fate;
 ' Not Orpheus self in numbers more refin'd,
 ' Her charms, her love, her suff'rings could relate.
- ' Nor shall the fair alone in life be sung,
 ' Her boundless praise is my immortal choice;
 ' In the cold grave, when death benums my tongue,
 ' For thee, bright maid, my soul shall find a voice.
- ' When from this narrow cell my spirit's free,
 ' And wanders grieving with the shades below,
 ' Ev'n o'er oblivion's waves I'll sing to thee;
 ' And hell itself shall sympathize in woe.

Enough, cry'd one of the two kings; no more, divine musician; it were an endless task to enumerate the perfections of Altisidora, or give us the story of her fate. Nor's she dead, as the ignorant vulgar surmises;

no, in the mouth of fame she lives, and once more shall revive, as soon as Sancho has undergone the penance that is decreed to restore her to the world. Therefore, O Rhadamanthus; thou who sittest in joint commission with me in the opacous shades of Dis, tremendous judge of hell! thou to whom the decrees of fate, inscrutable to mortals, are reveal'd, in order to restore this damsel to life, open and declare them immediately, nor delay the promised felicity of her return, to comfort the drooping world.

Scarce had Minos finish'd his charge, but Rhadamanthus starting up: Proceed, said he, ye ministers and officers of the household, superior and inferior, high and low; proceed one after another, and mark me Sancho's chin with twenty-four twitches, give him twelve pinches, and run six pins into his arms and backside; for Altifidora's restoration depends on the performance of this ceremony. Sancho hearing this could hold out no longer, but bawling out, Body of me! cry'd he, I'll as soon turn Turk, as give you leave to do all this. You shall put no chin or countenance of mine upon any such mortification. What the devil can the spoiling of my face signify to the restoring of this damsel? I may as soon turn up my broad end, and awaken her with a gun. Dulcinea is bewitch'd and I forsooth must flog myself, to free her from witchcraft! and here's Altifidora too, drops off of one distemper or other, and presently poor Sancho must be pull'd by the handle of his face, his skin fill'd with oiled holes, and his arms pinch'd black and blue, to save her from the worms! No, no,

you must not think to put tricks upon travellers. An old dog understands trap *. Relent, cry'd Rhadamanthus aloud, thou tyger, submit proud Nimrod, suffer and be silent, or thou dy'st: no impossibility is required from thee; and therefore pretend not to expostulate on the severity of thy doom. Thy face shall receive the twitches, thy skin shall be pinch'd, and thou shalt groan under the penance. Begin, I say, ye ministers of justice, execute my sentence, or, as I'm an honest man, ye shall curse the hour ye were born. At the same time six old duenas, or waiting-women, appear'd in the court, marching in a formal procession one after another, four of them wearing spectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft, and their wrists, according to the fashion, about four inches bare, to make their hands seem the longer. Sancho no sooner spy'd them, but, roaring out like a bull, Do with me what you please, cry'd he, let a sackful of mad cats lay their claws on me, as they did on my master in this castle, drill me through with sharp daggers, tear the flesh from my bones with red-hot pincers, I'll bear it with patience, and serve your worships: but the devil shall run away with me at once before I'll suffer old waiting-women to lay a finger upon me. Don Quixote upon this broke silence; Have patience, my son, cry'd he, and resign thyself to these potentates, with thanks to heaven, for having endow'd thy person with such a gift, as to release the enchanted and raise the dead from the grave.

* *Tus, tus*, in the original. See this explain'd elsewhere.

By this time the waiting-women were advanced up to Sancho, who, after much persuasion, was at last wrought upon to settle himself in his seat, and submit his face and beard to the female executioners; the first that approach'd gave him a clever twitch, and then dropp'd him a courtesy. Less courtesy, and less sauce, good Mrs. Governante, cry'd Sancho; for, by the life of Pharaoh, your fingers stink of vinegar. In short, all the waiting-women, and most of the servants came and twitch'd and pinch'd him decently, and he bore it all with unspeakable patience. But when they came to prick him with pins, he could contain no longer; but starting up in a pelting chafe, snatch'd up one of the torches that stood near him, and swinging it round, put all the women and the rest of his tormentors to their heels. Avaunt, cry'd he, ye imps of the devil, d'ye think my backside is made of brass, or that I intend to be your master's martyr, with a horse-pox t'ye?

At the same time Altifidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, began to turn herself on one side, which was no sooner perceiv'd by the spectators, but they all set up the cry, She lives, she lives! Altifidora lives! And then Rhadamanthus addressing himself to Sancho, desir'd him to be pacify'd, for now the wonderful recovery was effected. On the other side Don Quixote, seeing Altifidora stir, went and threw himself on his knees before Sancho; My dear son, cry'd he, for now I will not call thee squire, now is the hour for thee to receive some of the lashes that

are incumbent upon thee for the disenchanted of Delcinea. This, I say, is the auspicious time, when the virtue of thy skin is most mature and efficacious for working the wonders that are expected from it. Out of the frying-pan into the fire, quoth Sancho; I have brought my hogs to a fair market truly; after I have been twing'd and tweak'd by the nose, and every where, and my buttocks stuck all over, and made a pin-cushion of, I must be now whipp'd like a top, must I? If you have a mind to get rid of me, can't you as well tie a good stone about my neck, and tip me into a well. Better make an end of me at once, than have me loaded so every foot like a pack-horse with other folks burdens. Look ye, say but one word more to me of any such thing, and on my soul all the fat shall be in the fire.

By this time Altifidora sat on the tomb, and presently the music struck up, all the instruments being join'd with the voices of the spectators, who cry'd aloud, Live, live, Altifidora, Altifidora live! The duke and duchess got up, and with Minos and Rhadamanthus, accompany'd by Quixote and Sancho, went all in a body to receive Altifidora, and hand her down from the tomb. She pretending to faint, bow'd to the duke and duchess, and also to the two kings; but casting a skew look upon Don Quixote, Heaven forgive that hard-hearted lovely knight, said she, whose barbarity has made me an inhabitant of the other world for ought I know a thousand years. But to thee, said she, turning to Sancho, to thee, the most compassionate squire that the world contains, I return my thanks for my change

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from death to life ; in acknowledgment of which, fix of the best smocks I have, shall be changed into shirts for thee ; and if they are not spick and span new, yet they are all as clean as a penny. Sancho pull'd off his mitre, put his knee to the ground, and kiss'd her hand. The duke commanded, that they should return him his cap, and instead of his flaming frock, to give him his gaberdine ; but Sancho begg'd of his grace, that he might keep the frock and mitre, to carry into his own country, as a relic of that wonderful adventure. The duchess said, he should have them, for he knew she was always one of his best friends. Then the duke ordered the company to clear the court, and retire to their respective lodgings, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their apartments.

C H A P. LXX.

Which comes after the sixty-ninth, and contains several particulars, necessary for the illustration of this history.

THAT night Sancho lay in a truckle-bed in Don Quixote's chamber, a lodging not much to the squire's liking, being very sensible that his master would disturb him with impertinent chat all night long ; and this entertainment he found himself not rightly dispos'd for, his late penance having taken him quite off the talking pin ; and a hovel, with good sound sleep, had been more agreeable to his circumstances, than the most stately apartments in such troublesome company ; and

indeed his apprehensions prov'd so right, that his master was scarcely laid when he began to open :

Sancho, said he, what is your opinion of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of love when heighten'd by disdain, as the testimony of your own eyes may convince you in the death of Altifidora. It was neither a dart, a dagger, nor any poison that brought her to her end, but she expir'd through the mere sense of my disdain of her affection. I had not car'd a pin, answer'd Sancho, though she had dy'd of the pip, so she had but let me alone; I never courted her, nor slighted her in my born days; and for my part, I must still think it strange, that the life and well-doing of Altifidora, a whimsical, maggotty gentlewoman, should depend upon the plaguing of Sancho Pança. But there are such things as inchanters and witchcrafts that's certain, from which good heaven deliver me! for 'tis more than I can do myself. But now, sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; for if you trouble me with any more questions, I'm resolv'd to leap out of the window. I'll not disturb thee, honest Sancho, said Don Quixote, sleep, if the smart of thy late torture will let thee. No pain, answer'd Sancho, can be compar'd to the abuse my face suffer'd, because 'tis done by the worst of ill-natur'd creatures. I mean old waiting women; the devil take them, quoth I, and so good night! I want a good nap to set me to rights, and so once again, pray let me sleep. Do so, said Don Quixote, and heaven be with thee. Thereupon they both fell asleep, and while they are asleep, Cid Hamet takes the opportunity to tell us the

motives that put the duke and duchess upon this odd compound of extravagancies, that has been last related. He says, that the batchelor Carrasco meditating revenge for having been defeated by Don Quixote when he went by the title of the knight of the Mirrours, resolv'd to make another attempt in hopes of better fortune; and therefore having understood where Don Quixote was, by the page that brought the letters and present to Sancho's wife, he furnish'd himself with a fresh horse and arms, and had a white moon painted on his shield; his accoutrements were all pack'd up on a mule, and, lest Thomas Cecial his former attendant should be known by Don Quixote or Sancho, he got a country-fellow to wait on him as a squire. Coming to the duke's castle, he was inform'd that the knight was gone to the tournament at Saragosa, the duke giving the batchelor an account also how pleasantly they had impos'd upon him with the contrivance for Dulcinea's disenchament, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's posteriors. Finally, he told him how Sancho had made his master believe that Dulcinea was transform'd into a country-wench by the power of magic; and how the duchess had persuaded Sancho that he was deluded himself, and Dulcinea enchanted in good earnest. The batchelor, though he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheless struck with wonder at this mixture of cunning and simplicity in the squire, and the uncommon madness of the master. The duke then made it his request, that if he met with the knight, he should call at the castle as he return'd, and give him an account of his success, whether he van-

quish'd him or not. The batchelor promis'd to obey his commands; and departing in search of Don Quixote, he found him not at Saragosa, but travelling farther, met him at last, and had his revenge as we have told you. Then taking the duke's castle in his way home, he gave him an account of the circumstances and conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was repairing homewards, to fulfil his engagement of returning to and remaining in his village for a year, as it was incumbent on the honour of chivalry to perform, and in this space, the batchelor said, he hop'd the poor gentleman might recover his senses, declaring withal, that the concern he had upon him, to see a man of his parts in such a distracted condition, was the only motive that could put him upon such an attempt. Upon this he return'd home, there to expect Don Quixote, who was coming after him. This information engag'd the duke, who was never to be tir'd with the humours of the knight and the squire, to take this occasion to make more sport with them; he order'd all the roads thereabouts, especially those that Don Quixote was most likely to take, to be laid by a great many of his servants, who had orders to bring him to the castle, right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and sent their master an account of it; whereupon all things being prepar'd against his coming, the duke caus'd the torches and tapers to be all lighted round the court, and Altisidora's tragi-comical interlude was acted, with the humours of Sancho Pança, the whole so to the life, that the coun-

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terfeit was hardly discernible. Cid Hamet adds, that he believ'd those that play'd all these tricks were as mad as those they were impos'd upon: and that the duke and duchess were within a hair's breadth of being thought fools themselves, for taking so much pains to make sport with the weakness of two poor silly wretches.

Now to return to our two adventurers; the morning found one of them fast asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his wild imaginations. They thought it time to rise, especially the Don, for the bed of sloth was never agreeable to him, whether vanquish'd or victorious.

Altisidora, whom Don Quixote suppos'd to have been rais'd from the dead, did that day (to humour her lord and lady) deck her head with the same garland she wore upon the tomb, and in a loose gown of white taffaty flower'd with gold, her dishevell'd locks flowing negligently on her shoulders, she enter'd Don Quixote's chamber, supporting herself with an ebony staff.

The knight was so surpriz'd and amaz'd at this unexpected apparition, that he was struck dumb; and not knowing how to behave himself, he slunk down under the bed-clothes, and cover'd himself over head and ears. However, Altisidora plac'd herself in a chair close by his bed's-head, and after a profound sigh: To what an extremity of misfortune and distress, said she in a soft and languishing voice, are young ladies of my virtue and quality reduced, when they thus trample upon the rule of modesty, and without regard to virgin-decency, are forc'd to give their tongues a loose, and betray the

secrets of their hearts! Alas! noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am one of those unhappy persons over-rul'd by my passion, but yet so reserved and patient in my sufferings, that silence broke my heart, and my heart broke in silence. It is now two days, most inexorable and marble-hearted man, since the sense of your severe usage and cruelty brought me to my death, or something so like it, that every one that saw me, judg'd me to be dead. And had not love been compassionate, and assign'd my recovery on the sufferings of this kind squire, I had ever remain'd in the other world. Truly, quoth Sancho, love might e'en as well have made choice of my ass for that service, and he would have obliged me a great deal more. But pray, good mistress, tell me one thing now, and so heaven provide you a better natur'd sweet-heart than my master, what did you see in the other world? What sort of folks are there in hell? for there I suppose you have been; for those that die of despair, must needs go to that summer-house. To tell you the truth, reply'd Altisidora, I fancy I could not be dead outright, because I was not got so far as hell; for had I been once in, I'm sure I should ne'er have been allow'd to have got out again. I got to the gates indeed, where I found a round dozen of devils in their breeches and waistcoats, playing at tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat-bands with scollop'd Flanders lace and ruffles of the same; four inches of their wrists *

* It was so strange and impudent a sight for women or men to shew their naked wrists or arms, that the author puts the devils in that fashion.

bare, to make their hands look the longer; in which they held rackets of fire. But what I most wonder'd at, was, that instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books that were every whit as light, and stuff'd with wind and flocks, or such kind of trumpery. This was indeed most strange and wonderful; but, what still amaz'd me more, I found, that, contrary to the custom of gamers, among whom the winning party at least is in good humour, and the losers only angry, these hellish tossers of books of both sides did nothing but fret, fume, stamp, curse and swear most horribly, as if they had been all losers.

That's no wonder at all, quoth Sancho; for your devils, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented. That may be, said Altisidora, but another thing that I admire (I then admir'd I would say) was, that the ball would not bear a second blow, but at every stroke they were oblig'd to change books, some of them new, some old, which I thought very strange. And one accident that happen'd upon this I can't forget: they toss'd up a new book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart stroke, that the very guts flew out of it, and all the leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the devils to another, look, look, what book is that? It is the second part of the history of Don Quixote, said the other; not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the author of the first, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a native of Tordefillas. Away with it, cry'd the first devil, down with it, plunge it to the lowest pit of hell, where I may

never see it more. Why, is it such sad stuff, said the other? Such intolerable stuff, cry'd the first devil, that if I and all the devils in hell should set their heads together to make it worse, it were past our skill. The devils continu'd their game, and shatter'd a world of other books, but the name of Don Quixote, that I so passionately ador'd, confin'd my thoughts only to that part of the vision which I have told you. It could be nothing but a vision to be sure, said Don Quixote, for I am the only person of the name now in the universe, and that very book is tofs'd about here at the very same rate, never resting in a place, for every body has a sling at it. Nor am I concern'd that any phantom assuming my name, should wander in the shades of darkness, or in the light of this world, since I am not the person of whom that history treats. If it be well writ, faithful, and authentic, it will live ages; but if it be bad, it will have a quick journey from its birth to the grave of oblivion. Altisidora was then going to renew her expostulations and complaints against Don Quixote, had not he thus interrupted her: I have often caution'd you, madam, said he, of fixing your affections upon a man who is absolutely incapable of making a suitable return. It grieves me to have a heart obtruded upon me, when I have no entertainment to give it, but bare cold thanks. I was only born for Dulcinea del Toboso, and to her alone the Destinies (if such there be) have devoted my affection: so it is presumption for any other beauty to imagine she can displace her, or but share the possession she holds in my soul. This I hope may suffice

to take away all foundation from your hopes, to recal your modesty, and re-instate it in its proper bounds, for impossibilities are not to be expected from any creature upon earth.

At hearing this, Death of my life ! cry'd Altisidora, putting on a violent passion, thou lump of lead, who hast a soul of mortar, and a heart as little and as hard as the stone of an olive, more stubborn than a common plough-jobber, or a carrier's horse that will never go out of his road, I have a good mind to tear your eyes out, as deep as they are in your head. Why, thou beaten swash-buckler, thou rib-roasted knight of the cudgel, hast thou the impudence to think that I dy'd for love of thy lantern-jaws ? No, no, Sir Tiffany, all that you have seen this night has been counterfeit, for I would not suffer the pain of a flea-bite, much less that of dying, for such a dromedary as thou art. Troth ! las, I believe thee, quoth Sancho ; for all these stories of people dying for love are mere tales of a roasted horse. They tell you they'll die for love, but the devil a-bit. Trust to that and be laugh'd at.

Their discourse was interrupted by the coming in of the harper, singer, and composer of the stanzas that were perform'd in the court the night before. Sir knight, said he to Don Quixote, making a profound obeisance, let me beg the favour of being number'd among your most humble servants ; it is an honour which I have long been ambitious to receive, in regard of your great renown, and the valour of your atchievements. Pray, sir, said Don Quixote, let me know who you are, that

I may proportion my respects to your merits. The spark gave him to understand, he was the person that made and sung the verses he heard the last night. Truly, sir, said Don Quixote, you have an excellent voice; but I think your poetry was little to the purpose; for what relation pray have the stanza's of Garcilasso to this lady's death? Oh! sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the musician, I do but as other brothers of the quill: all the upstart poets of the age do the same, and every one writes what he pleases, how he pleases, steals and from whom he pleases, whether it be to the purpose or no; for let them write and set to music what they will, though never so impertinent and absurd, there is a thing call'd poetical licence, that is our warrant, and a safeguard and refuge for nonsense, among all the men of jingle and metre.

Don Quixote was going to answer, but was interrupted by the coming in of the duke and duchess, who improving the conversation, made it very pleasant for some hours; and Sancho was so full of his odd conceits and arch wiles, that the duke and duchess were at a stand which to admire most, his wit, or his simplicity. After that, Don Quixote begg'd leave for his departure that very day, alledging that knights in his unhappy circumstances were rather fitter to inhabit an humble cottage than a kingly palace. They freely comply'd with his request, and the duchess desir'd to know if Altifidora had yet attain'd to any share of his favour. Madam, answer'd Don Quixote, I must freely tell your grace, that I am confident all this damsel's discourse pro-

ceeds from nothing else in the world but idleness. So nothing in nature can be better physic for her distemper, than to be continually employ'd in some innocent and decent things. She has been pleas'd to inform me, that bone-lace is much worn in hell; and since, without doubt, she knows how to make it, let that be her task, and I'll engage the tumbling of her bobbins to and again will soon toss her love out of her head, now this is my opinion, madam, and my advice. And mine too, quoth Sancho, for I never knew any of your bone-lace-makers die for love, nor any other young wench, that had any thing else to do; I know it by myself: when I am hard at work, with a spade in my hand, I no more think of pig'snyes (my own dear wife I mean) than I do of my dead cow, though I love her as the apple of my eye. You say well, Sancho, answer'd the duchess, and I'll take care that Altisidora shall not want employment for the future; she understands her needle, and I'm resolv'd she shall make use on't. Madam, said Altisidora, I shall have no occasion for any remedy of that nature; for the sense of the severity and ill usage that I have met with from that vagabond monster, will, without any other means, soon raze him out of my memory. In the mean time, I beg your grace's leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I won't say his woful figure, but his ugly and abominable countenance. These words, said the duke, put me in mind of the proverb, After railing, comes forgiving. Altisidora putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as it were to dry her tears, and then making her honours to the duke and duchess,

went out of the room. Alack-a-day ! poor girl, cry'd Sancho ; I know what will be the end of thee, since thou art fallen into the hands of that sad soul, that merciless master of mine, with a crab-tree heart, as tough as any oak. Woe be to thee, a faith ! hadst thou fallen in love with this sweet face of mine, body of me, thou hadst met with a cock of the game. The discourse ended here. Don Quixote dress'd, din'd with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

C H A P. LXXI.

What happen'd to Don Quixote, and his squire in their way home.

THE vanquish'd knight errant continu'd his journey, equally divided between grief and joy ; the thought of his overthrow sometimes sunk his spirits ; but then the assurance he had of the virtue lodg'd in Sancho, by Altisidora's resurrection, rais'd them up again ; and yet, after all, he had much ado to persuade himself that the amorous damsel was really dead. As for Sancho, his thoughts were not at all of the pleasing kind ; on the contrary, he was mightily upon the sullen, because Altisidora had bilk'd him of the smocks she promis'd him ; and his head running upon that, Faith and troth, sir, quoth he, I have the worst luck of any physician under the cope of heaven ; other doctors kill their patients, and are paid for it too, and yet they are at no farther trouble than scrawling two or three cramp words for some physical slip-slop, which the

apothecaries are at all the pains to make up. Now here am I, that save people from the grave at the expence of my own hide, pinch'd, clapper-claw'd, run through with pins, and whipp'd like a top, and yet the devil a crofs I get by the bargain. But if ever they catch me a curing any body o' this fashion, unless I have my fee before-hand, may I be serv'd as I have been for nothing. Oddsdiggers ! they shall pay sauce for't ; no money, no cure ; the monk lives by his singing ; and I can't think heaven would make me a doctor, without allowing me my fees.

You're in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and Altifidora has done unworthily in disappointing you of the smocks. Though you must own, that the virtue by which thou workest these wonders was a free gift, and cost thee nothing to learn, but the art of patience. For my part, had you demanded your fees for chisn-chanting Dulcinea, you should have receiv'd them already ; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatness of the cure ; and therefore I would not have the remedy depend upon a reward ; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it, might not hinder the effect of the penance ? however, since we've gone so far, we'll put it to a trial ; come, Sancho, name your price, and down with your breech's. First pay your hide, then pay yourself out of the money of mine that you have in your custody. Sancho opening his eyes and ears above a foot wide at this fair offer, leap'd presently at the proposal. Ay ay, sir, now you say something, quoth he, I'll do't with a

jirk now, since you speak so feelingly. I have a wife and children to maintain, sir, and I must mind the main chance. Come then, how much will you give me by the lash? Were your payment, said Don Quixote, to be answerable to the greatness and merits of the cure, not all the wealth of Venice, nor the Indian mines were sufficient to reward thee. But see what cash you have of mine in your hands, and set what price you will on every stripe.

The lashes, quoth Sancho, are in all three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the rest are to come, let those five go for the odd ones, and let's come to the three thousand three hundred. At a quartillo, or three half-pence, apiece, (and I would not bate a farthing, if 'twere to my brother) they will make three thousand three hundred three-half-pences. Three thousand three-half pences, make fifteen hundred three-pences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals or six-pences. Now the three hundred remaining three-half-pences, make an hundred and fifty three-pences, and three score and fifteen six-pences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty five reals, or six-pences, to a farthing. This money, sir, if you please, I'll deduct from your's that I have in my hands, and then I'll reckon myself well paid for my jirking, and go home well pleas'd, though well whipp'd; but that's nothing, something has some favour; he must not think to catch fish, who is afraid to wet his feet. I need say no more. Now blessings on thy heart, my dearest Sancho! cry'd Don Quixote.

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Oh! my friend, how shall Dulcinea and I be bound to pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please heaven to continue us on earth! if she recover her former shape and beauty, as now she infallibly must, her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and I shall triumph in my defeat. Speak, dear Sancho, when wilt thou enter upon thy task, and a hundred reals more shall be at thy service, as a gratuity for thy being expeditious? I'll begin this very night, answer'd Sancho, do you but order it so that we may lie in the fields, and you shall see how I'll lay about me; I shan't be sparing of my flesh, I'll assure you.

Don Quixote long'd for night so impatiently, that, like all eager expecting lovers, he fancy'd Phoebus had broke his chariot-wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the road into a shady wood, where they both alighted, and being sat down upon the grass, they went to supper upon such provision as Sancho's wallet afforded.

And now having satisfy'd himself, he thought it time to satisfy his master, and earn his money. To which purpose he made himself a whip of Dapple's halter, and having stripped himself to the waist, retir'd farther up into the wood at a small distance from his master. Don Quixote, observing his readiness and resolution, could not forbear calling after him; Dear Sancho, cry'd he, be not too cruel to thyself neither: have a care, do not hack thyself to pieces: make no more haste than good speed; go more gently to work, soft and fair

goes farthest; I mean, I would not have thee kill thyself before thou gettest to the end of the tally; and that the reckoning may be fair on both sides, I will stand at a distance, and keep an account of the strokes by the help of my beads; and so heaven prosper thy pious undertaking. He's an honest man, quoth Sancho, who pays to a farthing; I only mean to give myself a handsome whipping, for don't think I need kill myself to work miracles.

With that he began to exercise the instrument of penance, and Don Quixote to tell the strokes. But by that time Sancho had apply'd seven or eight lashes on his bare back, he felt the jest bite him so smartly, that he began to repent him of his bargain: whereupon, after a short pause he call'd to his master, and told him, that he would be off with him, for such lashes as these, laid on with such a confounded lick-back, were modestly worth three-pence apiece of any man's money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three half-pence a lash. Go on, friend Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, take courage and proceed, I'll double the pay, if that be all. Say you so, quoth Sancho, then have at all; I'll lay it on thick and threefold. Do but listen——With that, slap went the scourge; but the cunning knave left persecuting his own skin, and fell foul o' the trees, fetching such dismal groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the ghost.

Don Quixote, who was naturally tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of himself before he

could finish his penance, and so disappoint the happy effects of it: Hold, cry'd he, hold my friend, as thou lovest thy life, hold I conjure thee, no more at this time. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic. Therefore pray don't take it all at once, make two doses of it. Come, come, all in good time, Rome was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that's enough for one beating; for, to use a homely phrase, the ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death. No, no, quoth Sancho, it shall ne'er be said of me, the eaten bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead horse, because I am paid before-hand. Therefore stand off, I beseech you; get out of the reach of my whip, and let me lay on t'other thousand, and then the heart of the work will be broke: such another flogging-bout, and the jobb will be over. Since thou art in the humour, reply'd Don Quixote, I will withdraw, and heaven strengthen and reward thee! With that, Sancho fell to work afresh, and beginning upon a new score, he lash'd the trees at so unconscionable a rate, that he fetch'd of their skins most unmercifully.

At length, raising his voice, seemingly resolv'd to give himself a sparing blow, he lets drive at a beech-tree with might and main. There! cry'd he, down with thee, Samson, and all that are about thee! This dismal cry, with the sound of the dreadful strokes that attended it, made Don Quixote run presently to his squire, and laying fast hold on the halter, which Sancho had

twisted about and managed like a bull's pizzle, Hold, cry'd he, friend Sancho, stay the fury of thy arm. Dost thou think I will have thy death, and the ruin of thy wife and children, to be laid at my door? Forbid it, fate! let Dulcinea stay a while, till a better opportunity offers itself. I myself will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou hast recover'd new strength, the business may be accomplish'd to every body's satisfaction. Well, sir, quoth Sancho, if it be your worship's will and pleasure it should be so, so let it be quo' I. But, for goodness-sake, do so much as throw your cloke over my shoulders; for I am all in a muck sweat, and I've no mind to catch cold; we novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the discipline of flogging. With that, Don Quixote took off his cloak from his own shoulders, and putting it over those of Sancho, chose to remain in cuerpo; and the crafty squire being lapp'd up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirr'd till the sun wak'd him.

In the morning they went on their journey, and after three hours riding, alighted at an inn, for it was allow'd by Don Quixote himself to be an inn, and not a castle, with moats, towers, portcullices, and draw-bridges, as he commonly fancy'd; for now the knight was mightily off the romantic pin, to what he us'd to be, as shall be shew'd presently more at large. He was lodg'd in a ground room, which instead of tapestry was hung with a coarse painted stuff, such as is often seen in villages. One of the pieces had the story of Helen of Troy, when Paris stole her away from her

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husband Menelaus, but scrawl'd out after a bungling rate by some wretched dauber or other. Another had the story of Dido and Aeneas, the lady on the top of a turret, waving a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was in a ship at sea, crowding all the sails he could to get from her. Don Quixote made this observation upon the two stories, that Helen was not at all displeas'd at the force put upon her, but rather leer'd and smil'd upon her lover: whereas on the other side, the fair Dido shew'd her grief by her tears, which, because they should be seen, the painter had made as big as walnuts. How unfortunate, said Don Quixote, were these two ladies, that they liv'd not in this age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having liv'd in theirs! I would have met and stopt those gentlemen, and sav'd both Troy and Carthage from destruction; nay, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented. I'll lay you a wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an inn, a hedge-tavern, a blind victualling-house, nor a barber's shop in the country, but will have the story of our lives and deeds pasted and painted along the walls. But I could wish with all my heart though, that they may be done by a better hand than the bungling son of a whore that drew these. Thou art in the right, Sancho; for the fellow that did these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja the painter of Uveda, who as he sat at work, being ask'd what he was about? made answer, any thing that comes uppermost; and if he chanc'd to draw a cock, he underwrit, this is a cock, lest people should take it for

a fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the history of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a strolling; for his painting or writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he's also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain poet, who was at court some years ago, and pretended to give answer *ex tempore* to any manner of questions: some body ask'd what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo*? whereupon my gentleman answer'd very pertly in Spanish, *De donde diere*, that is Hab nab at a venture.

But to come to our own affairs. Hast thou an inclination to have t'other brush to-night? what think you of a warm house; would it not do better for that service than the open air? Why truly, quoth Sancho, a whipping is but a whipping either abroad or without doors, and I could like a close warm place well enough, so it were among trees; for I love trees hugely d'ye see, methinks they bear me company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my sufferings. Now I think on't, said Don Quixote, it shall not be to-night, honest Sancho, you shall have more time to recover, and we'll let the rest alone till we get home; it will not be above two days at most. E'en as your worship pleases, answer'd Sancho; but if I might have my will, it were best making an end of the jobb, now my hand's in, and my blood up. There's nothing like striking while the iron is hot, for delay breeds danger: 'tis best grinding at the mill before the water is past: ever take while you may have it: a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. For hea-

ven's sake, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, let alone thy proverbs; if once thou goest back to *sicut erat*, or as it was in the beginning, I must give thee over. Can'st thou not speak as other folks do, and not after such a tedious round-about manner. How often have I told thee of this? mind what I tell you, I'm sure you'll be the better for it. 'Tis an unlucky trick I've got, reply'd Sancho, I can't bring you in three words to the purpose without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb, but what I think to the purpose; but I'll mend if I can. And so for this time their conversation broke off.

C H A P. LXXII.

How Don Quixote and Sancho got home.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continu'd in the inn, expecting the return of night, the one to have an opportunity to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to see it fully perform'd, as being the most material preliminary to the accomplishment of his desires.

In the mean time, a gentleman with three or four servants came riding up to the inn, and one of them calling him that appear'd to be the master, by the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship, said he, had as good stop here till the heat of the day be over. In my opinion, the house looks cool and cleanly. Don Quixote overhearing the name of Tarfe, and presently turning to his squire, Sancho, said he, I am much mistaken if I had not a glimpse of this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, in turning over that pretended second part of my

history. As likely as not, quoth Sancho; but first let him alight, and then we'll question him about the matter.

The gentleman alighted, and was shew'd by the land lady into a ground-room that faced Don Quixote's apartment, and was hung with the same sort of coarse painted stuff. A while after the stranger had undress'd for coolness, he came out to take a turn, and walked into the porch of the house, that was large and airy: there he found Don Quixote, to whom addressing himself, Pray, sir, said he, which way do you travel? To a country-town not far off, answer'd Don Quixote, the place of my nativity. And pray, sir, which way are you bound? To Granada, sir, said the knight, the country where I was born. And a fine country it is, reply'd Don Quixote. But pray, sir, may I beg the favour to know your name, for the information I am perswaded will be of more consequence to my affairs than I can well tell you. They call me Don Alvaro Tarfe, answer'd the gentleman. Then without dispute, said Don Quixote, you are the same Don Alvaro Tarfe, whose name fills a place in the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha's history, that was lately publish'd by a new author? The very man, answer'd the knight; and that very Don Quixote, who is the principal subject of that book, was my intimate acquaintance; and I am the person that enticed him from his habitation so far at least, that he had never seen the tournament at Saragosa, had it not been through my persuasions, and in my company; and indeed, as it happen'd, I prov'd the best friend he had, and did him a singular piece

of service; for had I not stood by him, his intolerable impudence had brought him to some shameful punishment. But pray, sir, said Don Quixote, be pleas'd to tell me one thing; am I any thing like that Don Quixote of yours? The farthest from it in the world, sir, reply'd the other. And had he, said our knight, one Sancho Pança for his squire? Yes, said Don Alvaro, but I was the most deceiv'd in him that could be; for by common report that same squire was a comical, witty fellow, but I found him a very great blockhead. I thought no less, quoth Sancho; for it is not in every body's power to crack a jest, or say pleasant things; and that Sancho you talk of must be some paltry raggamuffin, some guttling mumper, or pilfering crack-rope, I warrant him. For 'tis I that am the true Sancho Pança, 'tis I that am the merry-conceited squire, that have always a tinker's budget full of wit and waggery, that will make gravity grin in spite of its teeth. If you won't believe me, do but try me; keep my company but for a twelve-month, or so, you'll find what a shower of jokes and notable things drop from me every foot. Adad! I set every body a laughing, many times, and yet I wish I may be hang'd, if I design'd it in the least. And then for the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, here you have him before you. The stanch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the punisher of wickedness, the father to the fatherless, the bully-rock of widows, the † murderer of damsels

† In the original, 'el Matador de las Donzellas.' A blunder of Sancho's *Murderer of damsels*, instead of *Maintainer*.

and maidens; he whose only dear and sweet heart is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; here he is, and here am I his squire. All other Don Quixote's, and all Sancho Pança's, besides us two, are but shams, and tales of a tub. Now by the sword of St. Jago, honest friend, said Don Alvaro, I believe as much; for the little thou hast utter'd now, has more of the humour than all I ever heard come from the other. The blockhead seem'd to carry all his brains in his guts, there's nothing a jest with him but filling his belly, and the rogue's too heavy to be diverting. For my part, I believe the inchanters that persecute the good Don Quixote, sent the bad one to persecute me too. I can't tell what to make of this matter; for though I can take my oath, I left one Don Quixote under the surgeon's hands at the nuncio's house in Toledo, yet here starts up another Don Quixote quite different from mine. For my part, said our knight, I dare not avow myself the good, but I may venture to say, I am not the bad one; and as a proof of it, sir, be assur'd, that in the whole course of my life, I never saw the city of Saragosa, and so far from it, that hearing this usurper of my name had appear'd there at the tournament, I declin'd coming near it, being resolv'd to convince the world that he was an impostor. I directed my course to Barcelona, the seat of urbanity, the sanctuary of strangers, the refuge of the distress'd, the mother of men of valour, the redresser of the injur'd, the residence of true friendship, and the first city in the world for beauty and situation. And though some accidents that befel me there, are so far from being grate-

ful to my thoughts, that they are a sensible mortification to me, yet in my reflection of having seen that city, I find pleasure enough to alleviate my misfortune: in short, Don Alvaro, I am that Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful wretch who has usurp'd my name, and would arrogate to himself the honour of my designs. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the favour to depose before the magistrate of this place, that you never saw me in all your life till this day, and that I am not the Don Quixote mention'd in that second part, nor was this Sancho Pança my squire, the person you knew formerly. With all my heart, said Don Alvaro, tho' I must own myself not a little confounded to find at the same time two Don Quixote's, and two Sancho Pança's, as different in their behaviour as they are alike in name; for my part, I don't know what to think on't, and I am some times apt to fancy my senses have been impos'd upon*. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, there has been foul play to be sure. The same trick that serv'd to bewitch my lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been play'd you; and if three thousand and odd lashes laid on by me on the hind part of my belly, wou'd disinchant your worship as well as her, they shou'd be at your service with all my heart; and what's more, they should not cost you a farthing. I don't understand what you mean by those lashes, said Don Alvaro. Thereby hangs

* In the original, it is, 'I am now assur'd that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happen'd which has happen'd.'

a tale, quoth Sancho, but that's too long to relate at a minute's warning; but if it be our luck to be fellow-travellers, you may chance to hear more of the matter.

Dinner time being come, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro din'd together; and the mayor, or bailiff, of the town happening to come into the inn with a public notary, Don Quixote desir'd him to take the deposition which Don Alvaro Tarfe there present was ready to give, confessing and declaring, that the said deponent had not any knowledge of the Don Quixote there present, and that the said Don Quixote was not the same person that he this deponent had seen mentioned in a certain printed history, intituled, or call'd, the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Avellaneda, a native of Tordefillas. In short, the notary drew up and engross'd the affidavit in due form, and the testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the intentions of Don Quixote and Sancho, who were as much pleas'd as if it had been a matter of the last consequence, and that their words and behaviour had not been enough to make the distinction apparent between the two Don Quixote's and the two Sancho's.

The compliments and offers of service that pass'd after that between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote were not a few, and our knight of La Mancha behav'd himself therein with so much discretion, that Don Alvaro was convinced he was mistaken; for he thought there was some enchantment in the case, since he had thus met with two knights and two squires of the same names and professions, and yet so very different.

They set out towards the evening, and about half a league from the town, the road parted into two, one way led to Don Quixote's habitation, and the other to that which Don Alvaro was to take. Don Quixote in that little time let him understand the misfortune of his defeat, with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy prescrib'd by Merlin; all which was new matter of wonder to Don Alvaro, who having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, left them on their way, and he followed his own.

Don Quixote pass'd that night among the trees, to give Sancho a fair occasion to make an end of his discipline, when the cunning knave put it in practice just after the same manner as the night before. The bark of the trees paid for all, and Sancho took such care of his back, that a fly might have rested there without any disturbance.

All the while his abus'd master was very punctual in telling the strokes, and reckon'd, that with those of the foregoing night, they amounted just to the sum of three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun, that seem'd to have made more than ordinary haste to rise and see this human sacrifice, gave them light however to continue their journey; and as they went on, they desecrated at large upon Don Alvaro's mistake, and their own prudence, in relation to the certificate before the magistrate, in so full and authentic a form.

Their travels all that day, and the ensuing night, afforded no occurrence worth mentioning, except that Sancho that night put the last hand to his whipping-

work, to the inexpressible joy of Don Quixote, who waited for the day with as great impatience, in hopes he might light on his lady Dulcinea in her disenchanted state; and all the way he went, he made up to every woman he spy'd, to see whether she were Dulcinea del Toboso or not; for he so firmly rely'd on Merlin's promises, that he did not doubt of the performance.

He was altogether taken up with these hopes and fancies, when they got to the top of a hill, that gave them a prospect of their village. Sancho had no sooner blest his eyes with the sight, but down he fell on his knees, and O, my long, long wish'd-for home! cry'd he, open thy eyes, and here behold thy child, Sancho Pança, come back to thee again, if not very full of money, yet very full of whipping: open thy arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too, who, though he got the worst on't with another, he ne'ertheless got the better of himself, and that's the best kind of victory one can wish for; I have his own word for it. However, though I have been swingingly flogg'd, yet I han't lost all by the bargain, for I have whipp'd some money into my pocket. Forbear thy impertinence, said Don Quixote, and let us now in a decent manner make our entry into the place of our nativity, where we will give a loose to our imaginations, and lay down the plan that is to be follow'd in our intended pastoral life. With these words they came down the hill, and went directly to their village.

C H A P. LXXIII.

Of the ominous accidents that cross'd Don Quixote as he entered his village, with other transactions that illustrate and adorn this memorable history.

WHEN they were entering into the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote observ'd two little boys contending together, in an adjoining field; and says one to the other: Never fret thy gizzard about it, for thou shalt never see her while thou hast breath in thy body. Don Quixote over-hearing this, Sancho, said he, did you mind the boy's words, Thou shalt never see her while thou hast breath in thy body. Well, answer'd Sancho, and what's the great business though the boy did say so? How! reply'd Don Quixote, dost thou not perceive, that applying the words to my affairs, they plainly imply that I shall never see my Dulcinea. Sancho was about to answer again, but was hindered by a full cry of hounds and huntsmen pursuing a hare, which was put so hard to her shifts, that she came and squatted down for shelter just between Dapple's feet. Immediately Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and presented her to Don Quixote; but he, with a dejected look, refusing the present, cry'd out aloud, *Malum signum, malum signum*, An ill omen, an ill omen, a hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea is not started. You are a strange man, quoth Sancho. Can't we suppose now, that poor puss here is Dulcinea, the grey-hounds that follow'd her are those

dogs the inchanters, that made her a country lass. She scours away, I catch her by the scut, and give her safe and sound into your worship's hands; and pray make much of her now you have her; for my part, I can't, for the blood of me, see any harm, nor any ill luck in this matter.

By this time the two boys that had fallen out came up to see the hare; and Sancho having ask'd the cause of their quarrel, he was answer'd by the boy that spoke the ominous words, that he had snatch'd from his play-fellow a little cage full of crickets, which he would not let him have again. Upon that Sancho put his hand in his pocket, and gave the boy a three-penny piece for his cage, and giving it to Don Quixote, There, sir, quoth he, here are all the signs of ill luck come to nothing. You have them in your own hands; and though I am but a dunder-head, I dare swear these things are no more to us than the rain that falls at Christmas. I am much mistaken if I han't heard the parson of our parish advise all sober catholics against heeding such fooleries; and I have heard you yourself, my dear master, say, that all such Christians as troubl'd their heads with these fortune-telling follies, were neither better nor worse than downright numskulls: so let us e'en leave things as we found them, and get home as fast as we can.

By this time the sportsmen were come up, and demanding their game, Don Quixote deliver'd them their hare. They pass'd on, and just at their coming into the town, they perceiv'd the curate and the batchelor

Carrasco at their devotions in a small field adjoining. But we must observe by the way, that Sancho Pança, to cover his master's armour, had, by way of a sumpter-cloth, laid over Dapple's back the buckram frock figur'd with flames of fire, which he wore at the duke's the right Altifidora rose from the dead, and he had no less judiciously clapp'd the mitre on the head of the ass, which made so odd and whimsical a figure, that it might be said, never four-footed ass was so bedizen'd before. The curate and the batchelor presently knowing their old friends, ran to meet him with open arms; and while Don Quixote alighted and return'd their embraces, the boys, who are ever so quick-sighted that nothing can escape their eyes, presently spying the mitred ass, came running and flocking about them; Oh law! cry'd they to one another, look a' there boys, here's gaffer Sancho Pança's ass as fine as a lady! and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever. With that they ran hooping and hollowing about them through the town, while the two adventurers, attended by the curate and the batchelor, mov'd towards Don Quixote's house, where they were receiv'd at the door by his house-keeper and his niece, that had already had notice of their arrival. The news having also reach'd Teresa Pança, Sancho's wife, she came running half naked, with her hair about her ears, to see him; leading by the hand all the way her daughter Sanchica, who hardly wanted to be lugg'd along. But when she found that her husband looked a little short of the state of a governor, Mercy o' me, quoth she, what's the meaning of this, husband! you look as

though you had come all the way on foot, nay, and tir'd off your legs too! why, you come liker a shark than like a governor. Mum, Teresa, quoth Sancho, 'tis not all gold that glisters, and every man was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. First let's go home, and then I'll tell thee wonders. I've taken care of the main chance. Money I have, old girl, and I came honestly by it, without wronging any body. Hast got money, old boy, nay then it's well enough, no matter which way, let it come by hook or by crook, 'tis but what your betters have done afore you. At the same time Sanchica hugging her father, ask'd him what he had brought her home, for she had gap'd for him as the flowers do for the dew in May.

Thus Sancho, leading Dapple by the halter on one side, his wife taking him under the arm on the other, and his daughter fastning upon the waist-band of his breeches, away they went together to his cottage, leaving Don Quixote at his own house, under the care of his niece and house-keeper, with the curate and batchelor to keep him company.

That very moment Don Quixote took the two last aside, and without mincing the matter, gave them a short account of his defeat, and the obligation he lay under of being confin'd to his village for a year, which, like a true knight-errant, he was resolv'd punctually to observe: he added, that he intended to pass that interval of time in the innocent functions of a pastoral life; and therefore he would immediately commence shepherd, and entertain his amorous passion solitarily in

fields and woods; and begg'd if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they wou'd both please to be his companions, assuring them he would furnish them with such a number of sheep, as might entitle them to such a profession. He also told them, that he had already in a manner fitted them for the undertaking, for he had provided them all with names the most pastoral in the world. The curate being desirous to know the names, Don Quixote told him he would himself be called the shepherd Quixotis, that the bachelor should be called the shepherd Carrascone, the curate pastor Curiambro, and Sancho Pança, Panfino the shepherd.

They were struck with amazement at this new strain of folly; but considering this might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping at the same time, that within the year he might be cur'd of his mad knight-errantry, they came into his pastoral folly, and, with great applause to his project, freely offer'd their company in the design. We shall live the most pleasant life imaginable, said Samson Carrasco; for, as every body knows, I am a most celebrated poet, and I'll write pastorals in abundance. Sometimes too I may raise my strain, as occasion offers, to divert us, as we range the groves and plains. But one thing gentlemen, we must not forget, 'tis absolutely necessary that each of us chuse a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays, nor must we forget the ceremony us'd by the amorous shepherds, of writing, carving, notching or engraving on every tree the names of such shepherdesses,

though the bark be ever so hard. You are very much in the right, reply'd Don Quixote, though for my part, I need not be at the trouble of devising a name for any imaginary shepherdes, being already captivated by the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the nymph of these streams, the ornament of these meads, the primrose of beauty, the cream of gracefulness, and, in short, the subject that can merit all the praises that hyperbolical eloquence can bestow. We grant all this, said the curate, but we who can't pretend to such perfections, must make it our business to find out some shepherdes of a lower form, that will be good-natur'd, and meet a man half-way upon occasion. We shall find enow, I'll warrant you, reply'd Carrasco: and though we meet with none, yet will we give those very names we find in books, such as Phyllis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florinda, Galatea, Belisarda, and a thousand more, which are to be dispos'd of publickly in the open market; and when we have purchas'd them, they are our own. Besides, if my mistress (my shepherdes I should have said) be called Ann, I will name her in my verses Arnarda; If Frances, I'll call her Francenia; and if Lucy be her name, then Lucinda shall be my shepherdes, and so forth; and if Sancho Pança makes one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa by the name of Terefania. Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the turn given to that name. The curate again applauded his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his other em-

ployment would allow him; and then they took their leaves, giving him all the good advice that they thought might conduce to his health and welfare.

No sooner were the curate and batchelor gone, but the house-keeper and niece who, according to custom, had been waiting for their discourse, came both upon Don Quixote. The niece, crying, said the niece, what's here to do! what new maggot's got into your head? when we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober honest gentleman, in your own house, are you hearkening after new inventions, and running a wool-gathering after sheep, forsooth! by my troth, sir, you're somewhat of the latest: the corn is too old to make oaten pipes of. Lord, sir, quoth the house-keeper, how will your worship be able to endure the summer's sun, and the winter's frost in the open fields? and then the howlings of the wolves, heaven bless us! pray, good sir, don't think on't: it is a business fit for no body but those who are bred and born to it, and as strong as horses. Let the worst come to the worst, better be a knight-errant still, than a keeper of sheep. Troth, master, take my advice; I am neither drunk nor mad, but fresh and fasting from every thing but sin, and I have fifty years over my head; be rul'd by me; stay at home, look after your concerns, go often to confession, do good to the poor, and if ought goes ill with you, let it lie at my door. Good girls, said Don Quixote, hold your prating: I know best what I have to do: only help to get me to bed, for I find myself somewhat out of order. However, don't trouble your heads,

whether I be a knight-errant, or an errant-shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you. The niece and maid, who without doubt were good-natur'd creatures, undress'd him, put him to bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all imaginable care.

C H A P. LXXIV.

How Don Quixote fell sick, made his last will, and died.

AS all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, their very beginnings being but steps to their dissolution; so Don Quixote, who was no way exempted from the common fate, was snatch'd away by death when he least expected it. Whether his sickness was the effect of his melancholy reflections, or whether it was so pre-ordain'd by heaven, most certain it is, he was seiz'd with a violent fever, that confined him to his bed six days.

All that time his good friends, the curate, batchelor, and barber, came often to see him, and his trusty squire Sancho Pança never stirr'd from his bed-side.

They conjectur'd that his sickness proceeded from the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of Dulcinea's disenchancement; and accordingly they left nothing unessay'd to divert him. The batchelor begg'd him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that they might begin their pastoral life, telling him, that he had already writ an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to those of Sanazaro, and that he had bought with his own mo-

ney, of a shepherd of Quintanar, two tearing dogs to watch their flock. the' one call'd Barcino, and the other Butron; but this had no effect on Don Quixote, for he still continu'd dejected. A physician was sent for, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it; and therefore desir'd him of all things to provide for his soul's health, for that of his body was in a dangerous condition. Don Quixote heard this with much more temper than those about him; for his niece, his house-keeper, and his squire fell a weeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already. The physician was of opinion, that mere melancholy and vexation had brought him to his approaching end. Don Quixote desir'd them to leave him a little, because he found himself inclinable to rest; they retir'd, and he had a hearty sleep of about six hours, which the maid and niece were afraid had been his last.

At length he wak'd, and with a loud voice, Blessed be the Almighty, cry'd he, for this great benefit he has vouchsafed to do me! Infinite are his mercies; they are greater, and more in number than the sins of men. The niece hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than were in his usual talk, at least since he had fallen ill; What do you say, sir, said she, has any thing extraordinary happen'd? What mercies are these you mention? Mercies, answer'd he, that heaven has this moment vouchsafed to shew me, in spite of all my iniquities. My judgment is return'd clear and undisturb'd, and that cloud of ignorance is now remov'd, which the continual

reading of those damnable books of knight-errantry had cast over my understanding. Now I perceive their nonsense and impertinence, and am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make amends by those studies that should enlighten my soul, and prepare me for futurity. I find, niece, my end approaches; but I would have it such, that though my life has got me the character of a madman, I may deserve a better at my death. Dear child, continu'd he, send for my honest friend the curate, the bachelor Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber, for I intend to make my confession, and my will.

His niece was sav'd the trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in; which Don Quixote perceiving, My good friends, said he, I have happy news to tell you; I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, the same whom the world for his fair-behaviour has been formerly pleas'd to call the good. I now declare myself an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and his whole generation; all profane stories of knight-errantry, all romances I detest. I have a true sense of the danger of reading them, and of all my pass'd follies, and through heaven's mercy, and my own experience, I abhor them. His three friends were not a little surprized to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded some new phrenzy had possess'd him. What now, said Sampson to him? What's all this to the purpose, signor Don Quixote? We have just had the news that the lady Dulcinea is disinchanted; and now we are upon the point of turning shepherds, to sing,

and live like princes, you are dwindled down to a hermit.

No more of that I beseech you, reply'd Don Quixote; all the use I shall make of these follies at present, is to heighten my repentance; and though they have hitherto prov'd prejudicial, yet by the assistance of heaven, they may turn to my advantage at my death: I find it comes fast upon me, therefore, pray gentlemen, let us be serious. I want a priest to receive my confession, and a scrivener to draw up my will. There's no trifling at a time like this; I must take care of my soul; and therefore pray let the scrivener be sent for, while Mr. Curate prepares me by confession.

Don Quixote's words put them all into such admiration, that they stood gazing upon one another; they thought they had reason to doubt of the return of his understanding, and yet they could not help believing him. They were also apprehensive he was near the point of death, considering the sudden recovery of his intellects; and he deliver'd himself after that with so much sense, discretion, and piety, and shew'd himself so resign'd to the will of heaven, that they made no scruple to believe him restor'd to his perfect judgment at last. The curate thereupon clear'd the room of all the company but himself and Don Quixote, and then confess'd him. In the the mean time the batchelor ran for the scrivener, and presently brought him with him, and Sancho Pança, being inform'd by the batchelor how ill his master was, and finding his niece and house-keeper all in tears, began to make wry faces, and fall a cry-

ing. The curate having heard the sick person's confession, came out and told them, that the good Alonso Quixano was very near his end, and certainly in his senses; and therefore they had best go in, that he might make his will. These dismal tidings open'd the sluices of the house-keeper's, the niece's, and the good squire's swollen eyes, so that a whole inundation of tears burst out of those flood-gates, and a thousand sighs from their hearts; for indeed, either as Alonso Quixano, or as Don Quixote de la Mancha, as it has been observed, the sick gentleman had always shew'd himself such a good natur'd man, and of so agreeable a behaviour, that he was not only belov'd by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest of the company, then went into the chamber, and the preamble and former part of the will being drawn, and the testator having recommended his soul to heaven, and bequeath'd his body to the earth, according to custom, he came to the legacies as follows.

Item, I give and bequeath to Sancho Pança, whom in my madness I made my squire, whatever money he has, or may have of mine in his hands: and whereas there are reckonings and accounts to be adjusted between us, for what he has receiv'd and disburs'd; my will and pleasure is, that whatever may remain due to me, which can be but small, be enjoyed by him as my free gift, without any let or molestation, and much good may it do him. And as, when I was mad, he was through my means made governor of an island, I would

now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, in consideration of his integrity and faithfulness. And now, my friend, said he, turning to Sancho, pardon me that I have brought upon thee, as well as myself, the scandal of madness, by drawing thee into my own errors, and persuading thee that there have been and still are knights-errant in the world.

Woe is me, my dear master's worship! cry'd Sancho, all in tears, don't die this bout, but e'en take my counsel, and live on a many years; 'tis the maddest trick a man can ever play in his whole life, to let his breath sneak out of his body without any more ado, and without so much as a rap o'er the pate, or a kick of the guts; to go out like the snuff of a farthing-candle, and die merely of the mulligrubs, or the fullens. For shame, sir, don't give way to sluggishness, but get out of your doleful dumps, and rise. Is this a time to lie honing and groaning a-bed, when we shou'd be in the field in our shepherd's cloathing, as we had resolv'd? ten to one but behind some bush, or under some hedge, we may find the lady madam Dulcinea, stript of her enchanted rags, and as fine as a queen. Mayhaps you take it to heart, that you were unhors'd, and a little crupper-scratched t'other day; but if that be all, lay the blame upon me, and say 'twas my fault, in not girting Rosinante tight enough. You know too, there's nothing more common in your errantry-books, than for the knights to be every foot jostl'd out of the saddle. There's nothing but ups and downs in this world, and he that's

cast down to-day, may be a cock a-hoop to-morrow. Even so, said Sampson, honest Sancho has a right notion of the matter. Soft and fair, gentlemen, reply'd Don Quixote, ne'er look for birds of this year in the nests of the last: I was mad, but I am now in my senses: I was once Don Quixote de la Mancha, but am now (as I said before) the plain Alonso Quixano, and I hope the sincerity of my words, and my repentance, may restore me to the same esteem you have had for me before, and so Mr. Scrivener pray go on.

Item, I constitute and appoint Antonia Quixano, my niece here present, sole heiress of all my estate both real and personal, after all my just debts and legacies, bequeath'd by these presents, shall have been paid, satisfy'd, and deducted out of the best of my goods and chattels; and the first of that kind to be discharged, shall be the salary due to my house-keeper, together with twenty ducats over and above her wages; which said sum I leave and bequeath her to buy her mourning.

Item, I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Sampson Carrasco the bachelor, here present, to be the executors of this my last will and testament.

Item, it is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano be inclinable to marry, it be with none but a person, who, upon strict enquiry, shall be found never to have read a book of knight-errantry in his life; and in case it appears, that he has been conversant in such books, and that she persists in her resolution to marry him, she is then to forfeit all right and title to my bequest, which in such case, my executors are hereby im-

power'd to dispose of to pious uses, as they shall think most proper.

Item, I intreat the said executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the author of a book now extant, entitled, *The second part of the achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they would from me most heartily beg his pardon for my being undesignedly the occasion of his writing such a parcel of impertinencies as is contain'd in that book; for it is the greatest burthen to my departing soul, that ever I was the cause of his making such a thing public.

Having finish'd the will, he fell into a swooning fit, and extended his body to the full length in the bed. All the company were troubled and alarmed, and ran to his assistance: however, he came to himself at last: but relaps'd into the like fits almost every hour, for the space of three days that he liv'd after he made his will.

The whole family was in grief and confusion; and yet, after all, the niece continued to eat, the house-keeper drank, and wash'd down sorrow; and Sancho Panga made much of himself: for there is a strange charm in the thoughts of a good legacy, or the hopes of an estate, which wondrously removes, or at least alleviates, the sorrow that men would otherwise feel for the death of friends.

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had made those preparations for death, which good Christians ought to do; and by many fresh and weighty arguments, shew'd his abhorrence of books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, protested he

had never read in any books of that kind, of any knight-errant who ever died in his bed so quietly, and like a good Christian as Don Quixote did. In short, amidst the tears and lamentations of his friends, he gave up the ghost, or, to speak more plainly, died; which, when the curate perceiv'd, he desir'd the scrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonso Quixano, commonly call'd the Good, and sometimes known by the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed out of this life into another, and died a natural death. This he desired, lest any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli, should take occasion to raise him from the dead, and presume to write endless histories of his pretended adventures.

Thus died that ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit directly to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend for the honour of giving him birth, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We shall omit Sancho's lamentations, and those of the niece and the house-keeper, as also several epitaphs that were made for his tomb, and will only give you this which the bachelor Carrasco caused to be put over it.

DON QUIXOTE'S EPITAPH.

- ' THE body of a knight lies here,
 ' So brave, that to his latest breath,
 ' Immortal glory was his care,
 ' And makes him triumph over death.

- ' His looks spread terror every hour;
 ' He strove oppression to controul;
 ' Nor could all hell's united pow'r
 ' Subdue or daunt his mighty soul.

- ' Nor has his death the world deceiv'd
 ' Less than his wond'rous life surpriz'd;
 ' For if he like a madman liv'd,
 ' At least he like a wise one dy'd.

Here the sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his pen, O thou my slender pen, says he, thou, of whose knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my thoughts! suspended by this brass wire, remain upon this spit-rack where I lodge thee. There may'st thou claim a being many ages, unless presumptuous and wicked historians take thee down to profane thee. But ere they lay their heavy hands on thee, bid them beware, and, as well as thou can'st, in their own stile, tell them,

- ' * Avaunt, ye scoundrels, all and some!
 ' I'm kept for no such thing
 ' Defile me not; but hang yourselves;
 ' And so God save the king.'

For me alone was the great Quixote born, and I alone for him Deeds were his task, and to record 'em,

* ' Ratè, ratè Sollonzicos ' &c. Words borrow'd from an old romance, says Don Gregorio in the author's life.

mine. We two, like tallies for each other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the spurious scribe of Tor-desillas, dared with his blunt and bungling ostrich-quill invade the deeds of my most valorous knight: his shoulders are unequal to the attempt: the talk's superior to his frozen genius.

And thou, reader, if ever thou can'st find him out in his obscurity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring bones of Don Quixote, rest quiet in the earth that covers them. Let him not expose them in Old Castile, against the sanctions of death, impiously raking him out of the vault where he really lies stretch'd out beyond a possibility of taking a third ramble through the world. The two sallies that he has made already (which are the subject of these two volumes, and have met with such universal applause in this and other kingdoms) are sufficient to ridicule the pretended adventures of knights-errant. Thus advising him for the best, thou shalt discharge the duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee evil. As for me, I must esteem myself happy, to have been the first that rendered those fabulous nonsensical stories of knight-errantry, the object of the public aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall all together in good earnest, never to rise again. Adieu.

F I N I S.



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